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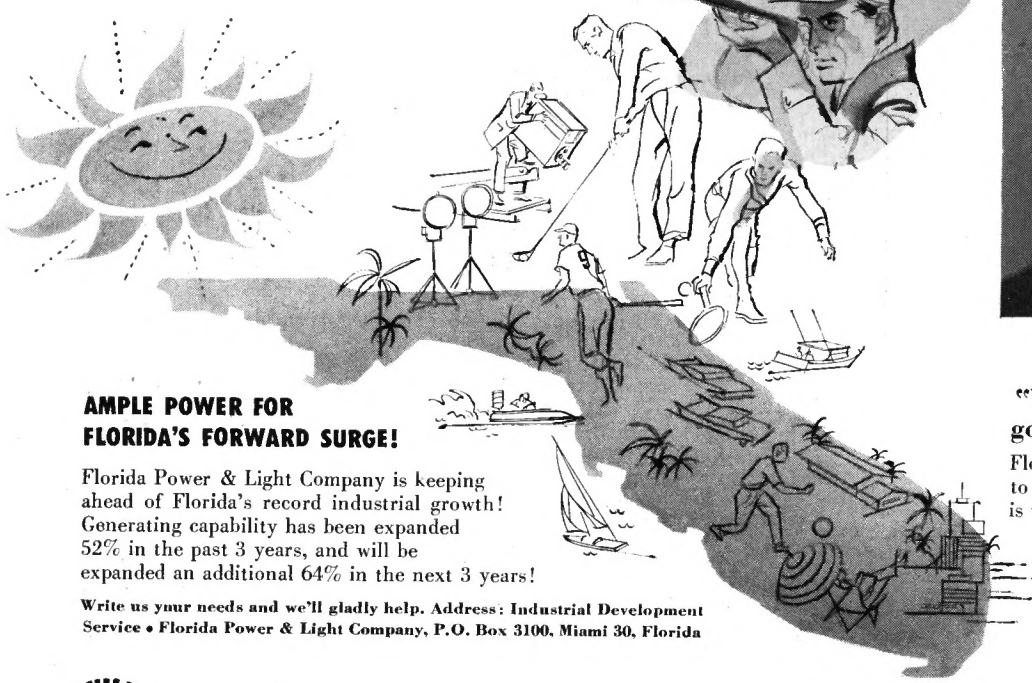

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COVER—*Displaying some of the natural resources for which her state is famous is Sally Fisher, Florida's candidate for Miss America in 1956. A University of Miami sophomore who has theatrical ambitions, Sally swims, rides, canoes and water-skis. No mere playgirl, however, she regards college as an important part of her training ("The hare-brained vaudevillian has no place in the theatre of today"). Her ambition: to become another Mary Martin. Large photo by George Barris. Photo at left is by Ozzie Sweet. Miss Fisher's swim suit by Alix of Miami.*

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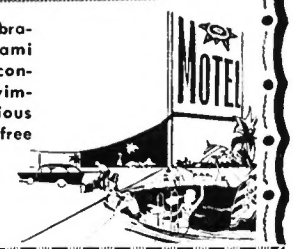

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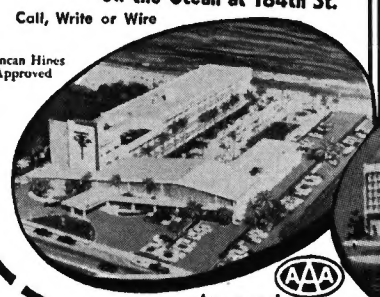

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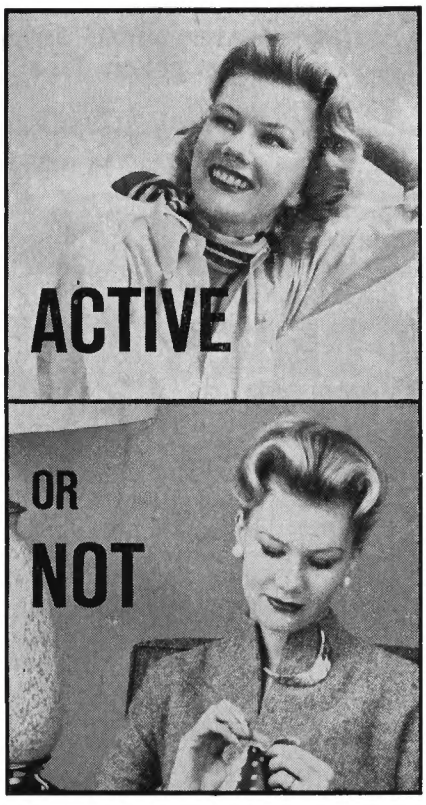

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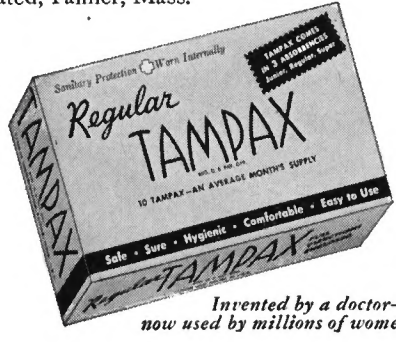

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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

COSMOPOLITAN'S STAFF ENJOYS SOME SUNNY ASSIGNMENTS

"Arthur Godfrey took me joyriding over Miami Beach in his helicopter," photographer George Barris told us. "In Boca Raton we traveled from island to island by gondola. In Tallahassee we got Governor LeRoy Collins' six-year-old daughter to pose for us only by claiming we were Hollywood talent scouts looking for new stars. At the Governor's mansion, we ate hominy grits, and around midnight the Governor, in his pajamas, drove us to our hotel. The doorman was stunned."

The Governor and George Barris.

It went on like this, once we got George Barris and his associate, Arnold Caplan, talking about what happened to them in Florida, where they were making photographs for COSMOPOLITAN. We're beginning to wonder whether they have entered a fantasy-land from which they may never wholly return. Already, Barris's Florida-pure car speedometer reading has topped 48,000 miles, what with ranging Florida from the cowboy country to the Gold Coast.

Danger to life and limb almost never happened; or, says Caplan, "Barris got himself almost killed *only once*." Determined to get a photograph of the 150 speed boats zooming off in the Pelican Bay, Miami Beach, race, Barris planted himself in the path of the boats in a seaplane, planning to take off as the boats started toward him, and get a photograph from above. But they had mechanical trouble—the plane refused to take off; the boats bore down on the plane like sharks in formation. Only at the precollision moment did the plane indolently lift itself from the water. But not before Barris lost two shades of his Florida tan. The only permanent loss—Barris got his tan back—was a Rolleiflex with which Barris reconsecrated St. Peter's Bay when he accidentally dropped the camera out of a plane while leaning out and taking pictures.

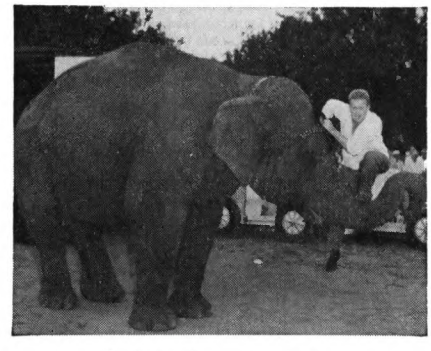
Besides the Governor's daughter, report Barris and Caplan, only one person in Florida balked at being photographed. Presumably, this individual, whose initials are P.S., was finally conquered, because his picture is on page 80, upper left-hand corner, and he's smiling.

Brain Weightier than Vacuum

Right now, we'd like to scotch that old fiction that a writer's life is easier than, say, a vacuum-cleaner salesman's or a bass fiddler's because a writer has less to carry. Merely a pencil, presumably. Nonsense. The writers *we* know often groan under the sheer physical weight of research material.

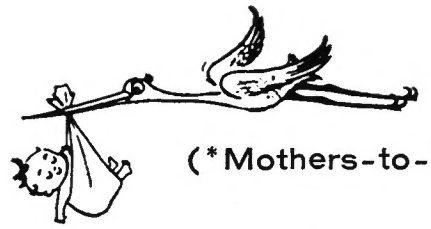
As proof, we offer Bill Ballantine, who went to Florida to research our "Fabulous Florida" series in this issue and arrived back in New York with forty pounds of notes.

He carted this weighty matter to Rockland County, New York, where the snow was six inches deep, the transportation unmentionable, and the temperature a shivery 17°. Ballantine's studio, which is thirty feet from his house, is heated only by a Franklin stove. So our Florida-saturated man settled down and went to work at his portable typewriter, which he often carries, and which weighs about twenty-two pounds six ounces more than a pencil, or about seventeen pounds more than a bass fiddle. **H. La B.**



Bill Ballantine, right.

For Two Bees*



(*Mothers-to-Be, that is!)

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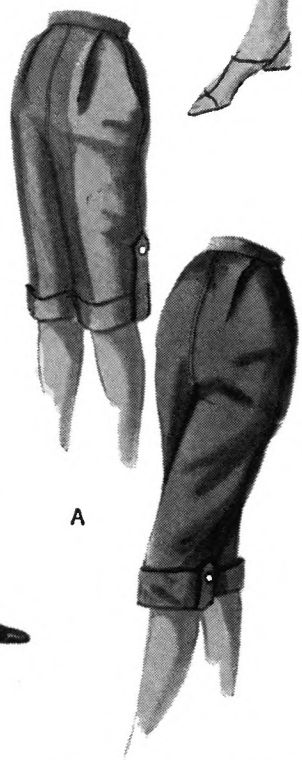

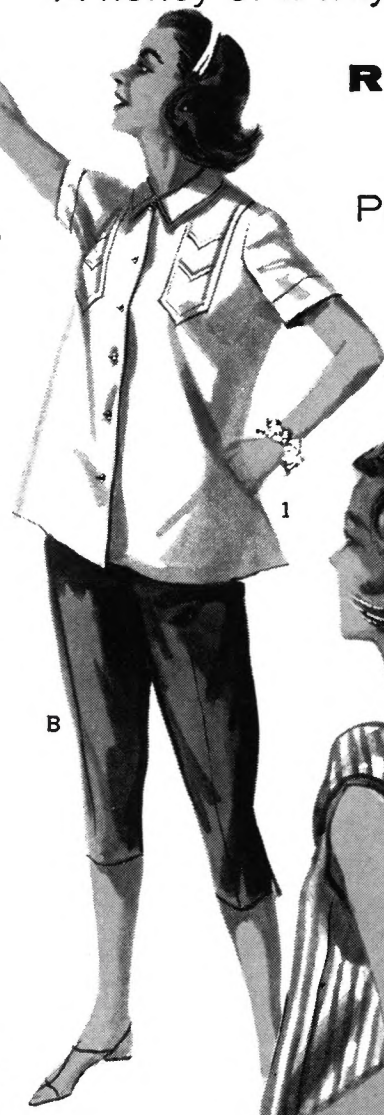

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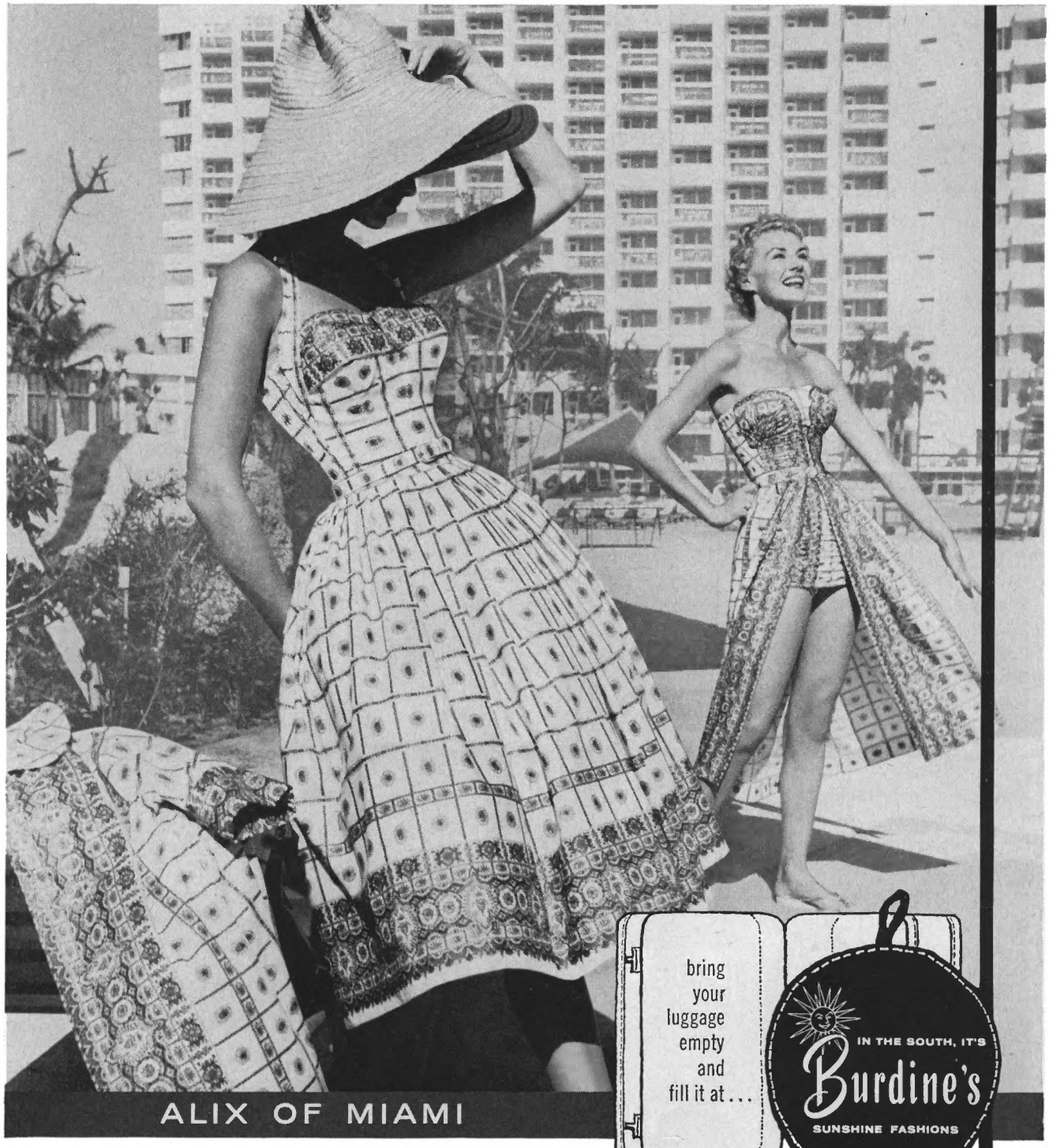

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The Best in Records for April

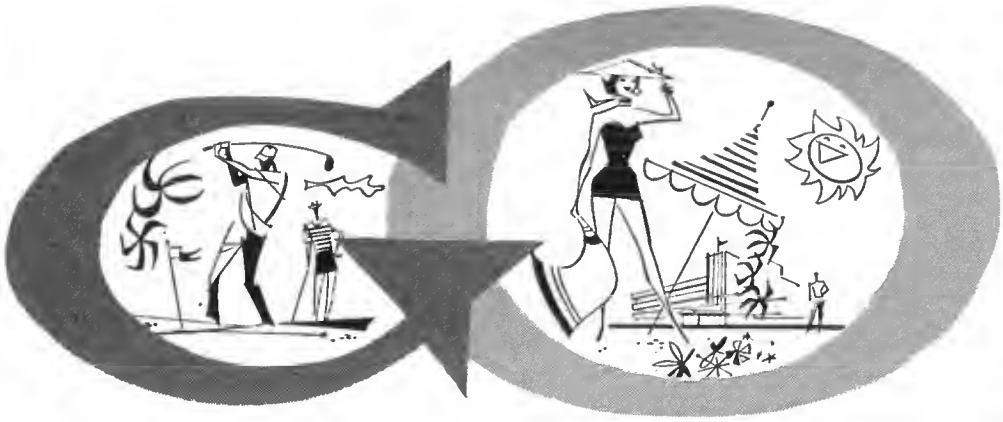
BY PAUL AFFELDER

Hi-Fi Bargains. If records are to last longer and sound better, it is advantageous to play them not on an automatic changer but on a heavy-duty turntable with a carefully balanced, properly weighted transcription arm. Since such equipment usually runs into three figures, it's welcome news that one New York store has imported from Japan an exceptionally fine three-speed cast aluminum turntable with a quiet, very powerful two-phase, capacitor-starting four-pole motor for only $49.50. Unlike its more expensive competitors, it features a dial for minute speed adjustments, as well as a built-in, lighted stroboscope. Imported with it is a viscous-damped transcription tone arm, also capable of a wide adjustment range. The heavy oil damping prevents arm resonance, keeps it from skipping record grooves and permits it to be dropped onto a disk without damage. The arm without cartridges, which slip in, costs $15.95. These components also are included in a superior complete hi-fi system, comprising triple-play cartridge with diamond LP stylus, transcription arm, turntable, twelve-watt amplifier and twelve-inch coaxial speaker, all for a bargain $154.50.

The Maestro's Legacy. Arturo Toscanini, titan among conductors, uncompromising perfectionist, dedicated interpreter, is dead. Thanks to the phonograph, however, we'll have more than faded memories to pass on to our grandchildren, for practically all of his performances with the NBC Symphony Orchestra have been permanently preserved on records or tape. Though he stopped conducting in 1954, he spent the last three years of his life supervising the editing of unreleased tapes. One of these, now transferred to disks, was Richard Strauss' "Fantastic Variations on a Knightly Theme"—the imaginative tone poem "Don Quixote"—which he presented on the opening broadcast of his final season. The fiery little maestro was eighty-six when he conducted this performance; yet there is a youthful vigor and a luminous clarity in the way he captures the humor and pathos in this remarkable score. Frank Miller, cellist, Carlton Cooley, violist, and Daniel Guilet, violinist, play their big solos with distinction, but it is the driving dynamism of Toscanini that adds yet another stone to his imperishable tonal monument. (R. Strauss: *Don Quixote*. RCA Victor LM 2026. $3.98)

Two More from Broadway. Usually, the best way to enjoy a Broadway musical is to see the show first, then relive its high spots by listening to the original-cast recording. In the case of the new operetta "Candide," however, it's unnecessary to wade through the show; all the best features can be heard on the record. In Lillian Hellman's adaptation Voltaire's satirical philosophy is heavy and unwieldy, scarcely suitable for stage presentation. But Leonard Bernstein's tuneful, expertly made and often witty musical score is something else again. Aided by some better-than-average lyrics by ***Richard Wilbur***, John Latouche, and Dorothy Parker and some truly superior singing by Robert Rounseville, Max Adrian, Barbara Cook, Irra Petina, and William Olvis, the music emerges with a warmth and genuineness that should be more enduring than the Broadway run. Among the brightest moments are the rollicking "Overture," the love duet "Oh Happy We," the mock coloratura aria "Glitter and Be Gay," and "What's the Use?" a waltz song about gambling and extortion. (*Candide*. Columbia OL 5180. $5.98)

"Happy Hunting," the Howard Lindsay—Russel Crouse farce about the Philadelphia widow who tries to outshine the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier nuptials, arrived on Broadway about six months too late for full impact. And aside from "Mutual Admiration Society" and "She's Just Another Girl," the songs by lyricist Matt Dubey and composer Harold Karr are nothing to get worked up about. But there's ***Ethel Merman*** to sing them, which remedies a lot of ills. Helping her immensely are handsome Fernando Lamas and a wonderful pair of singing, dancing youngsters, Virginia Gibson and Gordon Polk. If you're a Merman fan you'll probably go for the show and the disk; if you're not, listen to it before buying. (*Happy Hunting*. RCA Victor LOC 1026. $4.98) THE END



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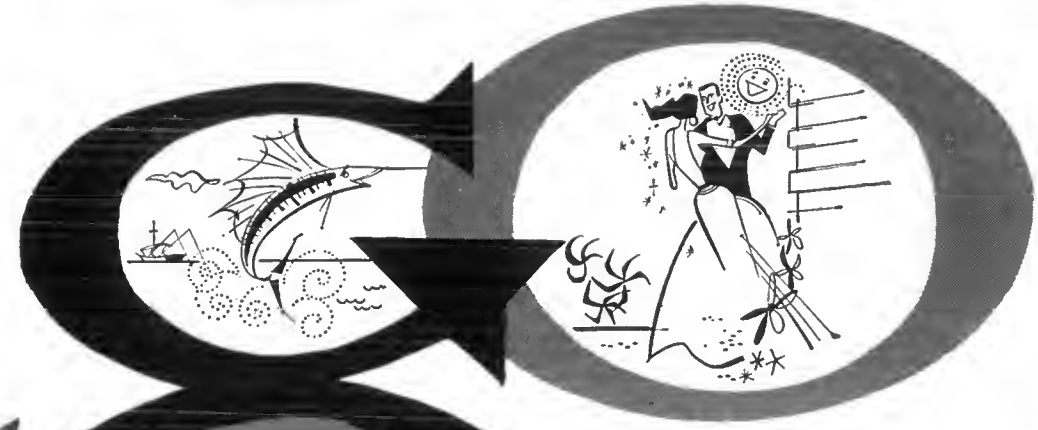

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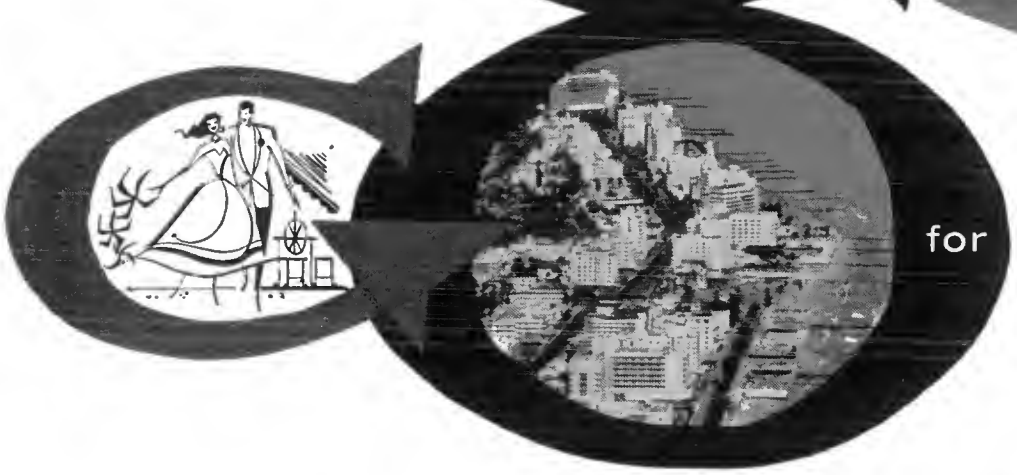

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What Shows Do You Like, Ladies of the Jury, and the "Death Seat"

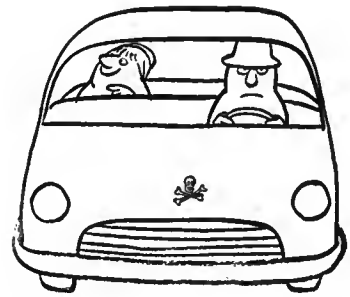
BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

What shows do you like? It may depend on your job and social level. Sociologists Raymond A. Mulligan and Jane C. Dinkins found that professional and white collar people choose serious dramas first, comedies second, musicals third. Business people and skilled workers show a strong preference for comedies. Unskilled and semi-skilled workers like musicals best; comedies rate second with them, serious dramas last.

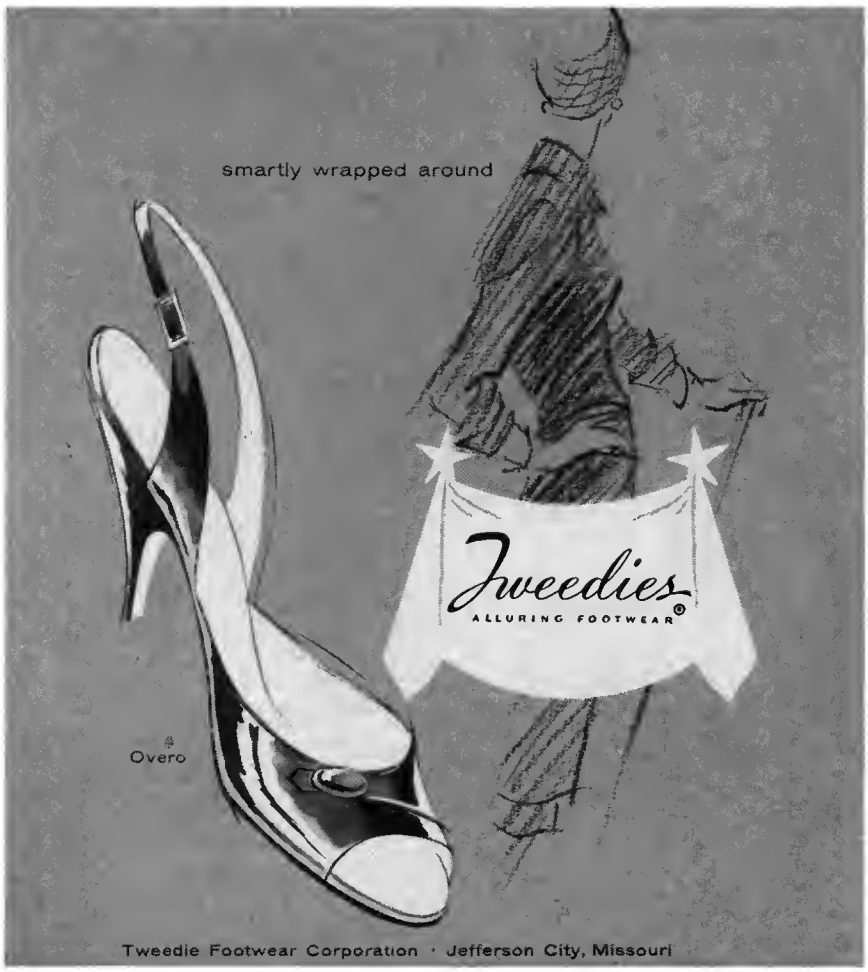
"Sub-teeners'" clothes. The aspirin demand is being boosted by mothers' headaches over buying clothes for girls aged seven to fourteen. Home economist Ida Ingalls (Oregon State College) learned from mothers that the present method of sizing girls' clothes—according to age—has become almost useless, since variations in size among girls of the same age have grown so great. For instance, eight-year-old Oregon girls vary in height from three feet seven inches to four feet, and in weight from forty-six pounds to one hundred pounds. Some mothers have been forced to shop for dresses for their daughters in the teen, junior and misses sizes, but usually this solution is unsatisfactory because the garments are neither proportioned nor styled for growing girls of "sub-teen" age. Only about 25 per cent of the mothers queried make their daughters' clothes. The rest keep going the rounds of stores, searching for dresses that will fit, resist fading, and last at least a year on their Alice-in-Wonderland daughters.

Ladies of the jury. Women's reputed talkativeness doesn't show up in jury rooms, according to sociologists Fred L. Strodtbeck and Richard D. Mann. They listened in on sessions of mock juries chosen in the same way as regular juries, but "called" for service in cases at the University of Chicago Law School. The male jurors were found to take the initiative much more often in giving suggestions and opinions, analyzing the facts, asking questions and taking firm stands. Women jurors were more likely to listen and make up their minds on the basis of what others said—but also to disagree more frequently. The sociologists feel that the reactions of women in a jury room parallel in many ways their behavior at home.

"Death seat." It's only a half-truth that the seat next to the driver is the



place where death strikes most often during auto accidents. Recent studies by Dr. Jacob Kulowski (St. Joseph, Missouri) and by researchers at Cornell University show that, while this position is hazardous, the driver's seat is equally dangerous. However, the seats in the back of the car are about three times as safe as the seats in front. THE END



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Shanty Boat Cruise

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY DON SHORT

A man with a smattering of genius has devised a Florida vacation so different from the Gold Coast norm that regular worshippers at the mutuel windows would never believe it. A small mountain of Miltowns couldn't provide any more relaxation than Jim Nisbet's shanty boat.

The *Lazy Bones* sets sail every Monday morning at 9:30 from a dock on the Orange River, about seven miles east of Fort Myers. And that "9:30 on Monday morning" is the last any cruise customer hears of a time or date until the following Saturday noon when he is suddenly reminded that he is still in this world of clocks and calendars.

The Orange flows into the Caloosahatchee, which flows into Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades. The *Lazy Bones* dawdles through two sets of locks which raise it sixteen feet to the lake level, in which high estate it puddles along serenely to Clewiston and a date with a swamp buggy.

Captain Jim's cruise ship floats like a raft and Jim says it could navigate on a heavy Florida dew. Its cruising pace is described as the "Caloosahatchee crawl."

To say it's "informal" is to understate the sedentariness of life aboard the *Lazy Bones*. Shorts, sneakers, sports shirts and a sun cap constitute the appropriate wardrobe for both men and women.

The moss-festooned oaks, scrub palmettos, ferns and vines, and vivid-colored wildflowers provide the background against which the tall cranes, the ducks and marsh birds screech their protest as the low drone of the motor disturbs their fishing. Alligators, turtles and frogs doze along the banks.

There is always time to stop for pictures, look for shells or pick a bouquet of wild flowers. The *Lazy Bones* usually ties up at La Belle, a sleepy little town on the edge of the Florida cow country, on Monday evenings. The fishermen aboard can try their luck with the snook, and those who crave Florida night life such as Miami Beach never produced have a choice of the local movie or La Belle's annual social explosion, the firemen's carnival.

When the adjacent country changes to the lush pasturelands reclaimed from the Everglades, there are herds of beef cattle, Seminole Indian villages built on stilts over the sawgrass and brushwood, water turkeys, and southern-style cowboys.

Lake Okeechobee is the home of the large-mouthed bass, and some cruisers take off from the *Lazy Bones* in the small boats with outboard motors. Others do equally well fishing from a dock or along the shore. The largest raw cane sugar mill in the United States, located at Clewiston, welcomes visitors. The nearby Everglades gardens display tropical plants and an ever-present complement of tropical birds enjoying squatters' rights.

Most of the cruise passengers transfer to the swamp buggy, a bus with tires that look like one-ton doughnuts, for the picnic trip from Moorehaven. The buggy chugs off into the cypress swamps, a watery jungle festooned with orchids, air plants, and vines. Wild turkey, wood ibis and sandhill cranes are spotted along the old Seminole trails which lead to a wilderness retreat where lunch is cooked over an open fire.

Jim Nisbet or one of the boys selects and fells a cabbage palm, cuts out the heart, and puts it into a pot to produce swamp cabbage, a delectable part of the outdoor feast.

Eating is perhaps the most frequent muscular diversion on the six-day safari. The cruisers eat and do push-ups—push-ups from the table, push-ups from the air mattresses on deck. Between meals they nibble on fruit from the bushel baskets of oranges and grapefruit always handy on deck, or sip the brew of the ever-working coffeepot in the galley.

"'Tain't free," as they say in the Everglades. Rates for the six-day cruise are $90 during December, January, and April; $108 during February and March; $80 during June, July and August. Federal and state taxes bring these figures to $94.31, $112.85, and $84.01.

"Piggy-bank" rates, which make it possible for tourists-on-a-budget to enjoy a full week at a luxury resort, are increasing the summer stampede to Florida. National Airlines has led the way in this field with its "Millionaire Vacations on a Piggy Bank Budget." The program, now in its eighth year, will offer its most varied assortment of options in 1957.

The basic package is a stay of six nights and seven days at an ocean-front hotel or motel, with transportation between the airport and hotel, an air-conditioned room for two with private bath, and various entertainment features such as social gatherings, dancing, wiener roasts and movies offered by the individual hostelries.

Seventy ocean-front hotels in Miami Beach and twenty modern motels in the Sunny Isles strip just north of Miami Beach are participating in National's "piggy bank" program beginning May 1. Prices range from $19 to $50 per person, on the basis of two people sharing a double room, plus the cost of round-trip air transportation.

The minimum rate applies to twenty-four hotels such as the Atlantic Towers, National, Ritz Plaza, and Surfside Plaza. The Algiers, Lucerne and Saxony are in the $33 bracket and the top $45-$50 range includes the Fontainebleau, Eden Roc, and Americana. Motel package rates range from $19 to $35 per person.

Special rates for sightseeing tours and fishing trips are provided in connection with the packages and many of the hotels are also offering a package rate on meals, calling for "brunch" and dinner at $15 to $18 per week. Car rentals are also available on a package basis with Couture Rent-A-Car System offering new cars at rates beginning at $19.95 per week, including gas, oil, servicing, insurance and fifty miles of free driving.

This year National will continue its policy of extending the package summer vacation plan to other Florida cities. A week at Fort Lauderdale, for example, will cost $32.70 per person at such hotels as Lago Mar, Jolly Roger, Escape or Marlin Beach.

West Coast resorts are also included. A week at the Terrace Club in Sarasota will cost $24 per person and a similar stay at the Fort Harrison in Clearwater is rated at $22.

Daytona Beach has two package rates in the National Airlines program: $30 at the Daytona Plaza or $24.75 at the Princess Issena. THE END

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On Top of the World

BY DAVID E. GREEN

Rohner's Studio

Walter Fraser at his "Fountain of Youth"

ST. AUGUSTINE . . . The Fountain of Youth found by Ponce de Leon is a well in the Fountain of Youth Park.

CORAL GABLES . . . Few people know why William Jennings Bryan was such a great Florida booster, particularly of Coral Gables. George E. Merrisk, promoter of this section, paid the silver-tongued orator and thrice-defeated candidate for President of the United States $100.000 a year to help him sell this real estate.

PALM BEACH . . . This resort might never have flourished but for the wreck in 1878 of a Spanish ship carrying a cargo of coconuts, which floated into shore and took root. The inhabitants cultivated the nuts, after a time turning their deary sand key into a patch of tropical loveliness.

PORT ORANGE . . . In this citrus-named region, the papaya fruit was discovered. It resembles a cantaloupe, is cooked as a vegetable when green, and served as a fruit when ripe. Its juice is an aid to stomach ailments, and tough meat wrapped in papaya leaves for twenty-four hours becomes butter tender.

UGH! (The UGHliest story) . . . To make a pirate captain reveal hidden treasures in the Keys, another pirate had him lacerated repeatedly with a cutlass; first one arm and then the other was chopped off at the elbow. When he finally shrieked out the information, a choking wad was stuck between his teeth, lit, and then he was thrown into a turpentine-soaked oakum pile. The torch in his mouth ignited the heap, which flamed up and roasted him.

GERIATRICS . . . Florida's many elderly retired inhabitants are infants compared to the oldest native, a citizen of 3.500 years' standing with a life expectancy of another 3.000 years. It is Old Senator, a cypress tree with a waistline of forty-one feet.

GIBSTON . . . This strange town is the Mecca of the carnival and side-show world. The sheriff is eight-foot, four-inch Al Tomaini and one of his deputies is a dwarf of less than four feet. With typical showbusiness flare, giant Al doubles as fire chief in which department he is assisted by acrobats, animal trainers and wheel of fortune operators. Civic leaders include hula dancers, sword swallowers and fire eaters. (The home of the brave and the land of the freak.)

COLLIER CITY . . . Among unusual souvenirs sold are fish scales so large that they are addressed, stamped and mailed as postcards.

PALM BEACH . . . The winter home of the social and international set has a municipal ordinance forbidding building operations after mid-December so the visitors will not be disturbed.

INP

John D. Rockefeller

ORMOND BEACH . . . In the twenties and through the thirties, John D. Rockefeller was considered the richest man in America. His ambition was to

live to be a hundred (he missed by two years). His advisers chose this section as the most healthful for him. He played golf daily, and his only worry was over lost balls. On seeing a foursome give up after beating the bush for an hour, he commented, "Those fellows must be very rich." When he beat Will Rogers, the humorist sighed, "I'm glad you beat me, John. The last time you lost, I noticed the price of gasoline go up two cents a gallon."

TALLAHASSEE . . . Field hands on farms and tobacco plantations have a patois of their own. They work from sun-up to sundown, but say it this way—"from kin see to can't see."

Negroes have mythical towns and countries they refer to as if they actually existed. Among them are Diddy-Wah-Diddy, Beluthahatchee and Heaven.

Diddy-Wah-Diddy is a place of no work and no worry for man or beast. The road to it is so crooked that a mule pulling a load of fodder can eat off the back of the wagon as he plods along. All curbstones are chairs, and all food is already cooked. Baked chickens and sweet potato pies, with convenient knives and forks, drift along crying, "Eat me! Eat me!" The more one eats, the more remains. Everybody would live in Diddy-Wah-Diddy if he knew how to get there.

Beluthahatchee is a country where all unpleasant doings and sayings are forgotten; a land of forgiveness and forgetfulness. When a woman accusingly reminds her man of something in the past, he replies, "I thought that was in Beluthahatchee." Or a person may say to another, to dismiss or forget some matter, "Oh, that's in Beluthahatchee."

Heaven has a Sea of Glass on which angels go sliding every afternoon. The principal thoroughfares are Amen Street and Hallelujah Avenue. These streets play tunes when walked on, and all shoes have songs in them.

PALM BEACH . . . A firm known as Royalty, Inc., will check the authenticity of titled noblemen who make themselves romantic, desirable and matrimonially available in the eyes of wealthy girls.

THE KEYS . . . When a fisherman has caught everything else, he is ready to try for the fastest, fightingest, hardest-to-get fish in the sea—the bonefish. Because of the bridges that make up the Overseas Highway, this lower end of Florida is one of the few places in the world where one can go deep sea fishing without a boat. Artists claim the Key waters have as many hues of green as the Mediterranean Sea has hues of blue.

THE EVERGLADES . . . They could never film a true Western down here. The cowboys who round up cattle are Indians riding jeeps. THE END

"Telephones are ubiquitous?"

"Yes, telephones are ubiquitous"

Robert Day, the well-known cartoonist who drew this picture, was a little afraid there might be some people who wouldn't know what we meant by ubiquitous. "It's a pretty big word," he said.

"Don't worry," we told him. "We'll just put in a little reminder that the dictionary says ubiquitous means 'existing or being everywhere at the same time.' "

There's surely no better way to describe telephones! They're not only in millions of homes and offices but just about everywhere you go. In stores and at gas stations! At airports, bus depots and railroad stations! Out-of-doors!

Throughout the country, there are hundreds of thousands of these public telephones handy.

So the next time something comes up when you're away from home or the office, or there's some news you'd like to share with someone, just step up to one of those nearby telephones and call.

You can save yourself a lot of running around, be a number of places in a few minutes, and get things settled while they are fresh in your mind.

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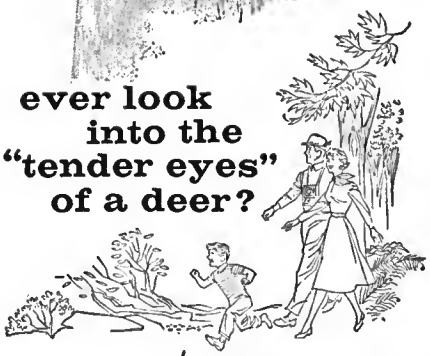
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ever look into the "tender eyes" of a deer?



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Please send me complete Wisconsin Vacation Kit including new book in color, maps, fishing regulations, and sources of additional regional information.

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Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS—The solo flight of twenty-five-year-old Charles A. Lindbergh across the Atlantic in his single-engine monoplane on May 20-21, 1927, captured the imagination of the American people as few events have captured it before or since. All the states and a thousand cities voted honors. President Coolidge awarded Lindy the first Distinguished Flying Cross and made him a Colonel in the Army Air Corps.

Now, producer Leland Hayward and director Billy Wilder have recreated the momentous flight, from the moment the intrepid flyer stuffed five ham sandwiches into his coverall pocket and took off on the 3,600 mile flight into the drab gray yonder toward Paris and glory. Air Force Colonel James Stewart plays Lindbergh with a dedication befitting one of the great examples of man's daring—and achieving—the impossible. *(Warner Bros.)*

The Best in Your Neighborhood

ALBERT SCHWEITZER—An incomplete, technically mediocre but affectionate biographical sketch in color of the multifaceted man whom many regard as a contemporary saint. Filmed in color during a visit to his native Alsace and at his primitive hospital in the African jungle, its interest derives from its subject, as we watch the philosopher, pastor, surgeon, organist go about his great work. *(Hill and Anderson)*

ANASTASIA—Ingrid Bergman makes her return to American films in this melodramatic story of the penniless girl who may be the only princess to have escaped the Bolshevik murder of the Czar and his family. Helen Hayes as the Dowager Duchess and Yul Brynner as a conniving ex-Czarist officer are her costars. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Half the stars of Hollywood play bit parts in support of David Niven and the great Mexican comedian, Cantinflas, as an English gentleman and his valet racing around the 1872 world to win a bet. A high-hearted fling, it combines beautiful, filmed-on-location shots of some forty-odd countries with screwball comedy. New York Film Critics' choice as Best Picture of 1956. *(United Artists)*

BATTLE HYMN—Rock Hudson plays Colonel Dean Hess, the preacher turned pilot who became foster father and guardian angel to the uprooted orphans of the Korean War. *(Universal)*

EDGE OF THE CITY—An uneven but frequently powerful drama of a Negro freight handler and the mixed-up white lammister from the Army whom he befriends. Sidney Poitier and John Cassavetes are excellent in the roles, and Jack Warden makes a particularly vicious hiring boss. *(M-G-M)*

THE DAY THEY GAVE BABIES AWAY—Dale Eunson's touching story based on a heroic incident in his grandfather's childhood first appeared in COSMOPOLITAN more than ten years ago, now provides the basis for this heart-warming film starring Glynis Johns and Cameron Mitchell. *(RKO)*

FEAR STRIKES OUT—The fantastic story of Jim Piersall, brilliant Boston Red Sox outfielder, who spun from rookie success to a mental institution and, after undergoing psychiatric treatment, back to major league stardom, is less a sports story than an account of a young man's fight to escape from under the cloud a dominant father has cast over his life.

Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden are splendid as son and father. *(Paramount)*

FULL OF LIFE—Judy Holliday has the expert aid of the Metropolitan Opera basso Salvatore Baccaloni in this hectic comedy about a pregnant wife who has her hands full with her disorganized would-be writer of a husband and his spluttery stone-mason of a father. Richard Conte is hubby, Baccaloni the explosive old boy. *(Columbia)*

THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT—Jayne Mansfield and a whooping contingent of Rock 'n' Roll "guest stars" kick up a storm in this amusing comedy about a girl who just wants to be a housewife, and must resist the efforts of a smitten ex-hoodlum (Edmond O'Brien) and his hard-pressed press agent (Tom Ewell) to make her a singing star. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

THE GREAT MAN—José Ferrer digs behind the façade of a universally beloved television star and finds his giant a heel of purest ray sadistic. Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, Julie London are some of the people he meets along the way. *(Universal)*

HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON—Robert Mitchum as a tough Marine and Deborah Kerr as a nun are cast away on a deserted Pacific island, later invaded by Japs. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

LIZZIE—A decidedly offbeat psychological suspense story of a museum employee who carries three warring personalities within her placid exterior. Based on a novel by Shirley Jackson, it offers Eleanor Parker her biggest acting challenge, has TV's "Medic," Richard Boone, as her psychiatrist. *(M-G-M)*

OH MEN! OH WOMEN!—Psychiatry is the topic at hand in this adaptation of a recent Broadway hit, and the head doctors are in for a round of good-natured kidding. David Niven, Ginger Rogers, and Dan Dailey are among the stars hanging on the merry-go-round. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

PARIS DOES STRANGE THINGS—Ingrid Bergman is mixed up with royalty again as a widowed princess, a *femme fatale* who becomes enmeshed in a political intrigue in turn-of-the-century Paris. Mel Ferrer and Jean Marais are the good men at the center of the conspiracy. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil B. DeMille, past grand-master of the super-colossal, has built his latest spectacular around the life of Moses, played by Charlton Heston. Yul Brynner is co-starred as the cruel Pharaoh, and there are familiar faces such as Edward G. Robinson, Yvonne de Carlo, Anne Baxter and Debra Paget among the assembled multitudes. *(Paramount)*

TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS—Dean Martin's first film venture without Jerry Lewis finds him cast as a hotel tycoon taking over his newest palace. The place is Rome, the girls are lovely, the picture is slight but pleasant enough. Eva Bartok and Anna Maria Alberghetti are the most important of the *signorinas*. *(M-G-M)*

THAT NIGHT—A terrifying accident which could happen to almost anyone in this pressurized world of ours—a completely unexpected heart attack suffered by a passenger on a commuter train—is the basis for this expanded version of a gripping television play derived from an actual occurrence. John Beal does a fine job as the stricken commuter. *(RKO)*

THREE BRAVE MEN—Another actual case history is behind this Navy-approved story of a Navy Department civilian employee wrongly discharged from his job as a security risk. Ernest Borgnine is the unlucky man. Ray Milland the fighting lawyer who risks his own reputation to defend him, and Dean Jagger the Navy official responsible for the whole mess. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

TOP SECRET AFFAIR—A frothy affair, based loosely on J. P. Marquand's *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.*, has Kirk Douglas as a brilliant young general and Susan Hayward as the willful boss of a news magazine who sets out to ruin his reputation, ends up you know how. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE WRONG MAN—The case of a Stork Club musician who was falsely accused of a number of robberies a few years ago is documented by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Fonda as the bewildered saxophonist and Vera Miles as the wife who is driven to a breakdown by his nightmare. *(Warner Bros.)*

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—This will never erase your memories of the wonderful old Clark Gable-Claudette Colbert "It Happened One Night," from which it derives, but it is still an entertaining picture. Jack Lemmon and June Allyson have the revamped Gable-Colbert roles. *(Columbia)*

THE YOUNG STRANGER—Called "Operation Crewcut" by its studio, this drama stars James MacArthur (son of Helen Hayes) as a teen-ager who slices deeper and deeper into trouble in the vacuum left by his movie executive father, who is too busy to bother with him. The film is a youthful endeavor all around—its director, writer and producer are all in their twenties. *(RKO)*

THE END

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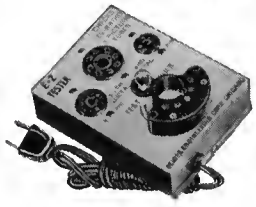

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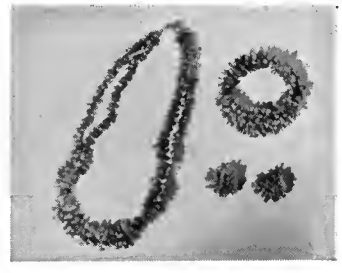
MITCHUM COMPANY, Dept. CO-H1, Paris, Tenn.

The Cosmopolitan Shopper

BY CAROL CARR



CAPRICE. Fabled Capri coral for now and throughout a summer. 15" to 17" adjustable twin strand necklace twists into a choker, $4.95. Button or drop earrings, screwback or pierced. $2.50. Bracelet, $3.30. Entire set, $9.90 ppd. Alpine Imports, 505-CS 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

BARBECUE BEACHCOMBER. White terry shirt 'n shorts are combined to create a perfect playsuit. One piece, with red and blue banded adjustable belt. Sizes: S, M, L. $8.30 ppd. Tog Shop, Dept. CS, Lester Sq., Americus, Ga.

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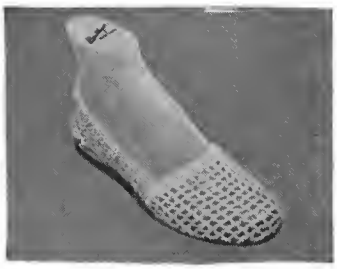

FLORIDA BOUND . . . or relaxing at home, you'll want a pair of these comfortable elasticized straw mesh slippers. In natural, white, pink or blue. Cork wedge heel and leather sole. Sizes 5 to 9. $3.95 ppd. Blackton Fifth Avenue, Dept. CS, 68 East Flagler St., Miami, Florida.

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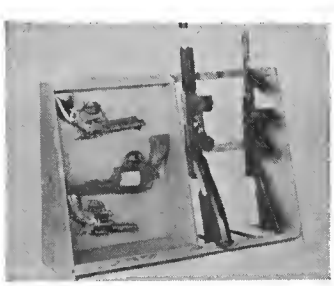

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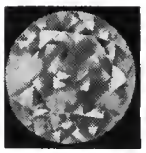

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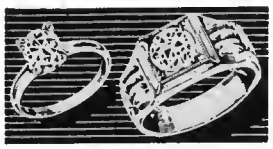

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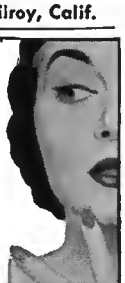

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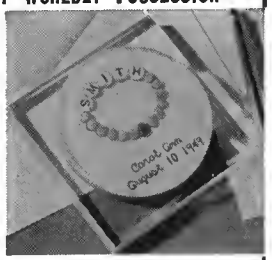

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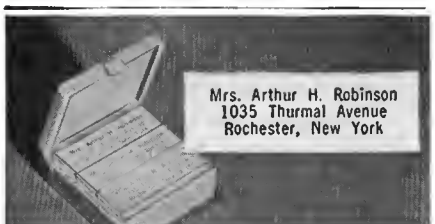

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with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated. Restores elasticity to sagging skin!

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See your tummy vanish before your eyes with Franziska of Hollywood's

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an astonishing reducing device!

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Press the "Magic Button" . . . see inches disappear instantly

Follow the same instructions that this famous figure expert gives movie stars . . . and you, too, may know the perhaps long-forgotten joy of a slim and shapely midriff – without an embarrassing surplus of tummy or the restricting garments that "hold it in." It's easy-fun! No strenuous exercise, no diet, no drugs.

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Illustrated manual shows you what to do every day for 10 days. At the end of this period your awkward tummy line is gone – OR YOUR MONEY BACK. $4.98 ppd.

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Magic Button Co., Dept. C-47, Box 152, Flushing 52, N. Y.

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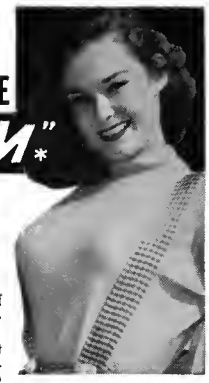
Now you may ENHANCE YOUR BUSTLINE with "ZOOM"*



while you
- **DO HOUSEWORK**
- **SIT AT A DESK**
- **RIDE IN A CAR**
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Invented by Franzisko of Hollywood, famous movieland beauty expert, "ZOOM" is an amazing device that will help you achieve sensational figure beauty—just as it has helped many stars and starlets. "ZOOM" may be worn over or under clothing. While you **walk** or **sit**, while you go about your daily tasks, "ZOOM" can be improving your contour, raising your chestline **up** and **out**, enlarging the muscles that determine your bust measurement, improving your posture and the rest of your figure.

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Try "ZOOM" for 10 days

—Comes complete with Franziska's bust beauty manual **"Your Bosom Friend"** . . . shows you the pleasant, almost incredibly simple exercises you can do with this remarkable device. Send **$3.98** (check or m.o.). If you do not see definite results, YOUR MONEY BACK WITHOUT QUESTION.

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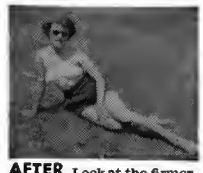
FAT LEGS



AFTER Look at the firmer, slender curves of her legs now. She writes that the change was apparent even before she finished this method.

Try this new, amazing, scientific home method to Reduce Ankles, Calves, Thighs, Knees, Hips for

SLENDERIZED LEGS

Beautifully firm, slenderized legs help the rest of your figure look slimmer, more appealing! Now at last, you too can try to help yourself to improve heavy legs due to normal causes, and reduce and reshape ANY PART of your legs you wish . . . or your legs all over . . . as many women have by following this new scientific method. Well-known authority on legs with years of experience offers you this tested and proven scientific course—only 15 minutes a day—in the privacy of your home! Contains step-by-step illustrations of the easy scientific leg technique with simple instructions for slenderized, firmer, stronger legs; improving skin color and circulation of blood in legs, plus leg measurement chart.

BEFORE Miss B.S., N.Y.C. had heavy legs, was self conscious because her legs spoiled her entire figure.

Send No Money! FREE 10-Day Trial!

For the "Home Method for Slenderizing Heavy Legs", just deposit $1.98 plus postage with postman on delivery (in plain wrapper). Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed, or return course for money back.

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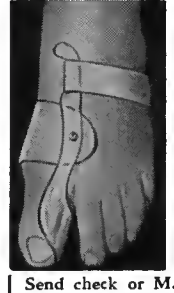

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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

(continued)

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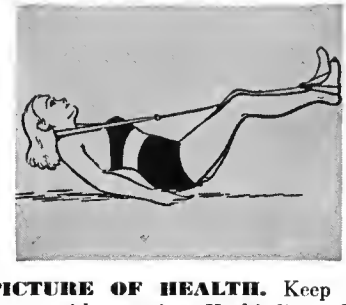
COMPANIONS. Cotton and rayon tweed boucle sweater blends with Irish linen skirt. The sweater features a linen collar and bow, sizes 32-40. Skirt sizes 10-18. Lt. blue, pink, lilac. $22.98 ppd. Burnelle Shop, 155-CS West 57th St., N.Y.C.



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CHILD'S PLAY. Cowboys, soldiers, firemen, made of unbreakable, washable polyethlyene, provides hours of entertainment. Set of over 100 pieces, including 8 figures (2¾" high) with stand-up bases and equipment. $1.25 ppd. Jolan Sales, Dept. C, Fostertown Rd., Newburgh, N. Y.

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Many kinds of fish depend on their acute sense of smell for easy feeding. The mysterious aroma of Gypsy Fish Bait Oil makes smell feeders wild. One potent drop on artificial or live bait draws them like blood draws sharks in fresh or salt water. Works whether you still fish with pole, cast, spin or troll. Only $1.98 (3 for $4.98). Cash orders postpaid. If C.O.D. postage extra. Satisfaction or money back . . . FREE! Handy large water-resistant pouch with every bottle. Order from: *Walling Keith Chemicals Inc.*, Dept. 44-D, Birmingham 1, Alabama.

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FOR HER . . . wonderful multi-purpose gift . . . an oversized towel that's shaped and fitted . . . buttons on in a wink. Perfect for tub to phone, shampooing, make-up, bathing, lounging. White, aqua, maize, pink, royal—all bound in white terry. Small (8-10), medium (12-14), large (16-20). $3.95

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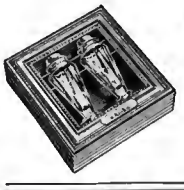

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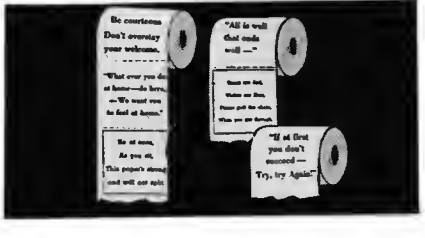

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it's different...it lacks in front

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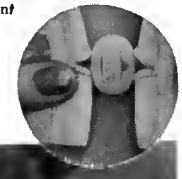
by SACONY



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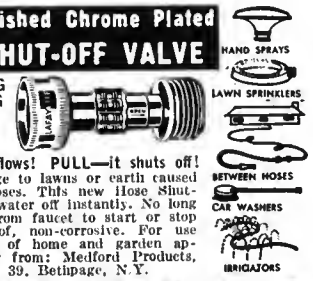

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Without electricity or moving parts this suction drainer pumps 330 gallons of water per hour from flooded cellars, pools, trenches, ponds, etc. Just attach with a garden hose to any screw-type faucet, attach another section of hose to the discharge end, turn on the water and it goes to work.

Suct-Dri Co., P.O. Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y., Dept. CM7

Help for Duodenal Spasm Victims

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

For the thousands who suffer from abdominal discomfort, many of whom approach being gastrointestinal invalids, a new treatment may bring good news. It promises an end to the physical distress and—no less important—to nagging worry and anxiety about the cause.

A man who complained only of abdominal pain was one type of victim. The pain was mysterious—generalized throughout the abdomen from navel to chest margins, relentless, varying only in degree but never absent, unrelated to time of day or night, to the seasons, or to emotional disturbances.

Another typical victim was a woman with diarrhea as well as the abdominal pain. A third was a patient with pain and diarrhea, plus distention, faintness, fatigue, and even occasional rectal bleeding.

There was no apparent cause for the disorder in any of the three, no ulcer, no regional or generalized ileitis, no sprue, no ulcerative colitis in any form, or other recognized disorder of colon or gastrointestinal track could be found.

Nor was food the cause. In the mistaken belief that it might be, and with the desperate hope of finding relief, two of the three patients had refused to eat so many things that at times they were near starvation—but still they suffered the pain and other discomforts.

The Cause and Its Cure

The cause turned out to be duodenal spasm—violent and persistent contractions in the duodenum, the first portion of the small intestine. Fluoroscopic examination didn't reveal it. X-ray films did, though sometimes several were needed.

The treatment, which brought excellent relief to all three, was the administration of Pro-Banthine, a spasm-relaxing drug.

Duodenal spasm itself isn't any new discovery. It has, in fact, been noted at times during gastrointestinal x-ray surveys. But the first medical report in which such spasm was linked to many previously puzzling symptoms was presented recently before the New York State Medical Society.

"The postbulbar duodenal spasm syndrome," as it is called in medical language, has been studied to date in 230 patients. Its victims are about equally divided between men and women and, although it may affect the teen-ager and the very elderly person, it most commonly strikes between the ages of 30 and 59.

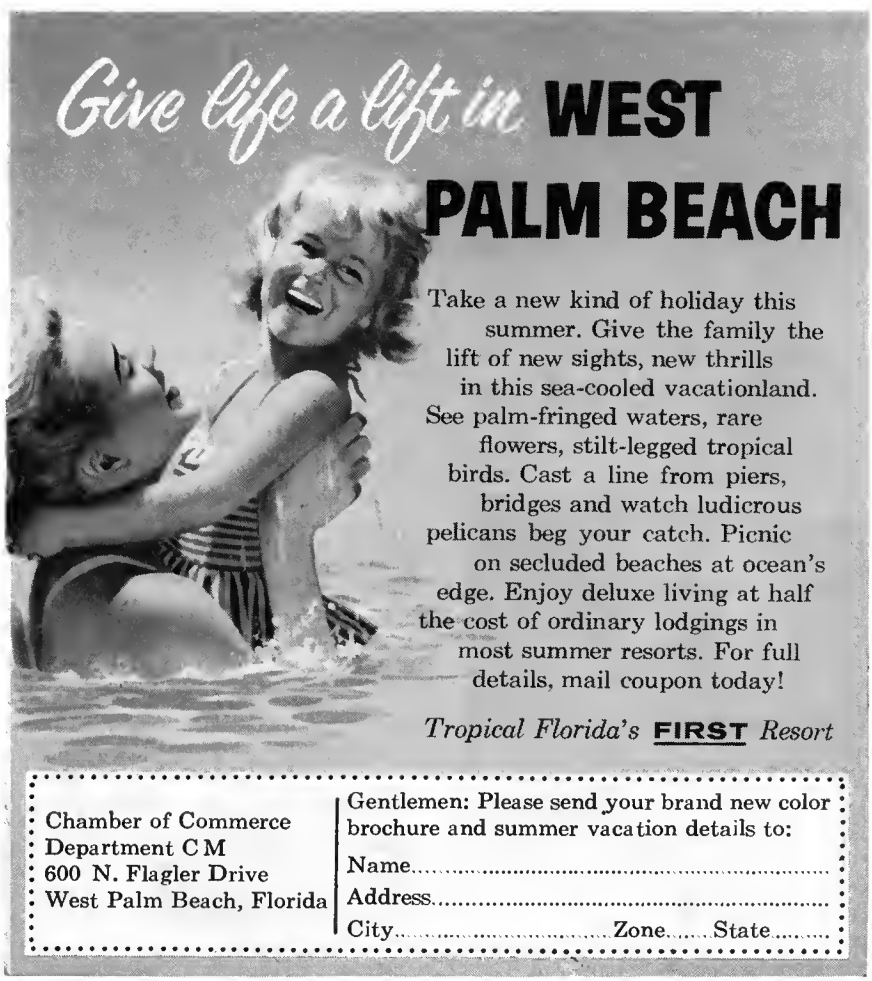
In 89 per cent of all cases, abdominal pain is the cardinal symptom. Diarrhea occurs in 66 per cent. In 53 per cent the abdominal pain and diarrhea occur simultaneously. In 12 per cent rectal pain is also a problem. And among many other symptoms which occur occasionally are alternating constipation and diarrhea, heartburn, nausea, indigestion, gas, distention, weakness, faintness, and fatigue. Insomnia is a frequent problem.

In more than four of every five patients treated, Pro-Banthine has worked—and worked well. X-ray studies made before and after its use have been reassuring: the drug stops the violent involuntary contractions in the duodenum, and as the spasm stops, so do all the alarming symptoms.

In successfully treated patients, the need for sedatives and opiates has been eliminated. Their diets are unrestricted, except for alcohol.

In many patients, relief has been sustained for more than three years on small doses of the medication without evidence of toxicity or cumulative side-effects.

In chronically regressed, withdrawn, underactive, mentally ill patients, Ritalin may bring dramatic improvement, a preliminary report indicates. A stimulant for the central nervous system, it was first tried at a Michigan state hospital in 164 patients who had tremors, lethargy, and other symptoms produced by too much reserpine, chlorpromazine and other tranquilizing agents. Within five to ninety minutes after a single intravenous injection, the great majority became alert and showed improvement of other symptoms. The drug was then tested in a small group of patients of another type with a long history of underactivity; all benefited. Illustrative of this type of case is one forty-four-year-old man who never talked even when prodded. In twenty-one



years of hospitalization, he had spent every waking hour in a chair in the same corner of the ward without moving, had to be led to meals, helped in dressing and undressing. There was no visible reaction even when a towel was thrown at him repeatedly. Six minutes after the first of a series of injections, he caught a baseball and began to play. In the next two hours he demonstrated more voluntary activity and mental alertness than he had in all his twenty-one years in the hospital. Thus far, in a still small-scale but nonetheless encouraging experiment, patients who continued taking tablets of the drug after the initial injection are showing slow, steady improvement.

In urinary tract infection, when antibiotics and other treatments fail, Mandelamine is often helpful. In a 100-patient study, the drug brought relief—usually within eight days—to 81 per cent of those with common acute urinary tract infections of long standing.

New brain stroke: Stroke, or apoplexy, which produces paralysis, has long been known to come from four causes. Now the discovery of a fifth cause promises to erase at least some cases of paralysis. The four well-known causes are brain hemorrhage, blood clot formation in the brain (cerebral thrombosis), choking off of blood supply by a clot traveling from heart to brain (cerebral embolism), and sudden contraction of a brain artery (cerebral artery spasm). The fifth cause is cerebral vascular insufficiency, or lack of enough blood in the brain to enable it to function properly; such lack occurs when blood pressure drops in patients who have narrowing of brain arteries. The pressure drop, produced by any one of a number of factors, such as a heart beat irregularity or a severe hemorrhage anywhere in the body, starves the brain of blood and nourishment, damaging it and producing paralysis. Happily, in such cases, the brain blood supply can be restored by prompt use of drugs or blood transfusions, wiping out any paralysis which may have begun to set in.

Pregnancy may be detected earlier by a simple test using only hormone pills, according to a *British Medical Journal* report. The pills contain the two female hormones, estrogen and progesterone. They're taken for two days and if bleeding follows, pregnancy is ruled out. The technique proved accurate in every one of 62 cases, detecting pregnancy in 30 and indicating non-pregnancy in the other 32. In most women who were not pregnant, bleeding occurred within one week after the test. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician

This Hungarian refugee mother's pensive face expresses all the uncertainty of life for her baby and herself in a strange land. Only the week before she was in the house where she was born with all the familiar things around her. She left them all, perhaps forever, to escape tyranny. But what now for her baby and for her?

Photopress, Zurich

"LOOK AFTER OUR CHILDREN, WE STAY TO FIGHT TO THE END."

What greater story has ever been told in so few words as the labels around the necks of Hungarian children who arrive at the Austrian border, "Look after our children, we stay to fight to the end!"

Forever in the pages of history will be written the bravery of the Hungarian people in their effort to break the chains of slavery and become a free people. As Christ once looked over the city of Jerusalem and wept, so must He today weep over the city of Budapest.

Christian Children's Fund, with 224 orphanages in 33 countries, including Austria, is assisting Hungarian refugee children. Such children can be "adopted". The cost is $120.00 a year, if you wish, payable monthly. You will receive your child's name, address, picture and story and can correspond. If you want to "adopt" such a child, please check here ☐.

Children can also be "adopted" at the same cost with the same privileges in Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States, Western Germany, or wherever the greatest need.

For information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

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I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year .....first month..... Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

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Here your car is your partner in fun. Drive right on the beach ... motor to nearby world-famous attractions ... explore the friendly neighboring communities. No bumper-to-bumper traffic ... no over-crowded beaches ... no exorbitant rates! All the friendliness of your own home town PLUS Florida's year 'round sunshine.

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ROOM 77C
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

Does Climate Affect Your Health?

Can Florida's warm sun bake away your aches and pains? Will bracing winter breezes help you live longer? Does weather affect your diet? Here are the answers

INTERVIEW WITH CARL C. DAUER, M. D.

Q. ***Are some climates more healthful than others?***

A. From a strictly scientific viewpoint, no one climate is more healthful than another. However, a person is often more comfortable in one climate, say Florida, than in another—and a feeling of well-being, while it is not synonymous with health, can play an important role in maintaining a person's bodily defenses against illness.

Q. ***Are some illnesses more prevalent in cold climates?***

A. Yes. Many cases of arthritis, for instance, and the type of rheumatism caused by bacteria are more common in colder climates—simply because there are more bacteria there than in warmer regions. But many other diseases—tuberculosis, for example—are found just as frequently in tropical as in nontropical climates.

Q. ***Are there any diseases that can be combatted by a move to a warmer climate?***

A. A rheumatism sufferer will feel more comfortable in a warmer, dryer climate, and this may help him cope with his disease. The same is true of sufferers from certain other types of infection, such as those caused by streptococci. The majority of people feel better in warmer climates, and while the move doesn't, strictly speaking, lessen the severity of the disease, it can bring increased comfort to the person suffering from the disease.

Q. ***Are there diseases which might be aggravated by a change in climate?***

A. The psychological effects of a move must be considered. For instance, although it might be advisable for a tuberculosis patient to go to a warm, dry climate, if separation from family and business causes him to worry, his condition will probably not improve. In general if a person has to move from one climate to another for his health, he should somehow manage to take his family along with him. Then there is a better chance for improvement.

Q. ***What about tropical diseases, such as malaria? Is there danger in any part of the United States?***

A. Malaria was once a serious problem in the southern part of this country, but now it has practically disappeared.

Q. ***Is there any evidence that warmer climates are conducive to longevity?***

A. There is no statistical evidence to support this contention. However, many older people move to Florida because, as their age increases, so do the discomforts caused by cold weather. Life in a state such as Florida is simpler and more relaxed, and it is important for older people to be free from unnecessary worry.

Q. ***Does a warm climate affect diet, particularly food intake?***

A. People in warm climates generally eat less. In a cold climate, it takes much more food to maintain body heat. Whether one routine is more conducive to health than the other is a moot question.

Q. ***Is there any other way in which climate influences a nation's way of life?***

A. According to Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, any climate which is extremely hot or extremely cold all year seems automatically to limit the level of civilization of the people living in it. For example, neither the Eskimos nor the natives of Central Africa have ever advanced beyond the primitive stages in their development. Most civilized countries are in temperate zones, where a stimulating change of seasons prevails. THE END

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America's Happiest Governor

LeRoy Collins runs a $100,000,000-a-year public business, drives an old-model car, ad libs on TV and is a supersalesman who sells Florida to every other state in the Union

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

At 5 A.M. a tall man in hunting clothes comes quietly downstairs to the kitchen, drinks a cup of hot coffee with skimmed milk, then picks up his shotgun. At this early hour, dew is still on the Spanish moss and the oaks and the pinewoods not many miles outside of Tallahassee. The man glances at his wrist watch, estimates he'll have two good hours of hunting. He steps outside, checks his rifle, and breathes deeply of the good air. What more could a man ask?

Plenty. LeRoy Collins, forty-seven-year-old Governor of Florida, likes to start off his day hunting, but by eight o'clock, conventionally dressed in neat suit and dark tie, he arrives at his Tallahassee office in search of bigger game. One of the things that keeps LeRoy Collins happy is that he keeps bringing down that bigger game. Outlawing slot machines and hammering through legislation for good schools and a better park system are some of the hassles Collins has been enjoying ever since, as a twenty-five-year-old lawyer, he made the jump into politics. Even the pesky and dangerous mosquito has fallen before Collins' fight for better mosquito control. Florida children—including Collins' own four children—don't know what it's like to shake with the chills and fever of malaria that Collins suffered as a child.

Kindly Capital Climate

To make Florida "boomier," Collins often plays the role of supersalesman. His personal "Sell Florida" tours of the Middle West and Northeast, and his advertising of Florida's "friendly governmental climate" have helped bring a bonanza of tourists, new industry, and—to Florida natives—plain civic awareness. The University of Florida gets funds for an atomic reactor: a commission to promote Florida's industrial advantages springs into being; a turnpike, to run the length of the state, unwinds like a white ribbon; Floridians get a new mental hospital. Behind these magic activities is the hand of LeRoy Collins.

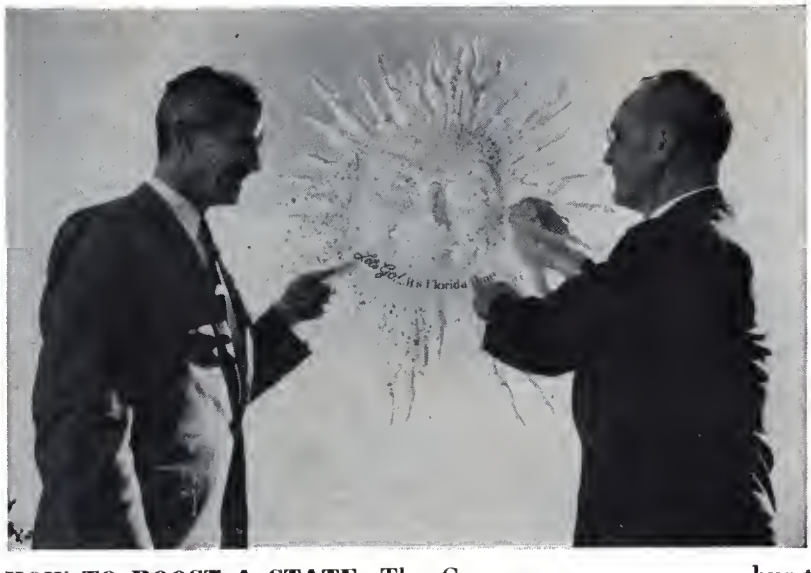
In the political jungle, Collins is known for stubborn persistence. He expects to have enemies, points out, "As someone has said, you can't avoid stepping on people's toes unless you stand still."

Collins hasn't stood still, but neither did he make it from grocery clerk to Governor in just one giant step. One of six children, Collins is the grandson of a circuit-riding Methodist preacher and the son of a Tallahassee grocer. Teen-aged and eager, he went to work as a delivery and stock boy in a grocery store and saved his money until he had enough to attend business school in Poughkeepsie, New York. Back in Tallahassee a year later, he went to work as a bank teller, saved enough money to study law, got his law degree from Cumberland University, passing the bar with the second highest grade ever scored until that time. During the depression in 1932, young lawyer Collins found himself with a law income of about $34 a month and the problem of how to marry his childhood sweetheart, Mary Call Darby, and have enough income for two. Collins' answer was to campaign for the job of Leon County prosecutor. He lost. But two years later, having married Mary Darby despite his defeat, Collins won election to the State House of Representatives. He was on his way. From 1940 to 1952, except for a hitch in the Navy—from which he emerged a lieutenant—Collins was a State Senator. At Tallahassee he kept on shooting off sparks of inspired legislation, insisting that Florida be "self-reliant and not anxious to fly to Washington at the drop of a Federal dollar."

Now, his black hair streaked with gray, Collins still doesn't vary the pitch. It might be summed up as "No ward-heeling or back-scratching, and keep your hands out of the till."

Man on the Street

Sometimes described as "All Southern," Collins is six feet, one inch tall, lean and well-knit; he weighs 197 pounds and has a quick smile and a concentrated, kindly stare when you speak to him. A hiker, Collins usually walks from his home to the Governor's office. Collins estimates that during this walk, in the



HOW TO BOOST A STATE: The Governor approves a sunburst that will go free to shops across the country. B. R. Fuller, right, is director of Florida Development Commission, a Collins project.

Photos by George Barris

THE FAMILY DROPS IN to see how the decorating is coming along in the newly completed $360,000 executive home they'll live in for the next four years. The home they are vacating is across the street.

A FAR CRY from his 1931 job as W.P.A. clerk. For fifteen years the Collins family has lived in this stately mansion. Besides daughters Mary, Darby, and Jane, top, the Collinses have a son LeRoy, now in the Navy.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS WIFE put Darby to bed in the guest room, which she prefers to her room because it is downstairs where things are happening. Collins feels time with his children is important.

IN HIS WHITEWASHED STUDY, surrounded by sporting gear, Collins alternates work and hobbies. He follows no schedule, works best under pressure.

LATE TEENAGE PARTY: After movie, Mary Call brings friends home for "Houn' Dog" session. Blue jeans are commonplace in the gubernatorial manse.

course of a month he gets to say hello to just about everybody in Tallahassee. Sometimes he stops in a drugstore for a cup of coffee, sometimes he buys peanuts on Main Street, nibbles them abstractedly as he greets people. In a hurry, he travels in an old model Cadillac. "Money's too tight for a new car," he told the state when they offered to give him a newer model.

A banjo player in his high school days, Collins now prefers to sing local folk songs, and spin yarns for his six-year-old daughter Darby, who wishes he were a Hollywood producer so he could put her in the movies. With a six-day week of activities that require the tact of a diplomat, the skill of a chessplayer, the dogged persistence of a football coach, Collins likes to spend his evenings relaxing. That means watching TV with his wife, or settling down before the fireplace and, over coffee and homemade cake, catching up on news of son LeRoy, Jr., twenty-one, now in the Pacific; daughter Mary Call, fourteen; and daughter Jane, eighteen. Viewing his grown son LeRoy and six-year-old daughter, Collins once observed to his wife, with a smile of amusement, "It looks as though we're destined to spend the rest of our natural lives in the P.T.A."

Family of Statesmen

Collins' wife, brown-eyed, brown-haired Mary Call, met her husband in high school, where he was three years ahead of her. She considered him "an older man" and thought it fitting that he ignored her until she grew up enough to be noticed. Like Collins, she prefers informality. Friends dropping in at "The Grove," built by Mary Call's great-grandfather and occupied by the Collins family since 1941, generally end up settling down for a chat in the basement kitchen-dining room. Mary Call has no trouble fitting into her role as a governor's wife—she is the great-granddaughter of Richard Keith Call, twice the territorial governor of Florida.

For the Collins, some bitter goes with the sweet. Privacy, to LeRoy Collins, means time alone with his family. Yet during the past eighteen months, 12,000 visitors have dined or sipped punch at the Collins home. Accomplishment to Collins means better laws, healthier people, happier people. Yet that too takes him on long trips away from his family. "The hardest thing for me to take," admits Collins, "even harder than the expected loss of privacy, is the separation from my family. . . . I miss the little talks with the children . . . and listening to girl-talk or boy-talk."

But Governor LeRoy Collins is out to make Florida the greatest. He loves his job.

THE END

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Barrie

GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA
IN GOD WE TRUST

Special Message to Cosmopolitan

I WAS DELIGHTED to learn of Cosmopolitan's plans for devoting its entire April, 1957, issue to Florida, its attractions, industries, people and way of life.

The story of Florida's recent progress and growth is, indeed, a dramatic one and we are anxious to take advantage of every opportunity to have the facts presented accurately and fully.

Each month enough new residents come to Florida to make a town the size of Andover, Massachusetts, or Donora, Pennsylvania, or Bowling Green, Ohio.

It is now the fastest-growing major state in America, with a flourishing economy based on the three sound foundations of industry, tourism, and agriculture.

Yet, it is still a pioneer state with vast opportunities, because Florida is a land of many contrasts, and, as such, it is a land for everyone. The soil, for example, ranges from the white sands of the beaches to pitch-black muck which is so rich it actually will burn for days if not properly attended.

There is the sparkle and splendor of the "Gold Coast" areas with more new hotels than in all the rest of the world combined. And there is the still-water, moss-draped "Cross Creek" country loved so deeply by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

Florida is the oldest part of the United States. The flags of five nations have flown over our soil. And yet Florida is as new as the latest-model nuclear reactor.

We in Florida have a goal toward which we are building. We want to make the Sunshine State the very finest place in the world for a man and his wife to live, work, raise a family and enjoy a fuller life.

LeRoy Collins

GOVERNOR

Barris

CLEAREST WATER *in the world flows from Florida's twenty-seven springs, which bubble up from huge limestone caverns thousands of feet below the surface. At the largest, Silver Springs, where these swimmers cavort, submarine visibility is five hundred feet. Hollywood has shot many underwater movie scenes here.*

Fabulous Florida

Here it is, the incredible story of the state that has become, in one explosive decade, America's playground and one of our boomingest industrial frontiers

BY BILL BALLANTINE

Ask several people to draw you a map of the United States. Anyone—your butcher, the checker at the supermarket, the elevator boy, that fellow bent over the next desk, your own fourth-grader. You'll get some mighty odd conceptions. The Mississippi River may be missing, Kansas overlooked, Oregon confused with Washington. But one thing is sure: on every one of these hand-drawn faces of our nation a long Pinocchiolike nose will jut crazily from the lower right corner. Nobody misses Florida.

This fabulous lotus land of super sunshine is the country's most readily located chunk of real estate. Florida's insistent publicity drums, booming their rhapsodic beat coast-to-coast, border-to-border, have told everyone that Florida is America's most famous, most desired playground, the world's greatest amusement park.

Surprisingly, Florida's claques and paid partisans have not been unduly extravagant in their praises. Nowhere else in North America will you find such carefree, frostfree good living, such uninhibited gaiety and pampered comfort. But the big news about Florida today is that it is no longer the exclusive playland of the very rich, out of reach of the average tourist. It is now possible for a schoolteacher or stenographer on a modest vacation budget to have an enormously good time in Florida.

Today you can live well in Florida on any pocket level. A vacationer can bed down in an ocean-front palace under silken sheets in an air-conditioned suite with color TV and 100—count 'em—100 clothes hangers in the mildew-proofed dressing closet. Or, if he doesn't mind walking a bit to get to the beach and sunning in less exclusive purlieus he can settle in a hotel not quite so magnificently mastodonic in a less fashionable neighborhood. Or if a visitor is really strapped he can make do on a squeaky iron bed in a room with a sink in the corner and a communal in the hall—and be comforted by the thought that the moon he sees from his window is the same lush hunk of golden cheese seen by every other Florida lover.

Where Tourists Are Kings

On all Florida levels nothing is too good for the tourist. He becomes the world's most pampered mammal. Tourism, Florida's substitute for uranium, brought in a 1956 bonanza of $1,200,000,000 ($192,000,000 more than in 1955) from a thundering herd of 6,250,000 visitors. The winter onslaught of sun chasers has increased two and one half times since the war ended twelve years ago in 1945, when only 2,500,000 winter-haters made their escape to the land of the spreading palms. With only 10 per cent of the nation's total hotel-motel investment, Florida does a whopping 16 per cent of its total business.

One airline, which is capable of carrying 2,500,000 passengers from New York City to Florida during the winter peak season, sends at that time 200 flights in and out of Miami every day. Five other airlines bring tourists to Florida from the rest of the states, and eleven fly in from the Caribbean, South America, and Europe. Twelve railroads cart customers into the state.

Airlines are steering the low-income vacationer to a Florida holiday with such lures as Piggy Bank and Bargain Coach flights (some of these even fly in the more desirable daylight hours; several offer free meals aloft and reserved seats); hotel and motel tie-ups, with rooms as low as $39 a week; and package excursions to Miami Beach, Elysium of all Florida tourists, for as low as $119 a week, which includes "round-trip air fare, airport-hotel transfers by Cadillac limousine, hotel or motel room, one night-club party, one water ski lesson, and a bottle of suntan oil."

It is farther to Florida from the North than casual travelers realize. New York City to Miami is a pushing three days by automobile; twenty-four hours by fastest

(continued)

AT CYPRESS GARDENS *the famous Map of Florida swimming pool is setting for annual March coronation of the state's grapefruit queen. In water are 27,838 grapefruit and a bevy of beauties for queen's court. Antebellum belles in background are part of garden's permanent scenery. Several times a day they drop their hoop skirts and become daredevil aquamaids. Among garden's other attractions are bug-eating pitcher plants, the "shame" plant, that closes its leaves when touched, and the Confederate rose, which opens white, turns red by sunset.*

train; three and one-half hours on the very swiftest nonstop plane.

Any gas peddler along any Florida highway will proudly tell you that his state's northern boundary is well south of California's southern one. And he will gladly produce a road map to prove it, and show you also that a line dropped from the coast of Maine hits a point in the Atlantic Ocean 837 miles *east* of Jacksonville, one drawn from Miami directly south touches the *west* coast of South America at Ecuador. He'll point out that Miami is directly south of Cleveland, and that Pensacola is on a line with Chicago.

The best thing about the drive south to Florida is that first breath of marvelous, balmy air. Coats come off, ties are shed, convertible tops go down as this lovely atmosphere is met. It is an exquisite blend of salty sea, sweet flowers and orange blossoms, the dry green heat of palms and cool shade of moss-hung live oaks. It is better than anything you can buy up north in winter—not always as superlative as the travel folders claim, but close enough to make the long journey well worth while.

This Way to the Big Show

Most autoists head south through the blessed Land of Goshen on U.S. Route 1, which has an engaging carnival spirit. Just over the border, signs are circumspect ("Guests Accepted"), often moral ("Cabins for Travelers Only"). But as the anxious adventurer guns southward through country that is strangely beautiful, the signs become bigger and more flamboyant, like winking, blinking, beckoning Lorelei's, "No Vacancy" signs appear more frequently and the cost of sleeping creeps slowly upward. The increasingly

PELICANS *are an amusing part of Florida scenery. State has many sanctuaries where wild birds come to nest.*

tropical landscape becomes more and more exciting to the Northerner. Roadside stands offer all manner of blandishments: pecan fudge, carved coconut gargoyles, flamingos made of tinted shells, cypress knee table lamps, dyed sea oats, fluorescent abalone crucifixes proffered as TV lamps, tupelo honey, guava jelly, tropical fruits by the crate ("We Ship Anywhere"), and of course orange juice, sometimes offered free to entice motorists to stop and shop.

Sunshine and Cheers

A Florida tourist is barely across the state's northern border when he becomes aware of a curious thing: every local he meets is a private Florida Chamber of Commerce. Then he discovers something even more interesting: very few of these rabid boosters are native sons. The motel man displays the sign: "We're from Indiana. Where're you from?" The parking boy at the swank motel hails from Coshocton, Ohio; the bartender is out of Altoona, Pennsylvania. And not one of the immigrants would go back where he came from for a jillion dollars.

Florida has a long-whiskered history. French Huguenots established a Florida beachhead over fifty years before the first Pilgrim set foot on Plymouth Rock; Spanish conquistadors roistered in Florida more than two centuries before the first thirteen stars were sewn to our flag.

Today the state is acquiring 12,000 new settlers a month. Florida is the population prodigy of the twentieth century, with an increase of 25 per cent in the last five years to a total of 3,876,100 permanent residents at the end of April, 1957. The only American localities growing faster are Alaska, because of our arctic defenses, Nevada and Arizona, because of atom research, whose combined populations are not half Florida's.

This enormous population invasion got its toe hold during World War II when Florida was one huge military camp. The trainees fell in love with the place and vowed to come back with their G.I. accumulations. Many that could, did, and spent their powder-burned dollars supplementing G.I. Bill educations or planting small investments under the sun.

The new Florida is young: 56 per cent of the population is under thirty-five years old, and strong in creative spirit. The last census showed that more than half of Florida's residents were born in other states or countries. This cousinly mixture of North and South, leavened by the yearly millions of pleasure-bent strangers and spiked by youth, is giving Florida a unique quality of pioneer enthusiasm. Everyone dreams king-size, and "challenge" is Florida's favorite word.

Florida today is more than a giddy, overballyhooed pleasure dome. It is the last American frontier without a wilderness's scratching hardships, a place to pit your wits, try your luck, use your talent.

The state's industrial boom—hundreds of northern industries are building plants costing millions—is today's hottest topic around the Florida cracker barrel. St. Petersburg, long regarded as the old folks' paradise on earth, has proved its youthful vigor by copping several of the more juicy plums. A nylon yarn plant keeps Pensacola humming; guided missiles are moving in on Orlando; and the filigreed Old Guard in Palm Beach are bracing themselves to take the shock of the arrival of Pratt and Whitney ("Whatever would Mrs. Stotesbury have thought? *Jets* in Palm Beach. *My dear!*")

Florida's greatest population growth is roughly south of an arc swung across the state from Tampa north to Ocala, east to Daytona Beach. The northwestern metropolis, Pensacola, the Panhandle's biggest city and oldest naval base (1824), holds only 5 per cent of the state's entire population. The northeast manufacturing country, centered around Jacksonville, houses 12 per cent of the state's population. Farther south, halfway through the state's middle ridge, is the retirement utopia and citrus country, where 450,000 acres of groves produce three of every four oranges grown in the United States. Here within a rough triangle, Lakeland to Orlando to Ocala, are 10 per cent of the state's people.

But the southwest coast, from the "Gulf Sun Coast" of St. Petersburg, Tampa and Sarasota to the "Little Gold Coast" of Naples, contains a healthy 18 per cent, and the fabulous seventy-mile Atlantic coastal stretch south of Jupiter Island shelters the state's largest citizen segment, a larruping 27 per cent. The population of Florida is concentrated so heavily on the coast because two-thirds of the state is made up of uninhabitable swamps, lakes and piney woods.

Space for Diversity

The remaining Floridians are scattered in the northwest pulp and paper-producing country; in the black-muck, vegetable-raising lands below Lake Okeechobee (without benefit of promotional hoop-la, agriculture has always been Florida's old reliable economic giant); on the fringes of the 'glades; and in the cattle ranges and scrublands of south central Florida, one of the oldest cattle producing areas in the States.

Tourists fanning out over the state soon find that it is a mighty big place. A drive from Florida's southernmost tip, Key West, to its northwestern outpost, Pensacola, is about as long as a trip from New York to Chicago. Florida has

(continued)

Ozzie Sweet

UNDERWATER NIMRODS *can spear seven hundred varieties of fish, and beachcombers find thousands of beautiful shells washed up by each high tide.*

Joseph Steinmetz

SWIMMING IS EASY. *The state has 2,800 pools, over 30,000 lakes and a tidal coastline of 8,426 miles. The year-round temperature averages seventy-four degrees.*

Joseph Steinmetz

THE FISHING FLEET *heads deepseaward from Miami's Biscayne Bay. Tourists pay three dollars for a "head boat" (all tackle furnished). It costs from twenty-five dollars a day up to charter a boat. There are fifty-six yacht clubs in the state and more than sixty-five major boating events. No license is required for salt water angling.*

the longest coastline of any state, 1,146 miles. It contains 30,000 lakes, three times as many as Minnesota. One Florida colossus, Lake Okeechobee, covers 1,250 square miles, and is solemnly declared by state law to be salt water so that it can be fished without license in all seasons.

Florida has a larger variety of trees than any other state. There is one that strangles other trees, and oysters grow in still others. Florida boasts sixty-four varieties of orchid and four hundred bird families, many of them rare and exotic. Sharks, swordfish, tarpon, porpoise, and sea cows have been taken from its waters, along with some 700 other kinds of fish, including one twenty-pound bass hooked in Naples last winter with a wire coat hanger. Florida is the only place in America where palm trees, Seminole Indians, alligators and crocodiles grow wild. And it has a great variety of sights —some natural, some contrived to catch the last loose tourist dollar.

In Florida you can buy a look at almost anything from a mosaic reproduction of "The Last Supper" to a live 500-pound manatee. You can meet a shark in the huge steel-glass tanks of marine aquariums, watch porpoises leap three times their own length and jump through paper hoops; see diving horses and leopard rays big as baby grand pianos. You can wander along tanbark tree paths through man-made jungles, or visit a genuine forest primeval, like the Highlands Hammock State Park, a wild animal preserve of 3,800 acres with elevated walks over unspoiled lagoons and inhabited jungle pools.

Last year over two million people picnicked, camped and wandered in Florida's thirty-eight state parks and historic sites, including the state's greatest natural preserve, the vast subtropical wilderness of the Everglades National Park, soon to be the nation's third largest—over a million acres when completed. It is supervised by Dan Beard, visionary naturalist son of the famous Boy Scout leader, and features live creatures—wildcats, cotton-mouthed moccasins, bald eagles, tree snails, snowy egrets, roseate spoonbills, water turkeys—rather than the geological wonders of other national parks. Boats poke up the Barron River exploring water alleys once used by rum-runners, plume hunters and smugglers.

Fountain of Youthful Beauties

Florida's natural springs attract many tourists. There are twenty-seven, ranging in flow from 14,000 to 800,000,000 gallons a day. At Silver Springs, the world's largest, it is possible to watch a penny drop in the crystal clear water eighty-one feet to the bottom. These springs must be the fountains of youth for which Ponce de Leon was searching, for here disport the prettiest, most shapely water babies I've ever seen, performing underwater ballets and acrobatic stunts on water skis.

Some Sights to See

Though Florida is not much for grandiose monuments, the Bok Singing Tower, a carillon memorial to the grandparents of Edward W. Bok, famous American editor, is outstanding. The bells, weighing from 11 to 23,000 pounds, give thrice weekly concerts and moonlight recitals during the winter season. Youngsters always enjoy St. Augustine's ancient fortress (1756), the Castillo de San Marcos, the oldest United States fort still standing. It has 12-foot-thick walls, battlements, moats and dungeons, in one of which Osceola, the Seminole warrior, was imprisoned. There are all sorts of historic Florida houses to gawp at: the venerated lab-home of Thomas Alva Edison, the present abode of Tennessee Williams, the "southernmost house," at Key West, the ex-home of Ernest Hemingway, and the vacation White Houses of Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. And Sarasota has the many-splendored Venetian-baroque dream castle of the world's most famous circus Goliath, John Ringling.

Florida's skyline is changing from Key West to St. Augustine and from Naples to Pensacola, as palmetto and palm succumb to bulldozer blade and hammers beat a steady tattoo. Country land that used to go begging is on the block for $12,000 an acre.

Newly married couples are sprouting family wings in a spread of low-cost "sustenance homes"—worth as much as $16,000—up the Gold Coast in an almost solid bed from Miami to Palm Beach, in staid St. Augustine, far-off Key West. At Hollywood, where a hundred homes a month appear, developments are even beginning to encircle a Seminole Indian reservation. And where there are new houses, of course, there are new customers, a truth not lost on merchants like Food Fair Stores, Inc., which has opened over fifty markets in Florida since 1948.

Cities are sprouting new suburbs almost overnight. Fort Myers' offspring, Fort Myers Shores, was created when the M. H. Davis family offered home sites complete with streets and wiring along the Caloosahatchee River. Attracted by the prospect of boating, fishing, and hunting right at their back doors, new residents bought two million dollars' worth of property in twelve months.

Sarasota is expanding so fast that its "old settlers," those who came in the thirties, are becoming alarmed lest the town's unhurried, first-name atmosphere be spoiled forever. Karl Bickel, one of that city's most distinguished citizens, told me he paid $6,500 in 1933 for the cloistered Spanish home in which he lives and recently turned down an offer of $87,000 for it.

In Florida good living comes in many packages, as lavish or as simple as you choose. Men with more money than most, less than some, are building modern tropical mansions along the Venetian canals of Fort Lauderdale, or on the serpentine peninsulas at Naples, where the lots alone are bringing prices from $11,000 to $30,000. Or they are locating among the 11,000 newly opened acres surrounding the Boca Raton Club and Hotel, the world's most opulent and once its most exclusive leisure layout. At this sultanic Shangri-la, Florida good-livers can punt about in genuine Venetian gondolas, and spend weekends watching America's only twenty-goal polo or dining in the overpoweringly gold-leafed Cathedral Room, whose grandiose best Addison-Mizner style is facetiously referred to as Gulf Stream Episcopal.

There are still charming, inexpensive waterfront spots to be had on the islands of Marco (good fishing), Sanibel (best shelling in America), and Captiva (good resting). About seventy miles above St. Petersburg is a favorite hideaway, Crystal River, used mostly by burghers who go to fish and forget tourists. Also up that way is Mullet Key, which has only one old-fangled white clapboard hotel, ghosts on its beaches, and no automobiles.

Boom with a Firm Foundation

Every Floridian I questioned felt that the present real estate boom (some wouldn't even call it that) is more solid than the one that went bust in 1926, because healthy growing industry is backing this one. Very little land is being sold unseen or purely for speculation, whereas back in the insane days lots often changed hands a dozen times a week. Today people are living and raising families on the land they buy in Florida.

But when the jets are searing the sawgrass and when there are more engineers than oranges, Florida will remain America's most splendid playground. Tuxedoed hotel comics will still get guffaws with jokes about the foolishly ornate hotels from the people who love to stay in them. Wild-eyed palefaces from the North will still send to their slaving friends back home fistfuls of lurid Kodachrome postcards of bathing beauties scrawled "This is my landlady. Ha-ha." "Having a fine wish, time you were here. Ha-ha." The elderly will tote up their neat budget hooks, watch the sun sink blazing into the Gulf, remember all the burst water pipes, snowbound driveways and balky furnaces that plagued their northern lives, and thank heaven for Florida.

THE END

Joseph Steinmetz

SARASOTA JUNGLE GARDENS *are a favorite tourist stop. There are 4,400 varieties of tropical trees and many rare birds, especially flamingos (Hialeah Racetrack has a flamingo flock swimming in a thirty-two-acre lake). Tourism earns Florida $1,200,000,000 in taxes yearly, enabling citizens to escape a state income tax.*

The Gold Coast

Welcome to Miami and Miami Beach, Florida's never-never land, where "lobby dresses" cost $600, Broadway and Hollywood stars relax in sultanic splendor, and tired businessmen get in the "mink" of condition

For most snowbirds Florida is spelled M-I-A-M-I, pronounced My-am-ee—not My-am-uh, Mee-am-ee or Mee-am-uh.

Cars with New York and New Jersey plates still stop at the gas stations of Daytona Beach, Stuart, and Fort Pierce to ask, "Hey mac, when do we get to Florida?" Meaning, of course, Miami.

The tourist seldom distinguishes between Miami and Miami Beach; he accepts them as one. Actually, they are separate parts of a larger community called Greater Miami, which embraces twenty-six distinct municipalities. Miami and Miami Beach are sisters, and there is a considerable amount of sibling jealousy between them. Miami claims the airport, the railroads, the seaport, the industry, a $5,000,000 library (Florida's finest), all the tourist-fetching attractions, and a blimp in which to survey them from the air.

Miami Beach claims all the glamour: the prettiest women, the richest men, the most elegant, expensive homes, the plushiest clubs, the finest restaurants, the swankiest yachts, the most fabulous hotels, and the Atlantic Ocean.

Miami Beach is not a place for the peaceful and solemn. No green benches here; no one has time to just plain sit. If you relax, it must be with a purpose—to get a tan, to catch a man, to dream of the golden future.

Miamians Take It Easy

Plenty of participation sports are on sale in Miami Beach, but beyond a little quiet golf, a poolside mambo or cha-cha-cha lesson, or a round of bridge, the typical Beachite prefers to take his sports sitting down. He gets his exercise by walking to pari-mutuel windows to lay bets on the greyhounds or the horses; craning his neck at air shows, yacht races and aquacades; swiveling his head to follow those lightning-streak men with the basket hands, the pelota players. A favorite activity is getting a massage, to keep in the "mink" of condition. He flexes his muscles best in bed and works hardest to please his palate.

Eating emporiums run the gamut, from grits and papaya juice to the swankiest Continental cuisine. The epicure, the gourmet, and the glutton can all be supremely happy in Miami Beach.

Le Parisien and Maxim's offer Gallic specialties and everyone who is anyone eats seafood at Joe's Stone Crabs, or drives out to the Lighthouse at Baker's Haulover. The Embers, which features open-hearth broiling, has in its cooler 400 chunks of beef worth about $30,000. Wolfie's delicatessens are famous for matzoh ball soup and dream cheesecake with whipped cream piled that high.

The Solid Gold Price-Tag

Air-conditioned shopping is a favorite Miami Beach ladies' sport. Lincoln Road, parade ground of the swankiest shops, is touted as the Fifth Avenue of the South.

Here a well-kept heart can buy anything it desires. Stores stock mink-trimmed bathing suits, gold cloth Bikinis hung with lace and rhinestones, at $100, jeweled cashmere and vicuña sweaters trimmed with ermine and fox and priced at $175 to $250.

One large Miami specialty shop—Burdine's—has capitalized on the lady tourist's conception of shopping as a form of recreation; its slogan is "Bring your luggage empty and fill it at Burdine's." Not all Miami stores are slanted towards the tourist trade, however; Richards, another Miami emporium, offers less extravagant wares calculated to attract the hometown folks.

By night the play city is a bedazzling fairyland of color, exceeding nature's best productions. A restless tide with nothing but individual pleasure on its collective mind surges along Collins Avenue on foot, in taxis or in Jaguars.

There is dancing at almost every hotel, cheek-by-jowl joggling in dozens of *boites* and bistros, and a plethora of brassy top-drawer Broadway and Hollywood entertainment. You name it, you can have it. Belafonte, Berle, and Johnnie Ray; Edith Piaf, Lena Horne; La Rosa, Durante, and Nat "King" Cole; Roberta Sherwood, Sophie Tucker, Martha Raye and Joe E. Lewis all have performed in the Miami Beach limelight.

Glitter Row

The heart of the hotel district is along Collins Avenue from Twenty-third Street to several blocks above Arthur Godfrey Road (Forty-first Street). In this narrow squeeze between the ocean and Indian Creek, the dream dormitories stand shoulder-to-shoulder, each a several-million-dollar layout trying to out-glitter its neighbor with its palm-bordered, cabana-surrounded swimming pool, its outdoor dining patios, and its silken cocktail lounge.

From mid-January to mid-March, top-level presidential suites and penthouses cost from $174 to $187 a day; rooms run from $30 to $69 a day, single or double.

There is an upper stratum of Miami Beach regulars who choose their hotel as they do their automobile. It must be this year's classiest model; last year's simply will not do. Since the start of the post-war boom, Collins Avenue hoteliers have been happy to cater to this capriciousness, erecting a new establishment each year. The latest model is referred to facetiously as "This Year's Hotel." Last season it was the Eden Roc, an ostentatious Italianate sleep manse to which Caesar would have been pleased to bring Cleopatra.

The year before it was the Fontainebleau, a massive elliptical structure which cabbies call Yankee Stadium. It stands on the site of the old Harvey Firestone estate, and has spacious gardens patterned after Louis XIV's original. Its style is elaborately authentic French

Empire with spectacular hybridisms that would not have occurred even to Marie Antoinette. For all its apparent frivolity the hotel is what Beachites call a "winner." Ben Novack, president, said recently that he would not accept $25,000,000 for his gaudy 565-room inn, which cost only sixteen million.

Spectacular of the Season

This year's leading contender for the title of world's champion hotel is the Americana, located in Bal Harbour, a sort of northern extension of the Beach's hotel colony. It has a 160-by-100-foot lobby of Roman travertine marble and a forty-foot high terrarium on whose exotic plantings one hundred gallons of water rain every two hours (except at night when this monsoon is turned off to prevent jungle rot). The illusion of a subtropical rain forest is so perfect that one expects to find Sadie Thompson paging the Reverend Dr. Davidson under the frangipani.

Included in the Americana's super-lush appointments is a practical fourteen-mile stretch of coaxial cable. These hoteliers are well aware of the value of publicity. Last winter NBC brought its thirtieth anniversary party to the Americana and televised the shows of Steve Allen, Groucho Marx, Dave Garroway and Perry Como from the hotel.

For thirty years the venerable Roney Plaza, most celebrated hotel in Miami Beach, has withstood the onslaughts of the more shimmering newcomers. Nothing on The Beach can match the quiet tropical charm of the Roney's seven acres of palm gardens. Dowager Queen of the Hotel Empire, the Roney gets the cream of the visitors to Miami Beach: long-established celebrities (such as Milton Berle, Clark Gable, Sophie Tucker); musical long-hairs (the late Toscanini, Piatagorsky, Horowitz); presidents and potentates (Eisenhower's pre-White House footprints in terrazzo grace the lower lobby). Walter Winchell has called the Roney his winter home for twenty years.

Miami Beach now has 381 hotels, more than one-fourth of Florida's total and almost half of Greater Miami's. Since the end of the war it has done more building than the resort areas of France, Great Britain and South America combined.

Many Miami Beach hotels operate on a Modified American Plan, offering a rate that includes breakfast and dinner and an extra bonus of free events calculated to draw the medium spender. The bonus offers include discussion groups, beach wiener roasts, champagne nights, movie reviews, and square dancing sessions (with "genuine Ozarks caller").

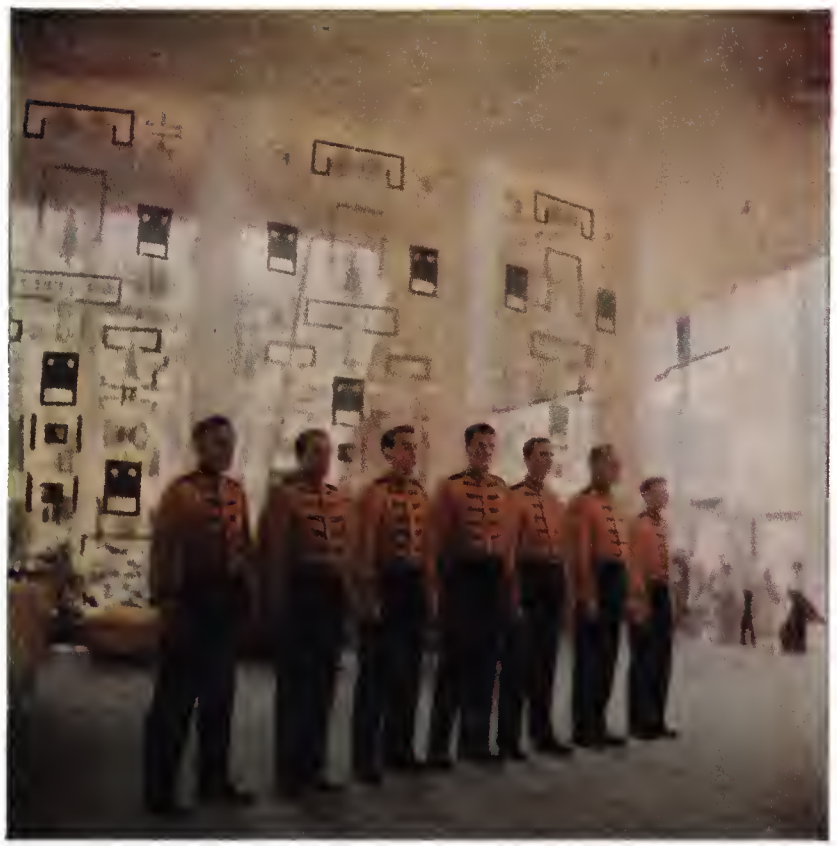
Drive-in Taj Mahals

In fierce competition with the Miami Beach luxury hotels are the luxury motels, motorist mansions about as far removed from the cabin courts of yore as an Alpha Romero is from a Stanley Steamer. They are strung out, sixty-four strong, along a three-mile ocean strip dubbed Sunny Isles.

Every motel on the strip has a "theme." The Dunes displays as its theme two enormous concrete-bosomed sphinxes; the Desert Inn provides a replica of a covered wagon with a four-mule team

Photos By George Barris

FONTAINEBLEAU IS LARGEST hotel in Miami Beach, with 565 rooms, 263 cabanas (each with tiled bath), 1,000 feet of beach, five acres of formal gardens, docks for fifty yachts. It is frequently so crowded, guests are put up in cabanas. Pussy Cat Pool is favorite among visiting small fry—eyes are islands, mouth and tongue a water slide.



BELLHOPS LINE UP for inspection at the Americana Hotel, new this year. Dedicated to "Western Hemisphere" art, it cost $17,000,000.

LUNCHEON IS SERVED at Eden Roc cabana. Most expensive luxury hotel, its Italianate motif "brings the Riviera to Miami Beach."

hitch. The Aztec's Mexican theme owes its authenticity to the advice and guidance of the Mexican Consul to Miami.

All these gasoline gargantuas offer dozens of extra features and welcome kids, bottle warmers, and formula mixers. One motel has a king-sized Olympic pool, and another an underground garage. The Golden Gate is so huge, it is practically a village. It features a yacht basin with twenty slips, a convention hall, and a pedestrian tunnel to the ocean.

Outside Miami Beach's big hotel belt it is possible for a light spender to find an inexpensive room. There are many small hotels south of Lincoln Road, and modest hostels line Indian Creek Drive, a saunter from the ocean.

Recreation on a Budget

The City operates a vast recreational program and tourists running a little thin on cash can find many diversions costing little or nothing. There are community recreation centers, playgrounds, public pools and beaches. Among the amusements offered are tennis, boating, duck-on-the-rock, lip-reading, folk dancing, hopscotch, and ceramics.

Summer visitors give Miami Beach a tremendous lift. A deskman observed, "The boss comes in the winter and pays fifty bucks for his room and his secretary gets the same room in the summer for twelve."

By now the uninitiate must feel that Miami Beach is nothing but a community of hotels with a room clerk for Mayor and a City Council of bellhops. But it is really a bona-fide city of almost 54,000, with 6,000 private residences in the $25,000 to $65,000 bracket, many in beautiful island and waterfront settings. There are nine public schools and fifty private schools, nineteen churches and synagogues, two hospitals.

An interesting backward glimpse into Miami's gloriously affluent past is afforded by a tour of the former estate of James Deering, farm machinery mogul, a 160-acre parcel of handsomely landscaped waterfront called Villa Vizcaya, now the Dade County Art Museum. It cost $20,000,000 in 1916, when, to quote a Miamian, "twenty million was a lotta scratch." No Florida home, before or since, has approached its incredible splendor and extravagance. Around Miami they still remember the time the multimillionaire bachelor had the entire chorus of the Ziegfeld Follies brought down from New York for a stag party at his lavish diggings.

Miami loves its tourists dearly, and spotted around Greater Miami are many unique diversions: the famous shrimp-pink flamingoes at the Hialeah race track, a Serpentarium with six hundred hissing cobras, and a Spanish monastery

imported in packing cases and assembled like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle.

Miami, with a 100,000 square foot auditorium, is the Convention Capital of the South. Its expansion across county lines is creating so many civic and labor problems (for instance, a plumber who wants to work in all of Greater Miami now needs twenty-six separate licenses) that a Miami Consolidation Plan is being worked out; it will make Greater Miami into Metropolitan Miami.

Miami thinks big. Dredging starts this year for a new Port of Miami. Next year a new $7,000,000 Air Terminal will be unveiled, and one airline has proposed a $5,000,000 jet installation.

Miami does one-fourth of the nation's aluminum fabricating (exclusive of aircraft), producing doors, windows, jalousies, furniture and awnings. Giant among the city's 270 operators is Charlie Silvers' Adams Engineering. Mr. Silvers hammered out his first jalousie windows in 1949 in the back of a laundry. Now he has two huge plants, six hundred employees, and a string of race horses.

Miami is not too big to think small, either. Last winter it was discovered that ladies' new high-fashion heels were just skinny enough to slip through the holes of the city's manhole covers, so the gallant fathers ordered five hundred new covers with smaller holes.

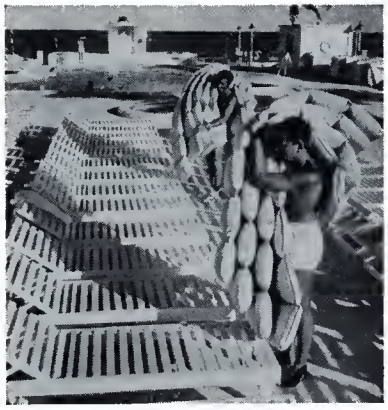
Perhaps they remembered that it was a woman who was responsible for Miami's early success—Julia De Forrest Sturtevant Tuttle, a Cleveland girl who inherited some Miami land from her father. Julia wasn't the first settler by any means but she seems to have been the first with any vision. She wrote a friend: ". . . it is the dream of my life to see this wilderness turned into a prosperous country . . ."

Boom Rolls In on Rails

When the second big frost came to Florida in the winter of '94-'95 it cut south as far as Jupiter and practically eliminated the orange groves. Lady Julia sent sprigs of fresh, fragrant blossoms to her friend Henry Morrison Flagler, who had just pushed his railroad as far south as Palm Beach. Intrigued by this promise of a frost-free climate, Mr. Flagler came south, pulling his steel rails after him. With the trains came fast progress, and the area hasn't stopped booming to this day.

Mr. Flagler's statement on Miami is classic: "The town will never be more than a fishing village for my hotel guests." Someone should inscribe that in the sand at low tide. Or perhaps Miami builders could find a spot for this chip from a clouded crystal ball somewhere on the façade of next year's hotel.

THE END



Cahana boys at Golden Nugget Motel are part of hotel-style luxury service.

Pan American has underground garage. All motels are on "the strip" on ocean.

Desert Inn's trademark, covered wagon and mules, draw many family tourists.

Golden Gate, largest motel, has yacht basin, convention hall, tunnel to ocean.

WALTER WINCHELL stands before Roney Plaza, *grande dame* of Miami's hotels. Columnist has not missed Roney vacation since 1929

Barris

"THIS IS LIVING!" Sun-worshippers Godfrey and his wife Mary spend most of their spare time outdoors, much of it sailing on Biscayne Bay. "Next to flying," says Godfrey, "boating is the greatest."

Mr. Godfrey of Miami Beach

Mightiest drumbeater for Miami Beach, Arthur was the first to stretch TV's coaxial cable into the sun. And not for money. Here's why Godfrey loves to hold hands with his "hunk of Paradise"

The sun-kissed Solons of Miami Beach have changed the name of Forty-first Street, main drag of a new shopping-entertainment center, to Arthur Godfrey Road, thus making the famous redhead the only living person so honored by this renowned winter resort.

Arthur Godfrey, the tropical playground's favorite son, was given this extraordinary recognition because he is its greatest and most consistent booster. Civic officials estimate that the amount of nation-wide publicity freely given The Beach over the years by Mr. Godfrey would have cost, if bought on the open market, more than $50,000,000—and been far less effective than the voluntary testimonials of the famous pied piper.

"He has hastened the development not only of our town but of the entire state by seven or eight years," says Hank Meyer, chief palm-thumper of Miami Beach.

Godfrey first started plugging The Beach about ten years ago on CBS radio, bringing the beauties of southern Florida to his listeners with what he calls "word pictures." He told me recently, "I'd try to make them feel the sunshine and the balmy climate, see the beautiful clouds and the water. We'd take the mike out into the surf. Sometimes we'd sign off at the end with me submerging under a wave — gurgle-gurgle-gu-r-r-rgle. Things like that."

People in the northern parts of the state at first resented Godfrey's lavish praise of Miami Beach. "Oh, for a long time they sure hated me," he chuckles, "but now they know that my chatter attracted attention to all Florida. Even Governor Collins gives me part of the credit for the rush of people moving in all over the state."

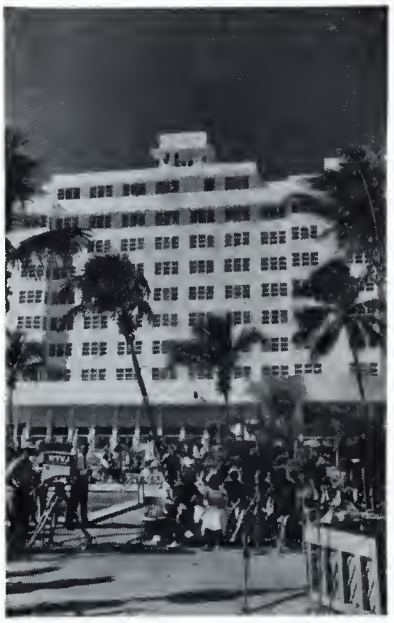
Soft Sell of Paradise

Godfrey gave the Sunshine State its strongest boost in the winter of 1951 when he broadcast the first live television picture of Florida ever seen by the rest of the country.

It was bitter up north that December night six years ago. From the Atlantic seaboard to the Rockies thermometers dropped and furnaces roared.

The old trouper gave his parishioners a great surprise that memorable evening. The faithful followers of TV's inimitable

Barris



"THIS IS MY IDEA of broadcasting at its best." Beside the pool at the Kenilworth Hotel, Godfrey shapes up his TV show.

"SOMETIMES WE'RE NOT so dressy." In print shorts and shirt, Godfrey rehearses his show in the Kenilworth's cabana area while hotel guests look on. His casual clothes helped boom tourist business.

Barris

Ozzie Sweet

"SKIN-DIVING-OUTFITTED Godfrey, mixing business with pleasure, talks to his TV audience from the bottom of the hotel's swimming pool.

Ozzie Sweet

"HERE, WE'RE MORE INFORMAL." In typical horseplay, daughter Pat gets made up by Doreen Partin, one of Godfrey's three secretaries.

master of the quiet ballyhoo were unaware that he was about to melt them with his greatest pitch.

Few have forgotten that famous first television picture from Florida. A powerful Army searchlight playing over the tumbling surf off the shores of Miami Beach suddenly picked Godfrey out of the blackness, swimming lazily in the soft warm shallows. It followed him as he padded happily onto the beach, smilingly shook salt water from his bare, freckled shoulders, and went into a gravel-voiced eulogy of the lush, enchanting, velvety, moonlit Miami Beach evening.

Before they went to bed that night, ladies in Chillicothe, Kankakee and Okmulgee, Wilkes-Barre and Utica tried on their moth-holed wool bathing suits. Bus-drivers, lumbermen, clerks, and lifeguards mentally earmarked their next vacation pay checks for Florida.

The Little Godfreys Go, Too

Godfrey now broadcasts his CBS radio and TV programs from Miami Beach for two or three weeks each season. The entourage he transports from New York includes his sixteen-member cast, ten musicians, a personal staff, and key technicians numbering thirty-six to work with the local Miami Beach TV crews.

Godfrey, with Frank Lavigna, his co-pilot for seven years, usually flies to the Beach from New York in his own DC-3 with his family and staff, leaving his smaller Bonanza plane home in Leesburg, Virginia.

The telecasts take place at the Kenilworth Hotel in Bal Harbour (not officially Miami Beach, but a fashionable northern extension of it). For the shows Godfrey converts the hotel's immense swimming pool patio into an outdoor television studio, using the Atlantic as a backdrop.

In all his poolside shows Godfrey makes full use of the pool itself, either dog-paddling about in it, riding a water bicycle, lolling on a raft, or rowing a boat. He frequently displays high divers, bathing beauties and water clowns.

Arthur Godfrey was first smitten with Miami Beach while courting his wife Mary in 1937. (Although a Texas girl, she was brought up in Lakeland, Florida.) So Godfrey committed lovely bigamy by marrying Mary and Miami Beach at the same time.

Contrary to the general public impression, Godfrey's plugging of Miami Beach cannot be attributed to his owning large blocks of stock in Miami Beach enterprises. He and his business manager, Leo DeOrsey (who also handles the business affairs of the Washington Senators baseball team, which winter-trains in Orlando), together own 30 per cent of the Kenilworth, an eight-storied property. And that is all, aside from a small retire-

Barris

ON HIS FORTY-TWO-FOOT cruiser, the Mary B II, Godfrey, his wife and friends get ready for a trip through the bay. "Even in the thirties, when the boom went bust, there was all this wonderful air and sea."

Photos By George Barris

"I love being out on the water."

"It's fun cruising by these homes."

"The climate's like a kind friend."

"I GET A KICK out of flying around over hotels." Godfrey keeps his helicopter in a car-parking lot.

ment lot Godfrey bought as a requirement for membership in the Bal Harbour Yacht Club.

DeOrsey owns his quarters in Kenilworth House, a new apartment building adjoining the hotel, but Godfrey simply uses the hotel's spacious penthouse while he is in town. It is otherwise available to anyone who can pay the rent. "When we want it," Godfrey says, "I have to call in my reservation just like anyone else."

During his Miami Beach sojourn Godfrey does not live, as you may have been led to believe, in magnificent sultanic splendor. The Kenilworth penthouse is spacious but simple; its furnishings are the hotel's (the Godfreys bring nothing with them but wardrobe).

"It's not lavish at all," Mr. Godfrey told me. "I'll tell you what it's like. The living room is all white and blue and aquamarine and it has a white rug covered all over with white tassels and o-o-o-oh," his eyes glowed with pleasure, "it feels so ni-i-i-ce on your feet. And there's a large bedroom for Mary and me with twin beds that come together to make one big one. And two smaller bedrooms for the kids." The kids are fourteen-year-old Patricia, in public school at Leesburg, and sixteen-year-old Michael, at the Landon School in Washington, D. C. (Another son, Richard, twenty-six, works in television in San Francisco.)

Penthouse Stay-at-Home

Miami Beach doesn't see much of Godfrey off the TV screen. He sticks pretty close to his Kenilworth aerie, seldom goes out to a restaurant or night club.

Godfrey's closest friends in town are Dr. David Exley, a Bal Harbour physician, and Bob Graham, the community's founder and former maker of the Graham-Paige automobile. Occasionally Jesse Weiss is able to lure Arthur to his "Joe's Stone Crabs" for the house specialty.

Weiss is the man who gave Hank Meyer, Miami Beach publicity director, the original push that started official wheels turning and eventually dragged the TV coaxial down to Miami.

When Arthur needs an automobile he rents one. He prefers to get his off-TV pleasure cruising in his boat. "I know every foot of Biscayne Bay, and I love to take guests and show them the sights."

Sunshine the Best Medicine

But it is in the air that Godfrey gets his greatest Miami Beach kicks. Flying in his helicopter, between the fleecy sky and the deep blue sea, Godfrey finds the peace and quiet he cannot attain on earth. "Look," he says, hovering in his whirly-bird over the luxury hotel strip, "there's hardly anybody down there who isn't happy or having a good time. And I'll bet there isn't another spot on earth you could fly over, look down and say that—except maybe Coney Island. And did you ever see weather with so much downright respect for people? I guess vacations today must be a necessity. They won't be the first things to go if the boom starts sagging a little. People need them—just like medicine or kindness. And the kindest friends of all, I think, are air and sunshine." THE END

"THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, isn't it?" says Godfrey of Miami Beach from the air (top right). At right, the Godfreys in their sailboat.

Color photos—Top, George Barris—Bottom, Ozzie Sweet

LUNCHEON *on the lakeside pavilions of the University of Miami's Student Club is a favorite all year 'round.*

ORANGE BOWL GAME *on January 1 is the high point of student year. Planning committee spends over $500,000.*

SWIMTIME *is any time students have a free hour. Here a group plays tree tag under palms on the beach.*

MODERN DANCE CLASS *cavorts on lawn in December. Students come from all states, and from twenty countries.*

Beauty and Brains

Florida coeds are more likely to cavort in fetching swim suits than are campus queens elsewhere, but the girls, and boys, also get a lot of studying done behind their bougainvillea-covered walls

At my neighbor's house one evening the elder son, home from Rutgers for Christmas vacation, said to his kid brother, "Sure, Nicky, go ahead. Go to college in Florida if you want to major in water skiing." And one of his pals, an Alpha Gamma Rho at Penn State, added, "I hear they have courses that teach you how to make trout flies and how to write under water with a ball-point pen."

Since then I have found these wacky misconceptions of education in Florida generally shared by ivy-bound undergraduates of northern colleges, who regard Florida's state universities as backwoods academies for crackers three jumps, two scratches and a holler out of the swamps and piney woods. Few of them are aware of the scope of higher education in our southernmost state.

Actually there are twenty-four universities, colleges and junior colleges in the state with a combined enrollment well over 40,000, plus over a dozen good-sized military academies and private schools handling from 85 to 500 students each, and many lesser ones.

Perhaps the most unusual is the Kentucky Military Institute, which brings 335 poker-backed adolescents to Venice, Florida, for the winter term.

Ivy Thrives in Subtropics

While Florida's delightful climate and abundant waters gives its students satisfying whacks at many more outdoor subjects and sports than are possible on frozen northern campuses, not everyone is out felling trees or learning to milk goats.

Students at the Roman Catholic Barry College for Women are earning bachelor and professional degrees in liberal arts and education.

Last winter the University of Florida's College of Engineering at Gainesville was one of six schools in the United States (out of the forty-four which submitted proposals) selected by the Atomic Energy Commission to train nuclear scientists and engineers. This University's research contracts in other fields total almost $3,000,000 annually, and since 1951 a School of Inter-American Studies has been helping students prepare for industrial, cultural and diplomatic posts in Latin America. The University enrollment is 10,997, but another 77,101 are reached by extension classes, correspondence courses, conferences and institutes.

Rollins College in Winter Park at the edge of Orlando pioneered in the conference plan of teaching, which permits students to choose for class periods either study, conference with instructor, or group discussion. Rollins' tuition method is unique: the annual fee is computed by dividing the actual operating cost by the number of students.

The University of Miami houses one of the best law schools in the South in a brand new 1956 building, the gift of Miami financier Baron de Hirsch Meyer. That college's new Medical School, with a full-time faculty of eighty and a voluntary teaching corps of 385 local doctors and dentists, last June graduated its first twenty-six doctors. Now only in its fifth year, the school has already received much national recognition for its research studies in cancer and viruses.

Miami University's Marine Laboratory, which has a research staff of fifty international scientists holding grants and contracts that usually exceed a quarter of a million dollars yearly, is adding much to the study of ocean life. During the war these dedicated probers searched for an effective weapon against the marine borer, a shipping menace worse than the submarine. Now they are measuring the Gulf Stream's rate of flow, hoping to make possible long-range European and Atlantic Ocean weather prediction, and they are developing methods of tracking hurricanes by radar.

The Scientific Climate

The University's Tropical Food Research Laboratory is seeking the best uses of subtropical fruits probably unknown to William and Mary and the Yale bulldog, such as the akee, bignay, umkokolo, sapote, lychee and sapodilla, and is probing the marketing possibilities of the Barbados cherry, which is said to have a larger vitamin C content than orange juice.

Miami U. people are also delving into other intriguing facets of subtropical living, such as the development of more effective insecticides, the study of solar heaters, wind velocity on flat roofs, the copper deficiency in avocados and the growth of fungi and molds.

Wealth Grows on Trees

Florida, which has 23,000,000 acres of trees, is 67 per cent forest, and its economy leans heavily on tree products (lumber, paper pulp, ships' stores). Contributing greatly to this important state industry is the University of Florida's Forestry School, which maintains a 2,500-acre forest preserve complete with small nursery, sawmill, and wood products laboratory.

Architecturally Florida colleges are several decades ahead of their northern cousins. The radically modern buildings of the University of Miami, begun ten years ago by the renowned Miami architect, Robert Law Weed, have caused its grassy reaches to be called the first completely modern United States campus. The outstanding design feature of these buildings is their open galleries which take the place of halls or corridors and utilize to the utmost Florida's sunlight and Miami's fine fragrant breezes. Florida Southern College, in the heart of an orange grove at Lakeland, the highest (227 feet) and most thundery Florida city, is building twelve units designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.

Many Florida students also enjoy better dormitories than do their northern counterparts. At the University of Florida three modern villages provide married "'Gators" with over 500 one-, two- and three-bedroom furnished apartments. University of Miami students live it up in a handsome village of twenty-eight lakeside four-story modern apartment buildings, each unit complete with stove, refrigerator, dishes and tableware. This extraordinary housing, financed by the F.H.A. during the construction

Photos by George Barris

(continued)

COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL, *Sally Fisher, the current Miss Florida, relaxes in her University of Miami room with the trophies she has won in past beauty contests.*

WITH FRIENDS *Kathy Hammock of West Virginia and Nanita Greene of Tennessee, Sally strolls on the beach. Kathy, a chemistry major, was the Homecoming Queen this year.*

promotion following the war, was built instead of more prosaic dormitories on the theory that should Miami U., then a bit shaky financially, be unable to meet its payments, the Government could easily assume the layout for public housing.

Without a doubt the most unusual Florida college architecture, certainly not duplicated by any other institution of higher learning, is the ornate sprawling building of the University of Tampa, which houses about 1,000 students. It was formerly the fabulous Tampa Bay Hotel, built in 1891 at a cost of $3,000,000 by Henry Flagler's railroad rival, Henry Plant. It is red brick of Moorish design, two to five stories tall and topped with thirteen domed and minareted towers. It covers two large city blocks, has 502 rooms and extremely lofty corridors, one running the entire 1,000-foot length of the building. Endless stretches of verandah filigreed with Moorish horseshoe arches look toward enormous banyans. The Grand Opening of Mr. Plant's Arabian Nights' jewel was a social sensation attended by princes, dukes, duchesses and celebrities of the financial, theatrical and literary worlds. Rickshaws clattered among the poincianas; there were high jinks in every minaret and a slipper of champagne in every hand.

Beauty and Brains (continued)

Florida's first schools were the wattle and daub missions of Spanish friars who arrived with Ponce de Leon on his second voyage to America in 1521. Their students were three tribes of Indians, the Tegesta on the Gold Coast, the Timucua in the Lakes Country and the Apalache along the Panhandle. Many present-day Florida colleges were once affiliated with one religion or another. The John B. Stetson University, named for the hat maker though actually founded by Henry A. DeLand, a baking powder producer, in 1883, soon passed into the control of the Baptist State Association. Rollins College was founded in 1885 by the Congregational Church but is now non-denominational.

Several of Florida's Negro colleges have religious backgrounds, notably the Bethune-Cookman College at Daytona Beach, a Methodist school which was formed by the merging in 1923 of two other institutions: the Cookman Institute, established by the Freedman's Bureau during the Reconstruction Period, and the Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute, begun in 1904 by Mary McLeod Bethune in a rented frame cottage. The former was the first private school in Florida to offer the Negro education beyond elementary grades.

Other notable Florida schools for the Negro are the co-ed Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College at Tallahassee; the Edward Waters College at Jacksonville; and the Florida Normal and Industrial School at St. Augustine.

The Buckman Act of 1905 was responsible for Florida's first genuine state universities. It consolidated the state's higher learning for males at the University of Florida in Gainesville, for females at Florida Female College, and for Negroes at Florida A. and M. In 1909 the Female College received the more ladylike title of Florida State College for Women (now Florida State University), and in 1947 both white establishments went co-ed.

A Coral Tower for Scholars

The privately endowed University of Miami is just heading into its thirty-first year. Its original campus was the gift of George Merrick, the first of Miami's promoters, a minister's son who came to town at the age of twelve wearing knee-pants and "building castles in Spain," which became real when he, as a man, created the handsome city of Coral Gables.

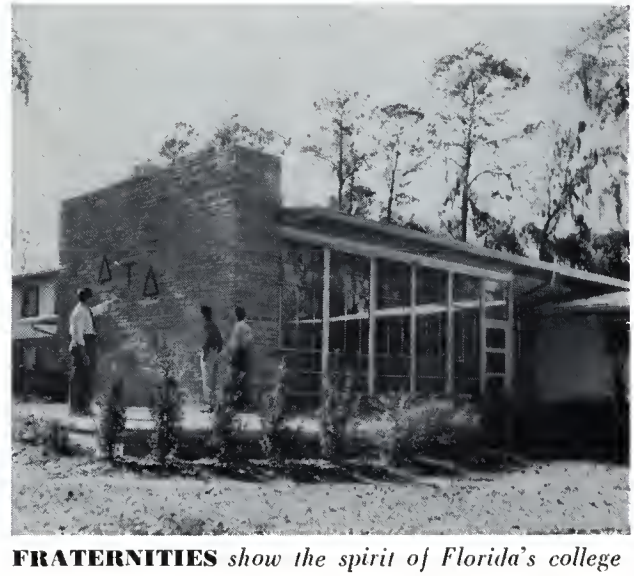
The cornerstone cement was barely dry, however, when in 1926 the South Sea Bubble burst, washing away Merrick's $5,000,000 endowment and $5,000,000 more in pledges. This disaster was shortly followed by a rip-snorting, full-fledged Miami hurricane. When the school was able to breathe again it set up classrooms in a bankrupt hotel with not quite 700

(continued)

LUNCH HOUR CANOE RIDE *on artificial lake beside University of Miami's Student Club attracts Sally. She is a speech major, plans to go into theatre after graduation. As a scholarship student, she must take her homework seriously, yet squeezes in modeling for Coronet Agency and acts in TV commercials filmed in Miami.*

ROLLINS COLLEGE STUDENTS, *left, admire a Ferrari on their Winter Park campus. Their enrollment is limited to 640, of whom three-fifths come from the North. Right, one of Florida's oldest schools, Florida State University in Tallahassee, which has been co-educational since 1947, has an enrollment of over 7,000.*

BARRY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, *the only Catholic college in Florida, draws Latin American students, emphasizes nursing and liberal arts, particularly music.*



FRATERNITIES *show the spirit of Florida's college architecture. Above, members of Delta Tau Delta at Florida State University survey their newly built house.*

students.

Today the Depression foundling is wearing diamonds. Miami U. now has a 260-acre campus in the best residential district of Coral Gables, plus a 2,048-acre south campus, dozens of impressive modern buildings and dormitories, an art gallery, a theater and a music center.

Miami U. has one of the smallest of all college endowments (a mere million), but its football team grosses $164,000 a year, and every New Year's Day, as university in residence, Miami U. blows its erudite stack, playing host for the famous Orange Bowl Game that fills Burdine Stadium to its 76,500 capacity.

This game has spilled over into a monstrous eleven-day, money-making jamboree run by Miami businessmen. Featured is a two-and-one-half-mile, two-hour parade past downtown bleachers holding 15,000 $1.75 and $2 spectators. The floats of this cavalcade cost upwards of $5,000 each, and their building requires fifty year-round craftsmen.

Miami: Majorette Capital

Half-time, almost more important now than the game itself, has grown into a potpourri featuring a senseless extravaganza with a cast of 1,000, which includes massed high-school bands, ice skaters, baton-twirling drum majorettes, bagpipers, pied pipers, and special effects such as orange weather balloons, orange snow, and spray trucks loading the air with orange blossom perfume. There are four lovely Court Princesses and a regally beauteous Orange Queen, chosen from a field of 102 by thirty secret judges. The Queen is always presented in some outlandishly novel way. The first Queen, enthroned twenty-three years ago, almost suffocated in her cellophane football, but things have become more professional since then.

This elaborate half-time show is repeated for 85,000 more people, with fireworks added, the night following the game. The pyrotechnic display of 1957 seemed a fitting expression of the spirit of America's youngest, flashiest, brightest university. It was a 10,000,000 candle-power portrait of Niagara Falls topped by a portrait of Elvis Presley in Roman candles and pinwheels.

THE END

HOT FOOTBALL. *Clemson bench sitters need eye shades in the Orange Bowl's drenching sunlight. Since the game's inception twenty-three years ago, rain has never fallen during a contest. The Bowl festival, run by a group of Miami businessmen, has grown to include a regatta, tennis and basketball tournaments, a North-South All-Star Game, a Kick-Off Luncheon, a Coral Gables Parade, a Midget Orange Bowl Classic, and the lavish King Orange Jamboree Parade. All this excitement brings over 100,000 visitors to Miami in what were once slack weeks.*

THREE FEET FROM TRAFFIC whizzing across fifteen-mile Sunshine Highway, placid fishermen cast into Tampa Bay. West Coast cities lean heavily on fishing both as industry and as recreation, commonly provide walk-ways for anglers like young Linda James, of Hapeville, Georgia, and Miss May Thompson, of Atlanta (above). Also much in evidence are local housewives out to catch the family supper, tycoons who prefer simplicity of bridge fishing to bother of maintaining yachts. Saving forty miles of travel, Sunshine Highway connects St. Petersburg and Bradenton, rises in center to height of twelve-story building.

Gulf Coast Shangri-La

Builders of dream houses and tourists, too, are discovering Florida-on-the-Gulf, a sun-soaked Utopia where you can catch your supper from the nearest bridge, entertain in a cage, and get your newspaper free on a cloudy day

BY PEGGY COOK

Doubling and tripling the population of cities like Sarasota and St. Petersburg, migrants from every state in the Union have poured into western Florida in the last ten years—seeking sun and seashore without the "touristration," as MacKinlay Kantor terms it, that pervades much of the state's East Coast. Some have looked to it for comfort in their declining years; some have come to regain their health. But a a great many more, among them noted writers and artists, have found its mild Gulf Coast climate, its seventy-degree temperature, and its nearly perpetual sunshine simply an idyllic setting in which to live and work. From northernmost Pensacola, where five different flags have flown since Don Tristan de Luna planted the Spanish banner there in 1559, to the southernmost Everglades, still inhabited by Seminole Indians, West Coast Florida embraces an ever-expanding potpourri of cultures and ages.

Its completely modern cities rising against a background of tropical palms and hanging moss, Florida-on-the-Gulf has managed so far to escape much of the brash artificiality so often characteristic of a vacationland, yet derives much of its income, nevertheless, from tourism. This is Stephen Foster land—sliced through by his famous Suwannee River; and this, too, is a proud Rebel stronghold of the Civil War (Tallahassee), the center of the handmade cigar industry (Tampa), the birthplace of modern air-conditioning (Apalachicola), the winter quarters of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus (Sarasota), and the training ground for eight major league baseball teams, including the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals (St. Petersburg).

Here is a look at Florida's fabulous new Gulf Coast Shangri-La—its St. Petersburg resort area and Sarasota art colony, its dream homes, and its people.

ST. PETERSBURG'S GREEN BENCHES, symbol of city's hospitality and leisurely pace, are filled with more and more young faces as the under-twenty-one population increases. (In three years it rose 25 per cent.) Here teenagers from eight states cavort during noon break on main drag, Central Avenue. Many families—like those of Alice Thomas of Vinal Haven, Maine and Earl Goode, Cape May, New Jersey (foreground)—came to St. Petersburg to escape northern winters. Here, tropical Gulf waters keep summer and winter mean temperatures only fourteen degrees apart. Evening newspaper, for forty-six years given free on days the sun fails to shine, must make good its offer only about five times a year—and some years not at all.

Photos by George Barris

INFORMALITY is keynote of Sarasota life, in parties and apparel. Above, goateed Sarasota drama critic Lawrence Dame, in Black Watch plaid and gay checks, "circulates" at gathering of artists and writers at painter Syd Solomon's home. Popular for entertaining is the "cage," screened-in area designed to bring outdoors inside, including—in Solomon's case—an orange tree.

A BEACH AT HER DOORSTEP, ex-actress Victoria Anderson—now Mrs. Budd Schulberg—keeps an eye on two young sons while she reads husband's script for new movie, being filmed in Everglades.

Sarasota Genius Belt

For artists and writers, a "Montmartre in the sun"

PHOTO ESSAY BY GEORGE BARRIS

Steinmetz

MYSTERY WRITER John D. MacDonald exhibits prized antique dueling pistols (above) to his artist neighbors Al Buell (left) and Thornton Utz. This month Buell illustrated our novel, written by MacDonald. For Thornton Utz's contribution, see page 98.

ADDING ORIENTAL FLAVOR to tropical Sarasota is the Japanese-modern home *Desperate Hours* author Joseph Hayes designed himself (upper right). Latest literary venture, *Bon Voyage*, co-authored with wife Marrijane, grew out of family trip to Europe.

OLD-TIMER MACKINLAY KANTOR (right), remodeling twenty-year-old home, resents mass migration, recalls day Sarasota had only snakes and 9,000 residents. "Now," he mourns, "we have 40,000 residents and no snakes. We were better off with the snakes."

ARRIVING BY BOAT for Syd Solomon's party, Ruth Buell (lower right) gets hoist from husband, artist Al Buell, and Cristianis, Benito and Corciata, as host looks on. Private docks and network of waterways make boat travel simple, often quickest route.

FLYING CRISTIANIS turn party into circus. Below, Benito entertains for Syd Solomon's guests. Discovered in Belgium by John Ringling, the famous family troupe, though now independent, still winters in Sarasota along with "The Greatest Show on Earth."

FUTURISTIC POOL weaves through grounds of illustrator Ben Stahl's $100,000 home on Siesta Key. White exterior of the house deflects rays of sun, walls of plate glass give illusion of space. Reading in shade of palm is neighbor Lolly Rendina.

Sarasota (continued)

Architect's Paradise

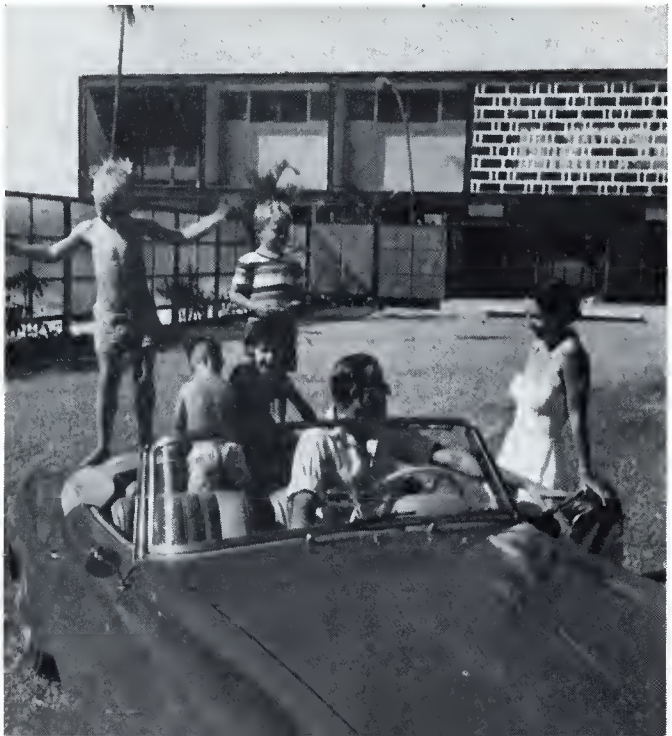
Gone is the Spanish hacienda; today's Florida dream house "flows in space"

Clean, simple lines to stress spaciousness and informality—coupled with building materials that withstand subtropical weather give Florida a unique architectural atmosphere. Roofs are flat or low-pitched, often with overhang for sun protection. Exteriors make use of specially treated woods, concrete. The jalousie window, now used universally, saw peak development here. And glass, of course, is everywhere—aiding Florida's determined struggle to bring the outdoors inside.

HOUSE ON STILTS—designed to permit maximum circulation of air—is office of realtor-designer Philip Hiss. A principal property owner in exclusive Lido Shores, off Sarasota coast, Hiss must approve plans for all new homes built in the area. His ideas are strongly functional as well as artistic, as evidenced by solid steel crosswalks, framing used throughout his own home.

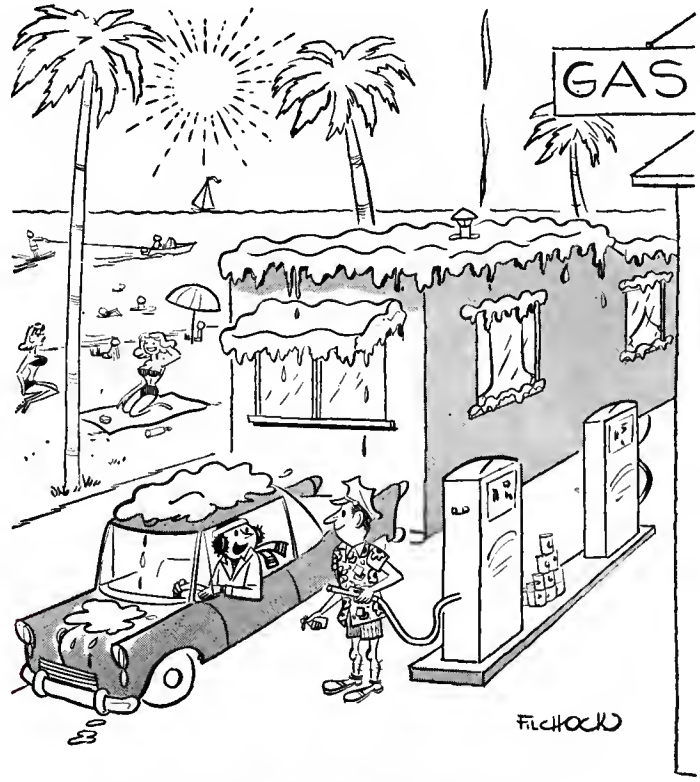
GEOMETRIC FORMS and simplicity of design characterize homes like this $100,000 residence of W. C. Nichols. Principally residential rather than transient, this area attracts numerous couples seeking a spot to build their "dream house," and has consequently become a sort of proving ground for new concepts in engineering and architectural design, a pace-setter in home-building.

BALI HAI. Philip Hiss' $150,000 model residence, is a Sarasota showplace. With his wife and three young children, Hiss, formerly a travel writer, moved from New York to Sarasota several years ago in order to "slow down a little and enjoy my sunset years in the sun."

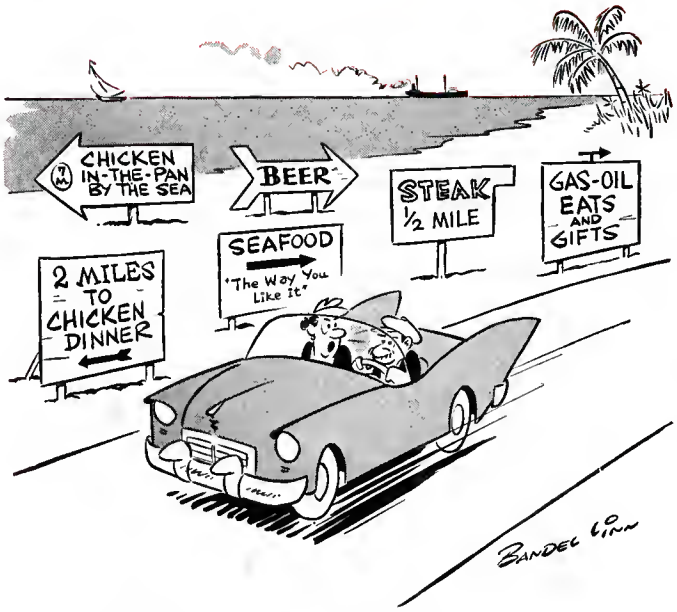


NO AIR-CONDITIONING is necessary in this $54,000 home of Mrs. C. J. Sommers. Unique louvered roof sifts out strong sun rays, covers entire structure, except swimming pool, as well as patio, walks. THE END

Florida Cartoonists Poke Fun at Their State



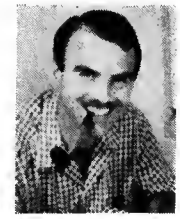
"I didn't lose any time getting down here!"



"Let's turn around! I don't like chicken!"

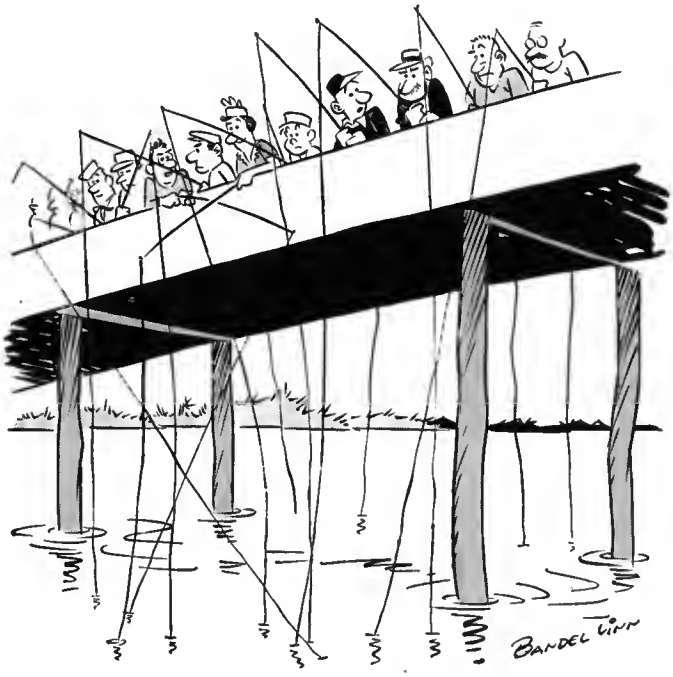
"Everyone seems to be staring at us!"

LOWELL HOPPES, a Southerner-at-heart who had the misfortune to be born in the North, spent his teen years looking for a way to escape winters, discovered Florida was the magic word. Free-lance cartooning—then in its infancy—seemed the ticket, but marriage and two young Yankees—also in their infancy—entered the Hoppes picture before Florida did. Then came 1946, the big move and, shortly after, a little Rebel daughter. "Sunshine has become as necessary to us as the air we breathe," says Floridian Hoppes, now a "permanent" resident of Sarasota. "We boost Florida. We find it easy to be happy there."



CHARLES E. SHARMAN has been living "temporarily" in Florida for two-and-one-half years, art-directing for *Florida Outdoors* magazine and "observing nature from beneath a shade tree." Born in Tacoma, married in San Francisco, a father in Indiana—and later in New Jersey, he's made eighteen moves in thirteen years, has been a sailor, grocery clerk, paper boy, teacher, and disk jockey. His education: University of Washington, Escuela de Bellas Artes in Mexico, Cartoonists and Illustrators School in New York City. His ambition: "To see the world and observe nature from beneath a shade tree."

"A 5 to 1 Martini . . . a few caviar canapes . . . a broiled filet mignon . . . a tossed green salad . . . and a game of gin-rummy! I wonder what they see in Miami Beach!"



"I think you've got a fish on my line!"

MARTIN FILCHOCK shook off the dust of his native Pennsylvania mining town when the Depression struck—and flagged the next freight train west. Having covered most of the country by thumb and rail by the start of World War II, he toured New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan with Uncle Sam, then "settled down" to wife and family in New York City three years ago. Now a Sarasotan, Filchock finds Florida the ideal spot to continue his favorite boyhood sports—hunting, fishing, and trapping, and to fulfill his boyhood ambitions: "to enjoy life fully and to work as little as humanly possible."

BANDEL LINN, a veteran of seventeen years in Sarasota, is a native Hoosier, schooled on the banks of the Wabash. Between Indiana and Florida, he sandwiched "many a year "in New York, cartooning—and a stretch in the Air Force, working his way up modestly to the rank of corporal. Bandy currently earns his living by drawing advertising cartoons for magazines, animating commercials for television, acting in an occasional TV movie, and getting up at 5 A.M. for one of his two daily radio shows originating in Sarasota. His leisure time he spends on amateur radio, astronomy, and "thoughts of Gina Lollobrigida." THE END

Designed for the Easy Life

BY BETTY SHERWIN

All fashions on these pages at Burdine's, Miami—photos by George Barris

The cloche hat of the twenties is back—in bathing caps. Lace is appearing again—on swim suits. The plunging back is news, and prodigal touches like mink trim on cashmere sweaters are as much part of Florida as the orange.

The whimsy appearing on fun togs in Florida has been inspired by clothes of an earlier era, though fashion leaders of that day wouldn't have dreamed of wearing rhinestones on cotton skirts or putting a straw hat on a poodle. The current rage extends from teenagers to socialites and international visitors who sport new fashions by designers like Oleg Cassini and Ceil Chapman. "The playful, the exotic, or the naive look," says one, "is the utmost in sophistication."

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN: Celebrating the first anniversary of Arthur Godfrey Road at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach, Val Phillips, "Miss Arthur Godfrey Road," wears a cocktail-length gown, its white chiffon skirt criss-crossed with jewels. By Ceil Chapman, $300. In the center, Sally Fisher, "Miss Florida," wears a white cotton chiffon with draped bodice and draped front panel. By Mr. Kessler of Betty's Dressmaking, Coral Gables, $400. On the right, Marcia Valibus, "Miss Miami Beach," in tulle with a dramatic green velvet bow that sweeps to the floor. By Lloyd Richards of Bettino, $350.

THE LATEST TWIST—imported Venetian lace on the bra of a satin lastex sheath swim suit—is worn by Dorothy Steiner, the 1956 Florida Citrus Queen, at the Olympic-sized swimming pool at the Boca Raton Hotel. The suit is by Alix of Miami. $24.95.

ALL IN FUN, young socialite Barbara Daly, of Fort Lauderdale, and poodle wear matching "Palm Tree" hats by Elaine Barrymore. Barbara's hat, $9.98; poodle's, $3.98. Barbara relaxes at the Racquet Club in Miami Beach. She wears the new high-neckline, plunging-back style in tan and white striped wool jersey. Price $17.95. By Gantner.

TRANSPARENT PURSE (shown below, center), studded with rhinestones to catch the tropical sun, is worn at the Racquet Club by Mrs. Gilbert Owens of London, England, and Sunset Island No. 1 in Miami Beach. Because the plastic resists perspiration, it's the bag most women visiting Florida buy right away. Eli Rosenberg. $7.98.

BLACK VOILE (shown below, left) moves from the afternoons of the twenties to Florida evenings of the fifties. At a 1957 opening night at the Coconut Grove Playhouse, socialite Mrs. Francis A. Calhoun, Jr., of Miami, wears a satin-banded Oleg Cassini gown in voile, cut low and with an airy bouffant skirt. Price $159.95.

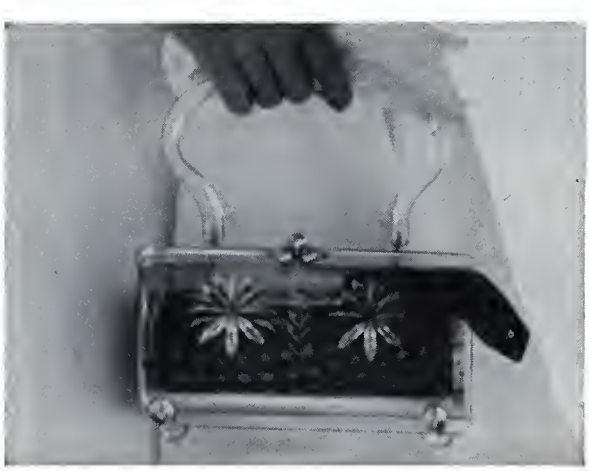
V FORMATION PATTERN on swimsuit (shown below right) is reminiscent of lifesaving symbols. Champion water skier Delores Kipple wears the suit at the Racquet Club. Unlike most Florida fashions, swim suits are getting sleeker, depending more on good lines than on decoration. By Coletex, in black and white. $19.95.

WASHABLE TARPON CLOTH shorts that don't fade and that resist creases go over big in Florida. Their water-repellent finish also repels dirt. Nita Nicholson of Miami Shores wears the Tarpon shorts in plaid. Price, $7.98, by Harburt of Boston. Shorts are acceptable anywhere during the daytime, even in the lobby of the Roney Plaza, the *grande dame* of Miami Beach hotels.

IN "CLOCHE" SWIM CAP of white "water velvet" with silver braid, Mrs. Clive Hubbard, wife of England's dime store magnate, dips into the Racquet Club pool. U.S. Royal. $4.98.

(continued)

FOR THE YOUNGER SET, a fresh-as-a-daisy swim suit, worn by fourteen-year-old Mary Jane McGoldrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. McGoldrick of the Boca Raton Hotel and Country Club. The suit is white eyelet over a blue cotton sheath. Flower eyelet trims the bodice top. By De Weese, $19.95. Matching fitted short jacket with short sleeves, $14.95.



THE LUCITE BAG is a basic Florida fashion. By Charles Kahn, $18.50. The polka-dot kerchief is separate.

"PUNCHSKINS" are shoes of soft glove pigskin, punched out to let Florida breezes in. Allures $8.95.

THE "REGATTA LOOK" OUTFIT harks back to Newport days. Worn by Mrs. Stuart Patton—at her Coral Gables home with her daughter, Lisbeth—the one-piece outfit is white silk linen with navy top, red-and-white polka dot tie insert. Wragge. $59.95.

AUSTRIAN RHINESTONES decorate accessories. At the Roney Plaza, Marcia Valibus shows off her mirror and lipstick combination. $4.50. Jeweled "Trickettes" include "jackknife" comb, $4; and a coin-shaped perfume bottle, $2. By Wiesner.

BORDER PRINT dresses up a cotton. At home with her two sons, Mrs. M. Lewis Hall, Jr., of Coral Gables, Miami, wears a powder blue dress. Border print edges the collar, runs from neck to hem. With matching orlon cardigan. Serbin of Miami. $19.95.

FOR LAND OR SEA AFTERNOONS aboard cabin cruiser at Bal Harbour Yacht Basin, Elizabeth Legg of Sunset Island No. 3, (below, right) wears a one-piece cotton dress. The shirt neck, belt and shirred skirt give a casual, easy look. Faye Robin. $14.95.

THE CUMMERBUND LOOK. At L'Aiglon, Miami Beach's most fashionable supper club, socialite Virginia Skakel (below, left) wears an Oleg Cassini gown with cummerbund. The gown is raisin silk chiffon; the darker cummerbund, satin. $159.95.

(continued)

THE SIMPLICITY OF PIQUÉ. Aboard the yacht of Roy Evans, international sportsman and owner of the Racquet Club, Mrs. Horace Dodge (former movie actress Gregg Sherwood), seen with her husband, wears piqué in white. Sunback dress has navy and white polka dots and shoestring shoulder straps. McKay of Miami. $17.95.

SHIRRED HIP EFFECT appears on swim suit (top left) worn by world-famous traveler, Helen Hindmarsh, at the Racquet Club. Suit is satin lastex, bra has black beads over red velvet. Alix of Miami. $29.95. Cap is black velvet with red ribbon. U.S. Royal $5.95.

PLAID COWL NECK and large back bow set off a blue-green swim suit (top right) worn by Mrs. D. Ralph Millard, Jr., wife of the world-famous plastic surgeon, at her winter home on Biscayne Bay, Miami. Elasticized knit and silk. Claire McCardell. $39.95.

LONG TUNIC TOP. This swimsuit comes in two pieces, the tunic and panties. Worn (lower left) by Mrs. John K. Teaford, who alternates her time between the Racquet Club and Rio de Janeiro, the suit is beige-and-white striped wool. Gantner. $19.95.

THE LEOTARD LOOK turns up in a red swim suit. Twenty-three-year-old Junior Leaguer of Fort Lauderdale, Sue Countryman (lower right), leans against the quay of the Intracoastal Waterway in the lastex suit. Red satin pipes the bra top. Alix of Miami. $19.95.

CARY LATIMER, debutante of the year in 1955, wears little-boy shorts in lilac and a flowered overblouse with peek-a-boo shoulders. Both by Sportwhirl, in linen fabric. Shorts, $6.98; top, $12.95. Miss Latimer's mother, Mrs. Horacio Luro, of Miami Beach and New York City, wears gold linen sheath with a white bodice decorated with tabs. By Oleg Cassini. $65.00.

"The Unusual Is Commonplace"

From Ponce de Leon, who sought the "fountain of eternal youth," to Al Lang, who seems to have found it. Floridians have gained the reputation for producing—if not the impossible—at least the unexpected

Photos by George Barris

LOOKING OVER a four-leaf clover is easy at world's only four-leaf clover farm in St. Petersburg. Specially bred variety is shipped around globe, modeled in tiara (above) by appropriately green-eyed newspaperwoman Letta O'Brien.

FLEET CHEETAHS demonstrate fast-footedness daily for tourists at John Hamlet's wild animal farm in Ocala. State's wilds offer to hunter unique show of native alligator, crocodile, panther, but traditional flamingo is seen only in captivity.

WOMEN MOTOR COPS. These policewomen have a full-time job handing out parking tickets in Miami Beach. Women drivers, the chief offenders, find fellow females harder to out-talk with excuses, say city officials who dreamed up the idea.

HE CAME TO DIE forty-seven years ago—but today Al Lang is healthy octogenarian, dean of Florida baseball, St. Petersburg's "first citizen." Lang (above, in $250,000 stadium named for him) helped make the city a spring training center.

HUNGRY PORPOISES leap as high as fourteen feet to grab a tasty bite of fish for the amusement of thousands of tourists who annually visit Florida's marine museums, like this "Theater of the Sea" on Tavernier Key, twenty-five miles from mainland. Thousands of fish—many of them naturally hostile—are exhibited together in mammoth undersea tanks.

Color Photo by Allan Gould—Pix

THEATER OF THE SEA
13
12
11
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4
SEA

Barris

INDIAN LORE and legend are big business in Florida. Above, Orlando's Wigwam Village motel—completely modern within—appeals to Yankee youngsters who dream of sleeping in teepees. Farther south in swampy wilds of Everglades is "real thing"—tribes of Seminoles, runaways from Creek tribe of Georgia, who warred with white men for hundreds of years.

Francis H. Gardner

HE FLIES through the air with aid of skis, this daring young man named Johnny Cook, who has reached heights of 125 feet in his amazing stunt performances. Johnny gains momentum behind a speeding motorboat, then lets go suddenly, and is shot aloft, buoyed along by specially built kite. Here the aerialist goes through his dangerous paces at Miami Beach.

IN ST. PETERSBURG

DREAMS COME TRUE!

Think of living . . . if only for a few days . . . in the city where most folks dream of retiring!

Think of being only a few minutes from 12 solid months of golfing . . . of having a boat and the finest yachting waters in Florida on which to use it . . . of beach parties in December and hunting in the fall . . . of bringing home the fish that magazine stories depict . . . of that first rubbery legged ride on water skiis . . . of your family, tan, healthy and happy under the warm and friendly sunshine.

Of such material dreams are made—AND IN ST. PETERSBURG, *such dreams come true!*

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Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Time of arrival _____ No. in party _____

WORLD'S LARGEST YACHTING CENTER is Bahia-Mar, Fort Lauderdale's $2,500,000 mooring basin. Capable of accommodating over four hundred private craft, it berthed more than two thousand (total value: $15,000,000) during 1956. Nine finger docks, built in 1949, overlook Atlantic from Intracoastal Waterway, have made Fort Lauderdale state's yachting capital.

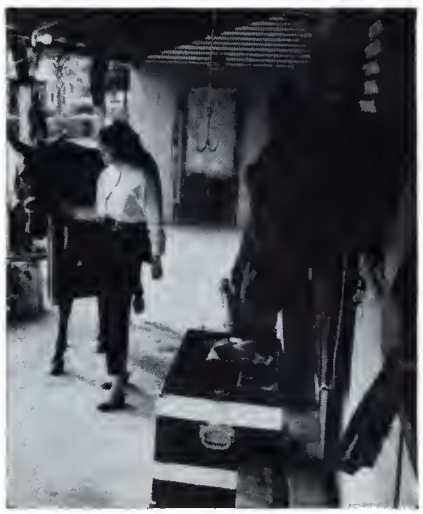
ARKANSAS TO ZANZIBAR, travelers can find the guest register set aside for their home state or nation among fifty-two in Silver Springs shop. Some 1,500,000 visitors—like these from New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan—sign annually.

YOUTHFUL MAJORETTES are common sight. At last year's Orange Bowl Game Darlene Lundquist, seven, matched elders in stamina, skill. Youngsters begin twirling baton as soon as they can hold cereal spoon, are veterans at age ten or twelve.

(continued)

PHIL SILVERS' "GOLD" is orange he picks at wife's family home. Brooklyn-bred, the comedian marvels at "private" orange trees growing in citrus-belt backyards, but to Mrs. Silvers, former "Miss Orlando," it's old stuff. Phil's TV alter-ego, Sergeant Bilko, feels right at home in "retired West Point" Orlando, most popular haven for emeritus Army generals.

SURF-CASTERS Kenneth Priest and Curtis Hunt stand before cross marking site of first religious service in Pensacola area, Feast of the Assumption Mass, August 15, 1559, celebrated by Dominican friars who accompanied Spanish explorer Tristan de Luna. Cross is illuminated by sun reflected from sand of Pensacola beaches, reputedly whitest in the world.



WORLD'S LARGEST winter training ground for trotters and pacers is Ben White Raceway in Orlando, whose 120 acres encompass three regulation harness racing tracks. Just outside Miami is Hialeah thoroughbred track, exotic with royal palms and collection of rare pink flamingoes and black swans. Dog racing is also favorite Florida sport.

Acres and ACRES of vacation

IN THE HEART OF MIAMI BEACH

. . . tropic gardens, wide sandy beaches (over 700 ft. long) . . . tennis courts, putting greens—colorful cabana colony, olympic swimming pool . . . unsurpassed dinners in the beautiful Imperial Room . . . delicious breakfasts on the terrace or outdoors on the ocean—gala parties and events . . . "Showtime" in the new Bamboo Room, with dancing and entertainment nightly. Yes, acres of pleasure for your enjoyment.

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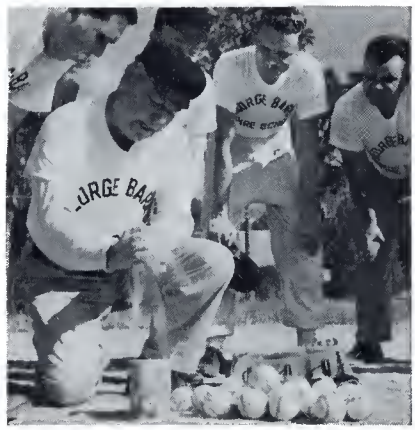
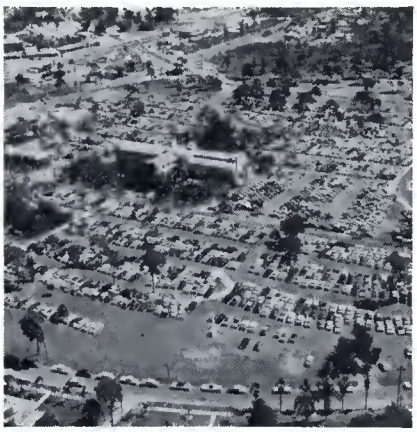
7 ACRES ON THE OCEAN • COLLINS AVENUE AT 23rd STREET • MIAMI BEACH



UMPIRES learn trade from ex-major league ump George Barr in this unique school he runs at Longwood. Now in its twenty-second year, the six-week course has turned out nearly 3,000 graduates, several of them nabbed by big leagues.



UNUSUAL CHURCH, patterned on drive-in movie, is in St. Petersburg. Its central building overflows every Sunday, but worshippers may take part in service from cars. Sermon is broadcast, and deacons pass among automobiles with printed programs, hymns, collection plates.

OLDEST HOUSE in United States tells its history in four flags above door: Old Glory and banners of the Confederacy, England, and Spain. Built in 1599, it is in "oldest city" St. Augustine, had over 160,000 visitors in 1956. THE END

Where It's Fun to Be Old

PHOTO ESSAY BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

"A life of ease, but not boredom—that's the ticket," says one youthful, sun-tanned sixty-five-year-old ex-New Jerseyite, explaining why he and his wife retired to Florida. Dependable sunshine, good fishing, year-round outdoor recreation are a few of the attractions which draw older people to Florida. The less affluent oldster has an additional reason: in Florida he can trim living costs to fit his pension check or social security income.

The canny would-be retirer first vacations in Florida to get a bird's-eye view of the retirement spots that best suit his taste and pocketbook. Wherever he finds his particular Eden, the mild Florida climate cuts his Northern clothing bill by about 50 per cent. Auto liability insurance rates are 40 per cent cheaper than in the North, and no one worries about anti-freeze or tire chains. Gardening and fishing are pleasures that may lop as much as 60 per cent off food bills.

Social life figures largely in a retired couple's decision where to live. The gregarious—and those who want no housekeeping headaches—usually favor one of the beach retirement hotels. Also popular is the retirement village with fancy touches—one of these is the former estate of a count, and his mansion is used as a clubhouse. Some retired couples plump for trailer living: they like the way it combines camaraderie and privacy, and leaves them footloose as a turtle.

But to an increasing number of retiring couples, Florida's Homestead Exemption Law is providing the sweetest answer yet: the home you buy in a community without bonded indebtedness is tax-free up to $5,000 of its assessed value. And Florida's assessed values are lower than actual values. Says one of the 250,000 retired home-owners of his nest, a $5,000 one-bedroom home. "Why shouldn't it be cheap? In this climate we don't need insulation, a furnace, or a basement. Best of all, we don't even need a snow shovel."

But whether retirers settle in a house, a trailer, or a hotel, at least one Florida product—the sun—can be enjoyed free. Here is how some retired couples are doing it.

(continued)

THE FLANNERYS LIVE IN A HOUSE

Retired fireman Michael J. Flannery and his wife are in their sixties. In March, 1955, they vacationed in Florida, like it so much they bought a small, easy-to-manage stucco home in Hollywood, Florida, then sold their eight-room brick house in Pittsburgh. Trips to the beach two miles away, fishing, week-end jaunts, and gardening keep days almost too busy. Their younger son, a student at the University of Miami, lives with them. The Flannerys' food bill is $100 to $125 a month, utilities about $20 (including their phone). "What we like best is watching the sunset on the water and knowing the next day's weather will be bright and won't hamper our plans." The Flannerys concede that a home of their own requires more work and offers less social life, but chose it in preference to a trailer or hotel because it provides plenty of space.

"WE HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM." *The Karbs' trailer is 33 feet long, 8 feet wide. Emulating native Floridians, the Karbs are learning to live almost as much outdoors as indoors, often eat lunch on their breezy "patio."*

TRAILER COURT FACILITIES *include convenient laundry room, open 8* A.M. *to 6* P.M., *and four bathhouses equipped with showers.*

THE KARBS LIKE TRAILER LIFE

"This is for us." Former Special Sheriff of Erie County, New York, Jacob Karb, sixty-five, and his wife Theresa, sixty-three, used to dream about retiring in a warm climate. They did nothing about it, however, until Mr. Karb fell ill with pleurisy and pneumonia. Then, last May, the Karbs drove to Florida and bought a trailer, completely furnished, even to awnings, for $3,700. They chose a Miami trailer court that had people of all ages, yet enough retired couples for a congenial social life. Since most trailer dwellers have plenty of leisure, the Karbs quickly formed friendships, spend much of their time visiting, playing cards, using the court's swimming pool. Although their income

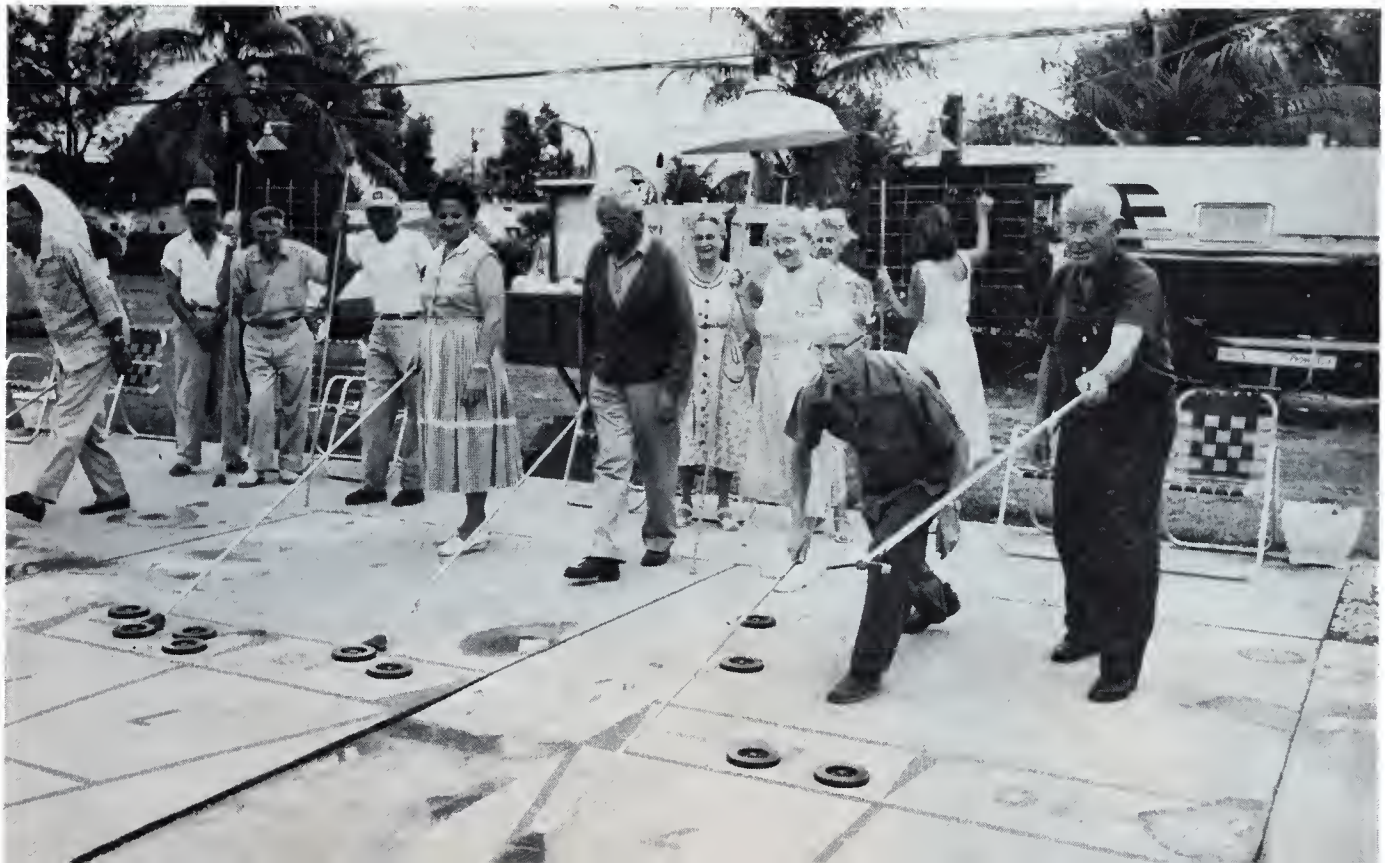
PRIVACY *of a separate bedroom and compactness in kitchen and living room give Karbs "all of the necessary comforts."*

is small (a pension plus rent from a house and garage apartment they own in the North), the Karbs have all the comforts and pleasures they desire. They pay $25 monthly rent for trailer space, about $3.50 for electricity. Water is furnished. They spend about $50 a month for groceries; another $40 goes for gasoline, church, entertainment, cigarettes, and other small needs. Because inexpensive entertainment can be had at the trailer court, they feel no need to go out to expensive night spots. The Karbs, who denied themselves many things so that eventually they might retire comfortably, feel that their new, full life is an ample reward.

"WE NEVER DREAMED *we'd be living like this in midwinter." It's only a short walk from Karbs' trailer to court swimming pool.*

(continued)

"NEXT-DOOR" NEIGHBORS *join the Karbs and other friends in a game of shuffleboard with equipment furnished residents by the trailer court. "Sometimes," say the Karbs, "it seems as though everything is free."*



AFTER DINNER *in the hotel dining room, the Emrichs, who have been married for fifty years, have a quiet period in their room before joining friends for a stroll about Miami Beach. There are no dinner dishes or lawn mowers to mar a pleasant evening.*

THE EMRICHS CHOSE HOTEL LIVING

"We like service and we like people our own age." So George Emrich and his wife, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, moved out of the Miami home they retired to seven years ago and into a Miami Beach hotel exclusively for retired people. For $200 a month, they have one of the hotel's largest rooms, all their meals, linen, and maid service. Swimming pool, cabanas, and solaria are on the hotel grounds. With so many amusements at home, some guests seldom leave the hotel. But Mr. Emrich, who owned the Emrich Audit Company, now run by a son in Cincinnati, prefers to work, partly to keep abreast of things, and partly to pay his hotel bill. Outside amusements, laundry are extra expenses, but with everything else part of the hotel's retirement plan, the Emrichs have left household worries and chores behind.

AT THE HOTEL PIANO, *Mr. Emrich renders a few old favorites while fellow guests sing. Among other retired couples at the hotel the Emrichs have found many whose interests are similar to their own. Right, they try their luck with rod and reel on Biscayne Bay. Their hotel (in background) has its own pier and boats. Life in a Florida retirement hotel, say the Emrichs, is as carefree as a year-round vacation.* THE END

FLORIDIAN

Sunshine Cinderella

Brownie Wise is one of Florida's most dynamic young executives—and fairy godmother to her 20,000 dealers and $100,000,000 business

BROWNIE SHOWS *Jon Whitcomb how to seal Tupperware by "burping" it.*

BY JON WHITCOMB

Not long ago Vivian R. Hiatt of Portland, Oregon, sat down and wrote a letter to Brownie Wise, head of Tupperware Home Parties, Inc., of Orlando, Florida. "I was in my fifties," she said, "and life was passing me by. An aunt suggested that I attend a Tupperware party and perhaps become a dealer. I went! I saw! IT conquered! Now I have Friends, Fun and Finances!"

These exclamation points from Portland are typical of the reaction of thousands of housebound American women who have discovered that friends and fun can be tossed together in their own living rooms with fascinating results for their finances.

Parties are being given these days by more than twenty thousand Tupperware dealers, roughly 97 per cent of them women, 3 per cent men, in forty-eight states, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Guam. The next expansion will be in South America, starting with Venezuela. The product sold to guests at these parties is Tupperware, a line of polyethylene plastic food containers designed by Earl Tupper and manufactured in his plants at Blackstone, Massachusetts. In over one hundred different sizes and shapes in several pastel colors, these translucent boxes and bowls have a patented air-tight closure which is just tricky enough to require the coaching provided by the dealer at parties.

The product first went on sale in stores in 1945. Six years later, a young woman named Brownie Wise sold Tupper on the idea of switching sales entirely to living rooms. She was convinced that personal demonstration was the best sales method. "Show us how," he said. "You're the boss."

Nowadays, in her lavish Orlando headquarters set amidst lakes and gardens, "the boss" sits at a king-sized desk in a luxurious office roughly the size of a basketball court. When I walked in, she was taking calls in rotation from three telephones on her desk. Having been briefed on some spectacular statistics on the company's rise to the top, I was expecting to meet a lady tycoon of the type Rosalind Russell used to play in the movies—brusque, clipped, and dominating. When Brownie rose and shook hands, I hastily revised my impression of lady tycoons. She is small and feminine, a "charm girl" in the words of one of the prosperous-looking, tanned executives who soon strolled in and joined us. Most of Brownie's aides are males, all singularly well adjusted to taking orders from a woman. We left the office and went for a tour of the grounds. "You just can't help liking her," one aide pointed out as we walked in twos down aisles of cypress, "and besides, the authority here is horizontal—not vertical. We decide things together, around a table. Jobs here are so pleasant there is very little turnover in personnel."

High-class Hand-me-downs

We crossed a rustic bridge and paused while Brownie entered a potting shed to inspect some plants. "She gives her clothes away, you know," he continued. "Once at a sales rally Brownie gave away all the outfits she had with her, including the one she was wearing, and when she came down from her room after changing the third time she dumfounded the counselor with her on the platform by calmly awarding *his* suit to the husband of a sales winner in the audience. So *he* had to go up and change."

That evening I found out more about Brownie's generosity with clothes. I had arrived at the Wise estate for dinner, a rambling Spanish-style villa beside a lake in Kissimmee, a Florida cow town just south of Orlando. In 1952, Brownie said, she was presiding at a sales meeting in New York. Prizes were piled on the stage for dealers and managers with the best sales records. "We invited one girl up to choose an award—anything at all. 'In that case,' she said, 'I'll take the dress Brownie is wearing.' That started it. Since then, I've attended rallies in $150 dresses and $35 hats, knowing in advance that they would be given as prizes."

Hot-rods and Ranching

Brownie's house shows the signs of sporadic remodeling. A sun-porch, known locally as a "Florida room," has a recently installed concrete floor which conceals what was a swimming pool. The garage holds a rock-slicing machine, where Brownie can cut up minerals and fluorescent rocks she collects on trips to Arizona and New Mexico. She is interested in gemology, and she likes to cut and polish stones for rings and earrings. Brownie lives with her teen-aged son, Jerry, whose interest in hot-rods, ranching, and Brahman bulls she shares. They raise cattle in partnership. Her quarters are in a new wing at one end of the house. "I do a lot of work at night," she said, as we surveyed a big bedroom with an enormous bed near which were two ottomans covered with dozens of books. "That thing over there is a dictating machine for middle-of-the-night ideas."

Dictaphone records are transcribed next morning by her secretary, Mary Frances Babb. Miss Babb feels strongly that her boss is a goddess who can do no wrong. Brownie hired Mary Frances on a hunch from a telephone interview. "I liked her voice and engaged her on faith, sight unseen," she says.

Brownie is an excellent public speaker and is a popular leader of charity drives such as the Heart Fund, whose Florida campaign she is heading this year. Along with Mrs. Eisenhower, Kate Smith, and

ex-President Hoover, she was vice-chairman last year of the National Fund for Medical Education. Her speeches both in and outside of business strike a vigorously spiritual note. One of her themes: "My grandmother used to tell me that we have to pay for our room on earth. I believe that business has to pay for its room on earth too."

Recently she has been analyzing answers to a poll sent out by Tupperware to its twenty thousand dealers, a questionnaire which asked, "If dreams were for sale, what would you buy?" The answers, listing dreams like church additions and foreign sports cars, led to a theme for the 1956 Jubilee in Orlando, an annual four-day company festival-plus-seminar attended by 1,200 people.

Women, Brownie has decided, do a lot of wishing. At last year's Jubilee seven of the more spectacular wishes were granted by a Good Fairy, impersonated by a high school girl named Diane Tauscher, who tapped the winners with her magic wand. One winner was sent—with a hundred-pound birthday cake—to visit her Marine son in Japan. Another lucky woman's wish for new nursery and Sunday School classrooms for her church was granted. A third family was treated to a trip to Disneyland. The fourth lady got an inboard motorboat for her husband, and the fifth, new wardrobes for her entire family. The sixth got two new bedrooms added to her house, and the seventh was given a "second honeymoon."

Brownie's meditations have spilled over into a book, called *Best Wishes* (Podium Publishing Company, Inc.) written in collaboration with Maurice Marshall. In her book, which has a foreword by Norman Vincent Peale, Brownie has crystallized her philosophy of life. "Wishing," she says, "is the art of reacting to the opportunities your ambition uncovers every day." Her grandmother once warned her about wishes. "Be careful what you pray for, because you'll get it!"

Wish and Make It So

Brownie approves of wishing, rather than wanting. The principal theme of her book is a recommendation of "the working wish," a sort of wish-with-horsepower, as opposed to the "want," which she describes as "an expectation without purpose." Brownie has a number of personal projects under way to help people help themselves. Through her firm, $1,800 Fellowships are awarded to three artists each year.

Brownie's own wish came true last year. She acquired a 200-acre island in the middle of Florida's Lake Tohopekaliga (its Indian name means "sleeping tiger"). I visited the island, which she has named Isla Milagra (Spanish for "Miracle Isle"), riding over on a power barge with a truck and a station wagon. We floated into a landing, beyond which live oaks dripping Spanish moss formed a tall backdrop. "Let me tell you about the inhabitants," Brownie volunteered. "There's a herd of wild turkeys, fifty head of Brahmans, some foxes, some raccoons, four peacocks and a hermit!" She giggled. "I don't know what I'm going to do about Clarence. He's been living here all alone for years. See that rowboat?" I looked down the pier at a small boat, its stern and bow painted in patches of red, blue, and green. The word *Lusitania* had been chalked on its side. "Clarence labeled the boat," Brownie said. "He says it's the one John Jacob Astor escaped in."

We wandered through old citrus groves, bordered by tangles of jungle growth under the oaks. "Isn't it still!" Brownie exclaimed. "I feel secure here."

A Success Story

There was an earlier time when Brownie had no security. The story of her rise to success has enough comedy, pathos and suspense in it for a dozen movies. Born in Atlanta, our heroine managed to make ends almost meet working as a secretary in Detroit. Almost, but not quite. An ailing child was the big problem. Because his medical bills required extra money, Brownie took on part-time work with Stanley Home Products. As in the Horatio Alger stories, her early efforts were fumbling. On the evening of her first home party,

(continued)

CHRISTENED "BROWNIE" *because she was one of the rare babies born with brown eyes, she looks like Dinah Shore, rivals Elsa Maxwell as a lavish hostess.*

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Sunshine Cinderella (continued)

A MAGIC WAND *makes dreams come true at four-day Dealer Jubilee. Delegates work too—twelve hours daily, followed by exams, then "graduation."*

COMPANY CADILLAC *takes Brownie to work at her million-dollar office—but her own pet car is 1942 Lincoln Continental she bought "because I like its lines."*

Brownie had so many mishaps she was ready to give up. She muffed her talk, tripped over her sample case, and got a bloody nose.

In 1949 Brownie discovered Tupperware when a friend gave her a set of plastic bowls. She experimented with them, packing them in various ways in her refrigerator.

They Fit the Need

"Tupperware bowls went in sidewise," she recalls, "or even upside down. The vacuum seal meant you could drop them without spilling. I found them vapor-proof, liquid-proof (those are two different things), odorless, tasteless, easy to wash, heat-and-cold-proof (from 180 degrees above zero to 70 below) and you could always see what was stored inside. I was sold to the hilt, and I knew that I could sell Tupperware at parties."

At that time the product was being marketed by mail, by hostesses at parties, and in stores. Brownie left Stanley and switched to Tupperware. Before she left Detroit, her income had risen to $1,500 a month.

Soon after moving to Florida, Brownie set about recreating her business career in a new, tropical setting. By the end of her first year in Florida she had brought in $200,000 in sales. Having proved that she could sell Tupperware she now turned her attention to another problem. Deliveries were too slow. She phoned Tupper in Massachusetts to complain.

Mr. Tupper promptly invited her north to discuss the matter, since she was the highest-rating outlet in the country. Brownie returned to Florida with national distribution in her pocket.

By 1954 she had the present $1,000,000 headquarters whose architecture and landscaping are pure "Brownie," from the Greek columns and Spanish wrought

iron gates to the commemorative plaques in the garden. The "I See" tree is near the lake where Brownie stood when she described her vision of the building to Earl Tupper. "I looked toward the far side and there it stood, not a mirage at all. It was real to me." An oblong stretch of lush green turf called The Garden That Loyalty Built is enclosed with chains, each link of which bears the name of a high-scoring dealer or distributor.

Here is the business framework of a Tupperware party: The dealer persuades a hostess to give a party, for which the hostess receives a present and the dealer gets a commission. The hostess often winds up as a dealer herself. When a dealer shows her ability to recruit and train others, she becomes a unit manager, thereby collecting an additional overriding discount. With still more dealers under her wing she may become a branch manager. Next in line is the franchised distributor, who gets a bigger discount but must warehouse the goods. Dealers buy from the distributor; distributors buy from Tupperware Home Parties Inc. And T.H.P. is the client of the Tupper Company.

Incentives are scattered profusely up and down the line. Striking prowess by distributors may be rewarded with gift Cadillacs. Outstanding managers get mink coats, trips to Europe. Industrious dealers may latch on to a dress from Brownie's wardrobe or add to their collection of flatware in the Tupperware Rose pattern.

To Maxim's—by Bus

Two years ago, Brownie and her publicity chief, Charles McBurney, undertook to shepherd a group of six prize-winning ladies on a two-week trip to Europe. Ludwig Bemelmans was invited to act as guide during the group's visit to France, an experience he described later in an article for an American magazine. He invited them to dinner at Maxim's, where they arrived—in evening clothes—by bus. Brownie says, "Bemelmans was open-mouthed: apparently you're supposed to arrive at Maxim's only by Rolls-Royce."

Ensconced at her massive desk with its three telephones, looking through her floor-to-ceiling glass walls at the palm-studded patio beyond, Brownie is all prepared for a new sales peak for 1957. She has thrived on the long pull over the last few years, and there is probably no more relaxed corporation head in America. Brownie has been offered jobs with six-figure incomes by other companies, but she plans to stick with the company she built from scratch.

She says there's still a lot to be done to earn her room on earth. THE END

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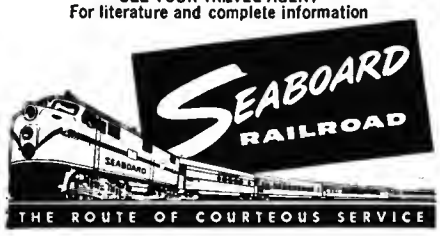

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Some People Like to Work

BY T. F. JAMES

From the Panhandle to the Keys, Florida industry is skyrocketing like one of the awesome guided missiles she is, among many other things, furiously producing. Since the 1940's, American businessmen have poured $500,000,000 into building new Florida plants and renovating old ones. During 1956 alone, new firms moved in at the rate of more than one a day (total: over four hundred, and more than eight thousand other businesses made inquiries about locating in Florida.

This surge is due primarily to Florida's ability to lure hard-to-hire engineers, technicians, and other skilled personnel. When Pratt and Whitney, scouting for a site for its jet engine design and development plant, ran blind ads in various cities asking engineers to work in New England and in Florida, the Sunshine State come-on outpulled the others by 30 to 1. A Cleveland firm, H. K. Ferguson, estimates that the average cost of recruiting an engineer runs "several hundred dollars a man." At their Fort Lauderdale office, however, the expense is "nonexistent." Between 1947 and 1954, Florida gained 44,200 manufacturing employees, and the firms that streamed in during 1956 have more applicants than they can handle for the 21,000 new jobs they brought with them.

Another attractive consideration is less expensive plant construction and operation. Building trade hourly rates are lower than up north, costly deep foundations are not feasible, heat and insulation needs are negligible. Partial open-air plant operation is often possible, and Florida's sunshine cuts down on the light bills. Furthermore, employee absenteeism has almost vanished from the Florida labor picture.

Some Floridians have fulminated against the danger of turning their playground into a "forest of smokestacks"—but with little cause. More and more Florida communities are creating "industrial parks," beautiful landscaped plant communities completely segregated from residential and resort areas, yet simultaneously delightful to the prospective industry builder. In North Miami's parks, for instance, each plant will have its own railroad siding, there will be a forty-lane bowling alley, an executives' club, and an Olympic swimming pool with cabanas.

The state's laws bend over backward to be kind to business. The industry tax burden is only 10.9 per cent of Florida's tax total, compared to an average of 23 per cent in other states. There are no punitive laws against big business, nor is there any state income tax or state property tax.

Surprisingly, Florida wage scales are as much as 20 per cent lower than the national average. Manufacturing wages run $1.31 an hour against $1.71 elsewhere. Other (state compiled) weekly wage figures for the greater Miami area are: accountants, $120; bookkeepers, $51-86; stenographers, $57; draftsmen, $81; office managers, $52; typists, $45. Salespersons average $37, sometimes reach $60 on commissions. Florida's good living must take the blame for lower pay. In this land of the swimming pool coffee break, evening boating after work, gardening and fishing weekends the year round, someone stands ready for every vacancy. That's why the best advice to divers planning a headlong full gainer into this sunny labor pool is: don't come to Florida without a job unless you have enough dollars to last three to six months.

Insurance

Florida is rapidly becoming the insurance center of the South with over seven hundred companies in thirty-seven cities. In force are policies representing a staggering $6,800,000,000 in life insurance, a 555 per cent increase since 1940, and $495,000,000 in fire, theft and other "direct writings," a 628 per cent rise since 1940. Chief among the reasons for these enormous increases is a law passed in 1953 which allows a more-than-50-per-cent tax reduction for all insurance companies setting up, in Florida, regional offices to serve at least three other states. (In spite of this there has been a 567 per cent increase in Florida taxes collected on insurance since 1940.) Until recent years there was also a surplus of experienced salesmen eager to work in Florida, but now the state, fearful that too many newcomers would glut the market, requires fire and casualty brokers to have a year's residence before applying for a license. Jacksonville, the state's insurance capital, has issued in the past two years alone permits for more than fifty stories of insurance company home office buildings. Since most insurance money is invested through banks, this city of 250,000 is also Florida's financial capital, as well as one of the state's principal industrial centers. It is the second largest naval stores market in the world, the largest lumber shipping point on the Atlantic Coast, a major railroad terminal for southeastern United States, and the home of more than six hundred manufacturing and processing firms. Surprisingly, however, Dade County (Miami and Miami Beach) has recently become Florida's leading manufacturing area. According to Governor Collins, the highest concentration of industry in the state is in the Miami Springs and Hialeah area—just a hop-skip from Miami Beach's cabana land. This district gets six new plants a month, already has ninety-seven different types of industry. The explanation is the area's "bonus" market of 3,000,000 tourists each year, plus an average family buying income (among permanent residents) which is almost $2,000 above the national average.

PRUDENTIAL VICE-PRESIDENT *Charles W. Campbell sits before the largest building in Florida, his company's new twenty-two-story south-central home office in Jacksonville. His staff of 1,400 administers more than $6,000,000,000 worth of insurance in ten states. The regional approach has doubled the company's sales since its arrival four years ago.*

Barris

Bettis

KING OF THE FLORIDA RANCHERS *is Henry O. Partin, shown here with ten of his seventeen grandchildren on his 60,000-acre Heart Bar Ranch. Largest ranch east of the Mississippi, it employs no cowhands, is run entirely by the family. Heart Bar's registered Brahman bulls, among world's finest, are exported to South America, even to Texas.*

Cattle

The average Florida tourist is amazed to discover that the state has 1,421,000 cattle grazing on 23,000,000 acres, an industry that amounts to almost $200,000,000 a year and is complete with cowboys, rodeos, and vast ranges rivaling Texas and Oklahoma. Tourists usually spend their time on the sun-soaked coastlands, while the cattle and cattlemen live almost as exclusively on the endless savánnas in central regions. The original Florida cattle were scrawny "woods cows," semi-wild descendants of those brought in by the first Spanish settlers, and many experts, including famous Western artist Frederic Remington, who visited Florida about 1895, vividly ridiculed them and the ragtail cowboys who herded them. Not long after, however, Floridians began importing Brahman hulls from India and ever since—thanks to this solemn-faced humpback's ability to adjust to a tropical climate (it is immune to ticks, and is the only breed that can perspire)—Florida's cattle have improved steadily in quality. However, only two million acres of the state's pasturage is considered "improved"; the rest is scrub pasture, on which the average cow does not fatten as well. Hence, Florida beef cannot consistently match that of other states. Most of the state's restaurants serve only Western beef. Nevertheless some of the most succulent steaks in the state (they are a special menu item at the Clewiston Inn) are cut from native cows fattened on molasses, produced as a hyproduct of the giant sugar cane mill at Clewiston. Florida has two chief cow towns, Kissimmee, just below Orlando, and Arcadia, east of Sarasota. Kissimmee has a Silver Spurs Rodéo each July, which equals Western rodeos for color and flamboyance. Both this and Arcadia's All-Florida Rodeo, held twice a year, are getting more and more tourist attention. Kissimmee also claims to have had the first bars in America where a cowhand could get a drink without dismounting.

Oranges

Come electronics, come engineers, come jets, the orange will always have a special place in Florida's heart. Since 1880, when better methods of rail and water transportation put northern markets within reach, citrus has been second only to tourism as Florida's biggest industry. Three out of every four oranges grown in the United States now come from Florida's 450,000 acres of groves. Stretched in a row, the state's 24,000,000 orange trees would make a strip two miles wide from Jacksonville to Miami. This year growers expect a bumper crop of 95 million boxes (about two-and-one-half times California's output) and about 35 million boxes of grapefruit. The state also grows all America's tangerines (about 4.7 million boxes) and limes (400,000 boxes). Missionary priests brought the first oranges to Florida from Spain in 1521. Many wild groves sprang up, the original stock of today's carefully cultivated acres. Most citrus groves are in the central lake country, with the heaviest concentration around Orlando and Lakeland, because grove land near water has better frost protection. Many housing projects are going up here, too, because there is less frost—and because people like to live where there are rolling hills of orange groves, lakes and no hurricanes. Although there has not been a real freeze in eleven years, a federal radio service warns growers of impending frosts, and a dangerous drop in the mercury is a signal for bonfires and oil pots that create a protective smoke ceiling over the groves. Citrus has also given birth to a vast canning and processing industry, which consumes 63 per cent of each year's harvest. Frozen orange juice alone now uses 54 per cent of all the state's oranges; only about 25 per cent are sold fresh. Profits in the industry are solid, but not as high as in the past, when the boast was a man could raise a family on a ten-acre orange grove. Today ten acres is the minimum needed to net a $3,600 average profit, and that assumes mature trees, good soil and location. Price of a good small grove: $3,000 per acre, while large groves, which are more economical to operate, cost about $2,000 per acre. Many investors buy groves and let a farm management firm or marketing cooperative run them.

DEAN OF FLORIDA'S CITRUS GROWERS *is John A. Snively, shown with family at Winter Haven home. He and his wife came to Florida from Pennsylvania in 1911, now own some 5,000 acres of groves. "They keep planting more than I can get around to see," he says. Snively, a pioneer in processing citrus fruit, turns out 8,000 boxes of fresh fruit daily, 4,250,000 cases canned juice annually, including other brands besides his Cypress Garden Citrus Products.*

Barris

Burris

PACKER *in this Tampa cigar company readies cigars for shipment. Finer brands are still rolled by hand. Music helps relieve monotony of work.*

Cigars

Florida produces more cigars than any other area in the world. Over 700,000,000 a year come from forty factories in Tampa's Latin Qnarter, Ybor City. Most of the 5,000 workers are descendants of cigar-making families who fled unrest in Cuba in 1868, and many of the plants offer visitors' tours. There are other large factories in Jacksonville, including an entirely mechanized one which is capable of producing 400,000,000 cigars a year.

Fishing

Florida commercial fishermen haul in no less than 600 varieties of undersea life a year, totaling over 200 million pounds. The catch, valued at more than $31,000,000, ranks Florida third in the U.S. in sea food products. Oddly, biggest in gross volume is a fish the visitor seldom hears about and never sees: menhaden. About 800,000,000 pounds of this trash fish are snared yearly in Florida waters, most of it going into oil, meal and fertilizer. Probably most colorful of the many fleets operating out of coastal towns is the Greek-manned sponge fishers in Tarpon Springs. These flamboyant divers bring in more than $3,000,000 in sponges each year, sell them at vivid auctions. Even more exciting for the spectator is hunting and watching giant turtles in Key West.

TAMPA SHRIMP BOAT FLEET *helps seine more than 52,000,000 pounds of shrimp a year from coastal beds. Crews of boats get one-third of the value of each catch, the boat owners, two-thirds. Experts believe state's annual seafood catch is probably double the official figure—since many boats do not report their catches, others report inaccurately.*

Burris

Barris

RICHARD PARKER, *manager of Allstate Insurance's new regional office in St. Petersburg, takes lunch-hour swim at the Sunset Golf and Country Club with his family. Former Californians, the Parkers are now Florida boosters.*

Heavy Industry

Many American business giants are dipping speculative feet into Florida's sunny waters. General Electric recently opened up a hush-hush $4,000,000 atomic components plant in St. Petersburg, Glenn L. Martin is readying a huge guided missile plant in Orlando, Chemstrand is operating a $93,000,000 brewery near Tampa, and Pratt and Whitney has a jet engine plant going up in swank Palm Beach. Minneapolis-Honeywell has chosen St. Petersburg for its Aeronautical Division, and two others, Hamilton Standard Division of United Aircraft and Electronic Communications, Inc. (Air Associates) have earmarked over 13,000,000 square feet of plant space in the Sunshine City. Howard Hughes has been prowling the state since last spring in search of new plant sites for his aircraft and electronics empire. Other home-grown industries are going full blast. Miami now accounts for 25 per cent of all aluminum fabricating (doors, windows, furniture, awnings, ladders) in the nation. There is a flourishing $60,000,000 phosphate mining industry, which produces 36 per cent of the world's phosphate, and a booming lumber industry. Florida has over 21,000,000 acres of virgin forests, and huge plants convert wood into pulp and paper at Panama City, Jacksonville and Fernandina. In north Florida are some of the largest sawmills in the South. At the moment, Florida's chief problem in attracting heavy industry is lack of power. However, the Florida Power and Light Company is currently adding 320,000 kilowatts to its Fort Lauderdale plant, adding to this one plant 50 per cent more than the power producing capacity of the entire state on V.J. Day. Natural gas is being piped in from Texas, and three power companies have formed a Nuclear Power Group which aims to build a $50,000,000 plant by 1962. In true Florida style, industrial giants, no matter how large, are never permitted to spoil the state's "natural advantages." Chemstrand, for instance, has a carefully worked out system of "burn boxes" and disposal ponds, which keep waste from disturbing the fish in the waters nearby. Florida Power and Light's Cutler Plant is considered such an architectural triumph that a real estate dealer has risked building $50,000 homes on its doorstep.

Barris

ENGINEER *Robert Patrick, the head of Quality Control for G. E. plant in St. Petersburg, fell in love with Florida during the war. Plant personnel is now 90 per cent Floridian, 10 per cent Yankee.*

Special Fiction Section

At First Sight

Of all the peculiar ways to meet and fall in love, theirs was easily the most awkward to explain to a growing daughter

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

Susan Lindt, elegant, trim, stood before the long oval mirror in her bedroom. She was making gestures with her hands and arms—sweeping, intricate movements which she could follow by reflection in the mirror on her bureau. She observed with satisfaction the firm whiteness of her arms, the subtle freshness of her hands. Almost like a girl's, she thought, and she smiled at her own conceit. Not bad for a woman of thirty-two.

As she brushed and fluffed her hair she could also see, reflected in the bureau glass, the small, intent figure of Doris balanced on the edge of the chaise longue, her legs pulled up, her hands clasped around her knees. The child was following with her darkly luminous eyes the flash of the brush, the deft interplay of her mother's fingers.

The pink enamel telephone rang. Susan picked up the receiver, continuing to brush with her free hand. The call was from her husband; he wanted to let her know he was leaving the office and would be home within the hour. Susan thought to herself, How kind he is, how really thoughtful. What a lucky woman I am.

As if by telepathy Doris broke in. To such remoteness had Susan let her thoughts drift that she was startled, having forgotten that Doris was in the room.

Doris was saying, "How did you and Daddy meet, Mummy?"

Susan, still far off, was smiling; and at her lack of response the child became insistent, like a police examiner. "How did you and Daddy meet?" The question droned itself into Susan's consciousness.

"Why," said Susan, halting her arms in mid-air, "Why, we just met. Like all people do. How does anyone meet?"

Doris was not satisfied. "Anyone meets differently," the child said, her meaning clear to herself at least. "I met

Tossing away the towel, she marched boldly ahead. "After all," she thought, "the poor man is blind."

Cora in school. I met Jamie in the garden when his mother gave that birthday party . . ."

"Of course," her mother replied brusquely. She was beginning to suspect Doris was making a fool of her. "Of course. You are right. People meet in different ways."

"In what way did you meet Daddy then?" the child persisted murderously.

How did we get into this? Susan thought. Then a slow smile began to flicker over her face. It was the smile of a mischievous girl, a very naughty girl of eighteen; one, according to her elder sister's way of thinking, capable of madness. Was it wicked, was it mad? Yes. Mina had thought so, had said as much at the time. Susan shivered slightly even now to recall the look of horror on Mina's face . . . "How could you have done it! How did you *dare*!"

"It was very simple and very natural," Susan said, as if she were excusing herself to Mina; as if it were fourteen years ago and the thing had just happened.

Abstractedly she went on. "It was a very hot day. Your aunt and I had just come in from the country . . . to the apartment. Your Aunt Mina was expecting a friend, a young man . . ."

"Were they lovers?" inquired Doris.

Susan's torso gave an imperceptible jerk. "I don't know what you mean by that," she said, forgetting for the instant whom she was talking to. Then she quickly righted herself. "They were acquaintances," she went on anecdotally. "You see, your Aunt Mina was very much interested in people, in unfortunate people, I mean . . ."

"What was so unfortunate about this fellow?" Doris asked.

"If you'll stop interrupting me, I'll tell you. The young man was blind . . ."

Doris was suddenly fascinated. "Blind!" she said. "You mean he couldn't see anything?"

"I mean he couldn't see anything," said Susan with pursed lips.

"Then how did he get in?"

"How did he get in what?"

"In the place where you and Aunt Mina were. Was that when you were living with Grandpa and Granny?"

"Of course it was. We were young . . ."

"How young? As young as me?"

"Now Doris, if you don't want to make sense I won't go on. In fact your supper must be ready. Go and ask Frieda."

"Oh please, Mummy, please go on."

"Well, your Aunt Mina liked to help people. She was a volunteer."

"Like Grandpa?"

Just then Frieda came in to say that supper was ready. Susan quickly kissed Doris on the forehead. "Now run along like a good girl and get your supper."

In the doorway Doris halted. "Will you tell me the rest of it later?"

Privately Susan rolled a supplicating eye to heaven. "Yes, but hurry," she said. "Your supper will get cold."

Susan felt annoyed with herself. She was annoyed for feeling annoyed. She hated lying, especially to a child. Yet she hadn't lied to Doris. She really had told her the truth. But had she told her "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" The phrase taunted her.

She reasoned with herself: you can tell the whole truth as far as it goes. Knowing this was untrue she went on with her reasoning: telling the truth is like eating an artichoke. You move inward toward the heart from the outer edge, pulling the leaves in even rows around and around. And you can, just before you get to the heart—that's it! You can *skip* a row. So what could it matter? It was the truth, the whole truth, with just one silly little row left out. Doris wouldn't understand anyhow.

In essence it would be the same story if she and Tom told it to their best friend over Martinis at the Stork, practically the same. Or if she told it to an elderly lady in an adjoining steamer chair on the promenade deck of the *Queen Mary*; or on the same ship, at a later hour, in the cocktail lounge, to her lover.

How fascinating the mutations a story can undergo when told to different types of people in different environments. Susan thought. And remain essentially the same. If I could write, how would I tell it? she wondered. To the lover. That would be best; that would be freest. I would invent a lover.

There was that awfully hot day in the August of 1944 when she and Mina had come to town from Southampton. They had come by train because of the gas rationing.

Susan was quite furious about the whole thing. New York in summer was absolutely unbearable, as everyone knew. And she had to leave behind, for a whole twenty-four hours, several bronzing lieutenants junior grade on leave, while she and her sister came to New York to speed an elderly maiden aunt to California.

Susan's bad mood was not improved by the fact that her elder sister had actually managed to squeeze in a date for the afternoon. The "date" was a blind man from the Lighthouse.

The thought of a man coming to the apartment to see Mina, even a blind one, made Susan irritable. It was not that she had anything against Mina. Actually she felt a little sorry for her. She was not unattractive, but men simply didn't swarm around, not even one at a time.

When at last the doorbell rang, Mina was primly ready; with her slightly maddening dignity she went to answer it herself, leaving Susan in what the Victorians would call restless *deshabille*. An hour earlier, on their arrival from Penn Station, they had had a slight tiff over the bath priority. "Let me take one first," Mina had said. "I've got to get ready. You've nothing else to do."

That was what rankled. *You've nothing else to do.*

Susan leaned back in the old-fashioned rocker, stretched her feet on the stool in front of her and inhaled deeply from her cigarette. She was rather pleasantly undecided whether to bathe at once or to finish the cigarette.

From the drawing room Susan could hear voices—first a lively exchange, then a nervous, merry laugh from Mina.

Susan was tempted to listen at the door, as she had done as a child. She didn't. What could Mina and her charity friend be saying that was worth listening to? Besides, it was too hot for her to care. She decided instead to take that bath.

She soaked and lounged and laid her head against the cool porcelain and let the water rest under her chin, as if she were floating.

At last, stepping out of the tub, she stretched herself languidly, and let the breeze from the fan blow on her. She flicked the towel across her shoulders (it's cooler if you don't dry yourself completely, she reminded herself) and crossed the room to get a cigarette, trailing little gleaming pools of footprints as she walked.

The box of Benson and Hedges on the table was empty. She stood fingering it, flipping the golden grains of tobacco that lay in it, wondering where else to look but knowing it was useless. She remembered she herself had smoked the last cigarette before her bath. Mina had hers with her.

The disappointment unpoised her; the delicious moment was spoiled. The mood of meanness and petulance was back. It was not a question now of wanting a cigarette; she simply *had* to have one. The resentments against Mina swelled and clamored. Mina in the living room with a young man (*and* cigarettes), Mina the do-gooder, the prissy, who wouldn't know what to do with a man when she had him, even a blind one.

From the drawing room again came a burst of gay laughter. Susan quickly shut off the electric fan. She had never heard Mina laugh like that. She went to the doorway (she caught herself tiptoeing and smiled); she opened the door a crack. She opened the door wider, then wider. It was quiet in the drawing room. What was going on? Susan's face was flooded with sudden mischief. She

would find out what was going on. She would fix Mina.

She walked straightway down the hall, her head high, her face bubbling. She was trailing the towel in her hand. When she reached the drawing room, she tossed the towel on the vestibule table. "To hell with you," she said to it. "He can't see anyway." She walked in.

She took a bold step and stopped. She did not know why she had stopped or what had stopped her. It was as if she had walked into a glass wall. She was dimly aware of two seated figures, their faces turned toward her (Mina *would* choose that stiff settee, Susan thought derisively). She could not make them out clearly; for some silly reason they reminded her of dressmaker's forms, holt upright and riveted. But she knew them to be alive; without really seeing them she had, as it were, got their scent. Then, like a doe at the bend of the road, she turned and bolted.

An hour later she was trying to explain the sensation to her tight-lipped sister. "Honestly, Mina," she said, half-giggling, half-bewildered, "I don't know what hit me. I couldn't move a step forward. It was as if, all of a sudden, he wasn't blind. As if, by some miracle, he was able to see, and there I was." She gave a slight shudder. "It was like a nightmare. As if he wasn't blind at all."

Mina's reply came slowly, ground out through clenched teeth. "He wasn't blind," she said. "It was someone else."

When Doris came tumbling in from supper to say good night, her mother, as usual, offered to tell her a fairy story.

"I don't want no fairy story," said Doris in her one-track way (she used bad grammar for emphasis). "You didn't finish yet how you and Daddy met."

Susan smiled sweetly. "Oh yes I did."

"Oh no you didn't. You said Aunt Mina had a caller that day—a blind man."

"Well, that's all. I went into the drawing room to get my cigarettes, and there was your father."

"But Daddy isn't blind."

Susan finished pulling her dress over her head and proceeded to button it.

Finally, she said, "The blind man couldn't come that day. So he asked a friend, a very handsome friend, to come and fetch the book for him."

"So you married him?" said Doris.

"Not right away, of course."

"But why did he marry you and not Aunt Mina? After all he was calling on *her*."

"That's true," said Susan. "But remember it was the blind one that Aunt Mina cared for." Then, lowering her eyes modestly, she added, "Anyway, I guess he liked my looks." THE END

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"Fear and doubt take up a lot of room," he told her. "No wonder you feel empty now."

MOTHER OF THE BRIDE

They were strangers on a plane, but with a sudden, mysterious intimacy he knew her whole soul—knew that he must help her go on and resolve the enigma of her life

BY NANCY CAMP ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT

Mark Allen was the last person to board the plane; he saw at once that there were only aisle seats left and after a lightning scrutiny of the passengers, he sat down deliberately, amidships, next to a woman. One glance at her face had told him that she would be reserved and possibly, with luck, totally silent during the entire trip. By her slight motion of withdrawal when he took the seat next to her he guessed that she was the sort of blessedly old-fashioned woman who didn't talk to strangers. Not for an instant did he doubt his judgment of the matter. At forty, after many highly successful years in a special field of engineering, he had a faith in himself that was grounded on a solid and rewarding experience of the world, and a modest but thorough knowledge of his own exceptional and disciplined abilities.

The plane taxied down the field, turned, and let its engines roar; then, with a powerful grinding acceleration it began to move down the runway, gathering speed, faster, harder, until, with the gentlest lift, it was airborne.

Mark was surprised to hear a little explosion of sound, more like a gasp than a sigh, from the woman next to him.

With a smile, he turned and looked at her.

She was leaning forward in her seat, her hands clasped against the seat belt, looking out across the dazzling silver expanse of the wing. Her attitude was one of eager excitement, and for some reason, he was intrigued. She was not really young—about thirty-five, he'd guess—and so he accounted for her naïve reaction to the take-off in another way.

"Your first flight?" he murmured, amused at himself for breaking his strict travel rule of never starting a conversation that could only be superficial.

"Yes," she answered, without looking around. "Yes." And, as though to herself, she went on talking in a soft voice. "I had no idea it would be like this. Why, it's like mounting the sky on Pegasus—it's wonderful. I haven't felt like this since I was a child."

He noticed that, unlike most passengers, she looked into the sky rather than down at the ground, and this intrigued him further.

"Did you fly when you were very young?" he asked.

"Oh, no. But I rode a lot. It was like this—sometimes. When I was sixteen I had a horse named Box—I don't know why, he wasn't square—" an incongruous look of humor sparked the gravity of her eyes—"and I used to get him in a dead run on a stretch of sand road—packed sand, not soft. When he changed gaits from a canter to a gallop, it was like leaving the ground and moving on air. Like what we did just now, in this plane. It's exciting—like bursting out of time . . . into space . . ." Her voice drifted, her eyes were bemused.

"And eternity?" Mark continued for her.

She swung around to him, in some wonder, and looked directly into his face for the first time.

She saw a man with dark searching eyes, speculative, but not revealing. The heavy brows, the high forehead, the well-groomed, thick black hair, the lean even shape of his face made him seem, at first glance, just a handsome man, but a happy discrepancy of feature gave him individuality; the big nose wasn't straight, the bottom lip curved too deeply, and the high cheekbones were oddly disturbing. He looks, Alice Hobart thought, like a Black Irish Indian. She sensed that he was an unusual man, a man with personal power and worldly authority, and she wondered why he was talking to her. She did not consider herself very attractive.

Mark couldn't decide about her, and that was why he continued to talk to her. He could not even decide if she was pretty. Her hair, under the not-quite-smart hat, was light brown and softly confused, not curly and not straight. Her eyes were large and wide apart, the color not fixed—hazel, amber, topaz?—with little flecks of gold. They were speaking eyes; already they had told eagerness, and a kind of hunger, gravity, humor, nostalgia. He saw sadness back of them, he was sure, and there was weariness beneath them in a dusting of shadow that was there to stay. She had a small fine nose, a mobile mouth held firm, and a delicate chin. No, he decided, she wasn't pretty. But she had something else. What it was eluded him, and he continued to stare at her, almost rudely.

Instead of turning away from his scrutiny she stayed facing him and smiled, as though to encourage and help him—a smile at once understanding and patient and quite unself-conscious. Then he knew what she had—it was charm. Simple, potent charm, as winning as sunshine and flowers and music. He was astonished by his discovery. He was used to smart women, brilliant women, beautiful and glamorous, and he knew how to treat them. But this woman was a mystery—pale, rather worn, open, eager, baffling, and delightful.

He threw away his rule book of travel.

"May I introduce myself? My name is Mark Allen. I've been south on business, and I'm on my way back to New York."

She said, rather formally, "I'm Alice Hobart. And I'm on my way to my daughter's wedding in Charlotte."

"Charlotte is your home then?"

"No." She seemed hesitant. "No," she repeated. And then she explained. "My daughter has been living with her father and his parents for the last few years; all of her friends are there. Her grandparents have a big house, and are giving her a big wedding. I couldn't do that."

"I see. How old is your daughter? You seem young to have a daughter old enough to marry."

She bowed her head and said, "Thank you." Then she smiled and he realized that it was a special smile, a mother's smile, and that for sweetness and purity of joy, no other smile on earth could touch it. So she loved her daughter very much, he thought, watching that smile.

"She's only eighteen, and not a very grown-up eighteen. But she's marrying a wonderful boy. They came down for two days at Easter and I met him then. He's from St. Louis. I'm glad he's not a Southerner—we Southerners get so involved." She looked amused and wistful on that. "He's finished college, and his military service, and he has a good job. He'll take care of Jane."

"She must have just finished school."

"Yes. Boarding school in Virginia. She graduated a week ago. I couldn't come for both the graduation and the wedding, so of course I chose the wedding."

Mark smiled at her gravely and there was some humor and a question in his next words.

"One week—between school and marriage—to see the world?"

She answered quickly, without thinking, revealing herself entirely.

"I didn't want her to see the world. I wanted her to be safe." She reached into her handbag with a sure purpose and brought out a small leather folder. "Look. You'll see why."

She handed him the picture and he looked at the young girl with the soft angelic face, the vulnerable eyes and tender chin, the air of pure innocence. This face was an untried version of her own and he looked from it to hers, seeing again and more markedly, even painfully, the shadows beneath her eyes, the shadows in them that he knew now for an old sorrow.

He handed back the folder.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I see why." But then he smiled, a bit skeptically, inviting her to common sense. "But you can't save her from living, can you? And you shouldn't try. Perhaps you're not trying to do that; perhaps you agree with me that marriage is by far the most difficult state in the world to maintain with grace and good humor."

She looked at him as though he, too, was a discovery for her. Her eyes widened.

"Oh, you're right! I didn't succeed at it—but Jane will. Jane has better judgment than I had. She isn't wild, as I was."

Mark laughed out loud then and several heads turned to stare and turned away again.

"You—wild?" he asked, keeping the amazement soft in his voice. "I can't believe it."

"Oh, but I was. 'A damned wild young ass' was what my grandfather called me. You see, I ran away and married, and then I ran away from my husband and came home with the baby."

She gave him a smile of bewildering radiance when she said this and he could not fathom why unless she was thinking of the baby. But it was her grandfather she was remembering.

"My grandfather was a wonderful man—absolutely consistent. He never changed his opinion about anything and that's what made him a fine lawyer. He loved me—and he took care of us—but I remained 'a damned wild young ass' to him until the day he died."

"And then?"

She did not answer him directly. Instead, she asked. "Do you ever tend to be what people think you are, sort of to please them or to agree with them? You probably don't—you look like a very strong character—but I do. Anyway, for the ten years we were living with Grandfather I behaved the way he expected me to. We lived in a nice old house in our small town—Grandfather was very much looked up to in the community—and I led the idle empty-headed life of a lot of sheltered Southern women. When he died I was every bit as much of an ass as he thought me—not wild any more, or even young—but an ass." She gave a soft abrupt chuckle on that. "When the smoke cleared, after the funeral, there was hardly any money left. Grandfather was a good lawyer but a poor businessman. I had to begin to earn my own living—and Jane's—and I was about as well equipped to do it as the miller's daughter was to spin gold."

He smiled.

"And you had no Rumpelstiltskin."

"No. But I had the logical expedient of all untrained gentlewomen: the local emporium. And do you know, in our town, it's actually called 'The Emporium'? I worked in notions for four years but for the past four I've been in lingerie and—" She caught herself, glanced at him, and blushed. "And lingerie," she repeated lamely.

Good Lord, Mark thought with grim reckoning, eight years in a place like that, working day after day for a salary that was probably barely enough to keep them just this side of poverty! He stared at the woman next to him and wondered that she did not have darker circles beneath her eyes.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "But don't forget. 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.' I didn't have to leave my husband. I could have had a lovely home in Charlotte."

He could not help himself; he asked with a brutal frankness. "Why did you leave your husband?"

And now he saw a look in her eyes that he had not seen before, a look that reared up in them, combative and brilliant.

"Because he had a dirty mind," she replied evenly.

He almost laughed. "Most men have. What do you mean by that?"

As suddenly as it had come the look in her eyes slipped away. She seemed suddenly very tired, almost bored.

"What's the use of explaining? It's never made sense to anybody but me." She gave him a brief smile. "Anyway, I've no business talking to you like this—and you've no business egging me on."

She turned from him and looked out over the silver wing of the plane. They were passing through drifting layers of white mist . . . And now they were rising above them.

"Pegasus is climbing the clouds," she said pleasantly, looking out the window.

Mark knew that she wanted to change the subject but he would not: he was a man of purpose and his purpose now was a more thorough knowledge of this woman. There was something elusive about her simplicity, something tantalizing about her frankness. He would never be content now until he knew her totally—not if it took him the rest of his life. With a sobering sense of shock he asked himself if he was going to be in love with her.

He continued their conversation as though no halt had been called, and he disarmed her by an admission of his own. "Most marriages don't make sense to outsiders. I was married to a concert pianist; we had no settled home and for months at a time we were apart—but we were very happy. Nobody could understand that."

She looked curious but she hesitated to question him.

"She was lost in a plane crash toward the end of the war—on a U.S.O. tour."

Alice looked appalled. "How awful for you."

"Yes." He added nothing to that. He saw that now she was defenseless and compassionate and he was not ashamed of himself for having gained admission to her heart in this manner. He knew what he was doing and he thought that he was right to do it.

The flight steward appeared beside them and offered them coffee. A few moments later the individual trays with steaming cups of coffee were resting on small pillows on their laps. When they had stirred and sipped, Alice glanced over at him with laughter in her eyes.

"It's like having breakfast in bed!" she exclaimed, satire and gaiety in her voice.

"If I could manage it, I'd have a rose on your tray—and the morning paper."

"Just the rose. I don't read the papers. They're all murder, rape and annihilation." She gave him a look of mischief. "And please don't tell me that I can't escape it by not reading about it—total destruction, that is. I prefer to have my head in the sand when the time comes. That makes me a moral coward."

Mark laughed aloud again, and again heads turned, but neither he nor Alice paid any attention.

"You are the most outrageously placid moral coward I've ever seen—and that's because you're not one. You may be a 'damned wild young ass,' but you're not a coward."

She peered at him over the rim of her cup.

"Bear me out," he said abruptly. "Tell me why you left your husband."

She lowered the cup to the tray and stared at him.

"It isn't idle curiosity that makes me ask, or a dirty mind. I like you. I want to know why you chose a hard life when you could have had an easy one."

After a moment, she answered him quite naturally.

"Sometimes I think I've forgotten why . . . and then when I bring it back I know why, and I know I would do the same thing again."

"Tell me," he demanded.

She took no exception to his tone of voice and answered evenly. "My husband thought along lines I didn't know about until we were married. He believed that all men were crooks in a pinch and that fear, not virtue, made women behave. Given the right set-up, he used to say, any woman could be had. And he didn't except himself or me on either count. He said he was a realist and that I was a silly fool with my head in the clouds." She gave him an odd look, quizzical, somewhat questioning. "I think he was a combination of conceit and insecurity—perhaps other men are like that. He was proud because I was innocent when he married me; but then, as though he himself had ruined me, he lost confidence. He began to think that I could be had too. It wasn't jealousy. It was degradation—for both of us."

The steward stopped by and collected their trays. Mark took out a package of cigarettes and his lighter. When they were both smoking, he said, "Go on."

She laughed softly, blowing smoke toward the roof of the cabin.

"You're expecting something dramatic, aren't you? There wasn't anything. I just left. I couldn't go on living with a man who wasn't quite sure I hadn't slept with his best friend or his last golf partner."

"On what grounds did you get a divorce?" Mark asked.

"He got the divorce. Desertion."

The word sounded flat and ugly. She read his thoughts. "It was true."

"But your child," Mark said gravely. "Do you think you had the right to do that?"

"I didn't think. My baby was so young she was still a part of me—as much as any other part of my body." She smiled then. "You feel I was wrong, don't you?"

"I don't know. You chose what seemed to you the lesser evil. I'm not a parent myself so I've no right to judge."

She continued to smile, looking at him steadily. "No one has. But there's a Divine Justice that does things for us that we don't have the strength to do for ourselves. When the time came, Jane was separated from me, and the things I had deprived her of were given back to her."

"When she went to live with her father?"

Alice nodded.

"It didn't happen all at once. Her father watched and waited—whether with deliberate intention. I don't know. When Grandfather died and I had to go to work, it was hard on Jane. After school hours, she was alone in a tiny, unattractive house until I came in at six—and when I came in I was dog tired. I was unattractive too. She had made occasional short visits to Charlotte and soon she began to go oftener and stay longer. It's natural for girls to love pretty things. By contrast to the drab, penny-pinching life with me, life in Charlotte began to seem very nice. I never blamed her for finding that out, I'm glad to say."

"But it hurt you," Mark said, watching her.

She did not meet his eyes but blew more smoke toward the ventilator in the ceiling.

"It hurt us both. She loved me." Then she looked at him. "She used to cry every time she left me because she was glad to go and hated being glad. I couldn't see her torn like that. So she stayed there. She was much happier then, and I was, too."

"But lonely."

"Lonely?" She said the word as though it was absurd and irrelevant. "I walked around with a great black hole in my middle for years—" The outlandish gleam of humor was suddenly in her eyes again. "I filled it gradually, with ribbons and buttons and yard goods and notions of all sorts."

"But no other man?" Mark asked her evenly.

"No other man," she replied without any emphasis.

The loudspeaker announced a stop of fifteen minutes in Charleston and when the plane landed they got out to stretch their legs. Coming down to earth from the strange intimacy of flying through

She opened her arms. The lovely young girl rushed into them.

space together, they were silent. They strolled toward the airport terminal, acutely aware of one another as strangers in an earthbound dimension.

Mark oriented himself more quickly than Alice, and found himself as interested in her on the ground as he had been in the air. He observed her figure cautiously. It was a good figure, and there was elegance in her carriage—fine bred, effortless—and something else: a subtle weariness, a vague air of defeat. He thought, She's like a race horse that doesn't race any more. This disturbed him and made him fearful for her.

"How do you feel about seeing all these people again," he asked her suddenly, "on their own stamping ground?"

"I'm afraid of them," she said.

"Why?"

"Because they can hurt me. Because they can make me feel a fool and a failure—a fool of a person, a failure as a mother."

The naked avowal of her self-doubt staggered him for an instant; and then he accepted the responsibility of having heard and understood it.

"What makes a mother successful?"

"Her child's love for her—and trust."

"Well, do you have those?"

They were back at the plane, waiting to board it. She gave him a direct, unhappy look.

"I don't know. We've been apart so much. But I've never stopped being a mother to her—not for a minute. I don't know if she knows that. I want her to know it. Surely it's the one beautiful blessing that every creature on earth is entitled to—the knowledge of a mother's love."

She mounted the steps of the plane ahead of him. He watched the way she moved and was reminded again of a race horse, highly bred, attenuated to the point of extreme delicacy—a delicacy that must, in a winner, conceal sinews of iron and a heart that refuses defeat.

He followed her to their seats, feeling depressed and baffled. He did not know whether or not she was a winner, and he wanted her to be—but he did not know how to help her be one in the ordeal ahead of her.

When the plane had gained altitude and they had loosened their seat belts, they began to talk, by tacit consent, of other things. He was widely traveled and she was interested in all he told her. The time passed quickly. When the steward brought their lunch, Mark realized with a shock of dismay that in an hour she would be leaving the plane. And he had said nothing of importance to her, nothing lasting, nothing helpful.

He knew that she was going to meet a crisis in her life and that victory or defeat lay within the province of her own soul. She alone would know whether she emerged a fool or a failure, or a woman free of fear, a mother loved and trusted. He wanted, with all of his might, to invest this woman with some of his own hard courage, but he could not. He could not even speak of it. Although he knew her very soul he did not know her well enough to speak; he was wary of frightening her. He could see the eagerness and the tension building in her as she neared her destination. And the terrible vulnerability. It will kill her, he thought, if she gets hurt.

She was looking down at the earth now, for they were coming in for the landing, and already, foolishly, she was straining her eyes for a familiar figure.

Oh, Lord, Mark thought, in desperation, why does a man love a woman—for the qualities that she has or for the ones that she doesn't have? If he could have, he would have broken through the barriers that custom raised between them and taken this woman in his arms and hidden her face against him and kept her and himself from ever finding out what she really was. But he could not; and in the end he had to watch her collect her things and get up and go.

He followed her out of the plane and then stopped and held out his hand.

"I'll say goodbye here. She's meeting you, isn't she?"

"Yes. Yes." She gave him her hand but already her eyes were darting toward the group of people on the ramp.

He noticed, with a thud of his heart, that her hair was more confused than ever and that her hat was crooked. But her eyes were beautiful with love held in readiness.

He could not stop himself. He said, "Alice—don't let them hurt you."

"You are very kind," she said.

"I'm more than kind," he said brusquely and could say no more.

"Yes," she replied. "You are great." She squeezed his hand tight, once, and turning left him.

Some distance behind, he followed. He knew that she would not look back. When she had nearly reached the steel fence that separated the field from the terminal area, he saw a figure with trim fleet lines like her own break out of the crowd gathered there. He saw Alice stop and open her arms and he saw the golden-haired girl go into them. He saw her arms close fiercely about that young form and he thought, with a wrench in his heart, She will never love anyone else that much. Everything she cares about is there, in her arms, and she is going to lose it.

He watched them walk away together and he wished, painfully, that his heart could leave his body and march on two legs behind them and be invisible and follow them wherever they went . . . and know . . . and know . . .

They went straight to the hotel. When they reached the room that had been reserved for her, Alice saw a suitcase already there, open, and toilet articles on the dresser, and what could only be a wedding gown billowing out of the closet. She turned to Jane, bewildered, and Jane laughed delightedly.

"I wanted to spend the night with you, Mama. And I wanted you to help me get dressed tomorrow. Okay? Daddy and Gran think I'm crazy, but I don't care. Gran says it isn't seemly for me to put on my wedding dress in a hotel."

Alice sat down suddenly on the desk chair. Her throat closed up and the tears popped out of her eyes. She tried to wipe them away but Jane saw them and came over and hugged her and said, "Gosh, Mama—I'm glad you're here." She drew back then, looking a little worried. "You won't mind, will you, seeing everybody again?"

Alice took a deep breath and looked her daughter straight in the eyes.

"No, darling. I doubt if I will see them—really. I'll be seeing you—and Tom—that's all. And you mustn't worry. We'll all be very polite. And what they think doesn't make any difference to me, Jane. It's what you think that counts."

Jane laughed a laugh of pure happiness. "I think you're my Mama, and the only one I've got, and I want to be with you every minute until I get married."

She stood in the middle of the room so buoyed up by joy that she seemed to stand on tiptoe with her golden hair flying.

"Oh, Mama. Tom is so wonderful. He doesn't want any stag dinner—of course he doesn't know many people here—but he wants us to have supper, just the three of us, tonight. He says you're the nicest person he's met and he's awfully glad you're my mother. He says he wants you to come live with us in your old age."

Alice burst out laughing, but she could have cried as easily. She rose and stretched a hand to Jane.

"Any minute now, lamb."

Jane laughed too then.

Their understanding was complete: all the things that Alice had thought they would talk about they never talked about at all. They didn't have to. The love that drew them together and held them would do so forever; it had been born in the cradle and nurtured through hundreds of baby bottles and bowls of cereal, hundreds of rockings and high thready songs, through the first pains and fears of childhood, the first sweet comforts and loving hugs. Nothing could ever change that, and not realizing it was the only thing that had ever made her a fool. Alice knew

that now with a great golden knowledge that flooded her heart with light.

Her treasure, her daughter's love and trust, had never been lost. She had only been looking for it in the wrong places, in places bounded by material things—physical presence, time, and miles. Where it was, and where it had always been, was safe in Jane's heart.

Jane and Tom were married the following afternoon. After the ceremony, there was a reception at the Country Club. This was what Alice had dreaded on the trip up, but now, standing in the receiving line with the very people she had been afraid of, she was filled with a strange unbidden love for them because through them, as well as through herself, Jane had come into life—into love and joy and fulfillment. They were no longer antagonists who could make a fool or a failure of her; they were part of the clean and beautiful triumph..that was Jane—Jane, slim, and sweet, and beaming in her wedding gown. Nothing but goodness and well-being could attach to this radiant being. When the time came for Alice to go back to her hotel to catch the limousine to the airport, she told them all goodbye with an open heart.

Jane and Tom wanted to drive her to the hotel but she wouldn't let them. The gaiety of their farewells, the exuberant hugs and kisses stayed with Alice on the ride back to the hotel, stayed with her until she reached the airport. There, the inevitable reaction set in, and she faced the fact that she was more alone now than she had ever been in her life. She thought of Monday, at The Emporium—and of all the other Mondays that would be her life from now on, as they had been, for so long, up to now.

She went into the ladies' room to wait until her plane was called, and there she had one of those grim, sustaining flashes of humor that were her salvation: she became Alice in Wonderland, ten inches high, and flushed herself down the drain. This whimsical notion restored her own peculiar balance, and she walked out onto the ramp with a calm face.

She was leaning against the steel fence, at some distance from the waiting crowd, when Mark Allen came up and stood beside her.

"Well, how are you feeling now?" he asked, in his forthright way, as though they had parted only a few minutes ago.

She was surprised to see him, but she took her tone from his, sublimating the surprise in an effort to reply honestly.

"Sad. And free." She gave him a quick but devious smile—merry and grim. "Free enough to quit the world."

He leaned beside her and they looked across the runway to where the big plane waited.

"Fear and doubt take up a lot of room. No wonder you feel empty."

The golden flecks in her eyes picked up some light and glinted.

"Is that it?"

He nodded.

Suddenly she laughed, softly.

"Then I shall have to fill up again—on ribbons and laces and notions of all sorts."

"No," he said soberly. "Another man."

She felt the feather touch of love. She swung back against the fence as if it had been a blow, and gazed at him with a wonder that soon grew bright. She put out her hand.

For him the gesture held all the charm and mystery of her nature; it was a gesture at once provocative and grave: it held a promise and made great demands: it revealed her heart, and hid it, as she gave it to him in the palm of her hand. THE END

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THE MEETING IN PARIS

Suddenly he knew he loved his ex-wife still—and hated the man who had stolen her from him. He hated him so much that it was unthinkable he could do to them what he was about to do

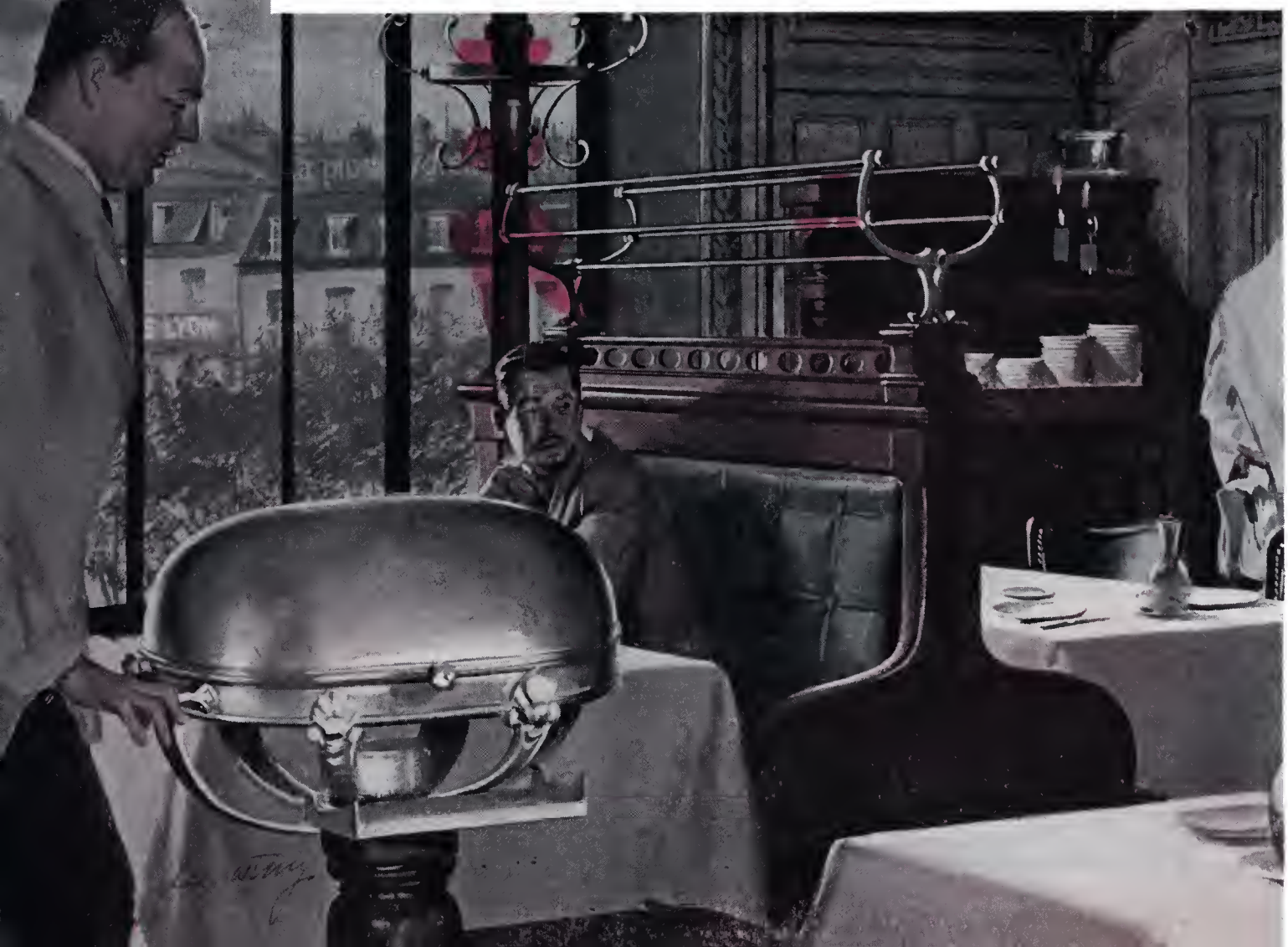
BY ELLIOT WEST

Head of the Paris office of Ambay, one of the world's largest oil interests, Lockwood was not easily moved by pestilence, famine, or death. But the death of Eugene Stengler was a shock to him because he could not feel entirely free of responsibility in the matter. On his desk was a copy of *Paris-Soir* with a half-column story concerning Eugene's murder in a compartment of the Paris-Le Havre train the previous day; Lockwood had been instrumental in placing him aboard that train.

Never taking his eyes off the newspaper photo of Eugene except to dial, he telephoned the number Major Dembrow had instructed him to use during their first meeting. It was not a SHAPE exchange as far as Lockwood knew. "Major Dembrow," he said in a dry voice.

A female secretary on the other end asked him to wait just one moment and almost immediately the easy, familiar, and unexpectedly cultivated voice came through. "Hello, Mr. Lockwood," it said.

"How did you know who it was? I didn't give my name," Lockwood said.



ILLUSTRATED BY ED AUGUSTINY

"You're the only one in Paris who has this number," was the reply. "And I was expecting you to call."

"Then you know what's on my mind," Lockwood said in a steely tone. "How did Stengler get away from you people?"

"Calm yourself," the calm military voice on the other end said. "His friends got to him first."

Lockwood's grip on the phone receiver tightened and his hand grew damp as he listened. He could almost see the cold, strong, faintly aristocratic face and the tall, slender but powerful form of Major Dembrow. He had that air of someone accustomed to privilege, the tranquil bearing of old wealth which Lockwood had so often encountered in his own background, and he recalled the battle he had waged against this seemingly imperturbable and persuasive man, the battle which he had finally lost.

"If you fellows are so good, how did you let it happen? You were supposed to keep him under surveillance."

"This is not for a phone conversation, Mr. Lockwood. I'll contact you as soon as my restrictions are lifted by SHAPE."

"More security, I take it. A fat lot of good all that hocus-pocus did Eugene Stengler."

"Until then," Major Dembrow continued, "I suggest you go about life in a normal, everyday fashion, and initiate no further calls to this number. Is that clear, Mr. Lockwood?"

"Perfectly."

"Good. Goodbye."

Lockwood, cut adrift, put the receiver slowly back in its cradle on his desk. He stared thoughtfully into space. As a bomber pilot during the war he had been responsible as a matter of course for many deaths, and he tried to use this now as a sop to his not-quite-clear conscience. Was he any more to blame for Eugene, after all, than for the people killed in the air raids in which he had participated? But this reasoning seemed to fall short of its objective. After a moment, he grew indignant and finally was plunged into gloom.

He looked at the *Paris-Soir*, his attention riveted on the arrogant face of the

"Do you hate me?" she asked. "No," he answered coldly.

man who two years before had taken his wife from him.

Clare Lockwood Steugler was her name now, and eventually he would have to answer to her. As he looked down on the Boulevard Haussmann, bustling with activity even in the rain which had been falling since early that morning, he dreaded seeing her again, fearing the icy beauty that made him think of the figurehead on the prow of a Viking ship. He recalled that moment a few days before when Clare had asked him to help Eugene.

It had been a day like the present one; Paris in late spring was as unpredictable as fate itself, its changes of mood as abrupt and unexpected as Clare's appearance on the street near the Gare de Lyon.

"I had no idea you were in Paris," he had said fatuously, hard pressed to maintain his equilibrium. "Here. Let's go into the station cafe." There was something new in her manner, something uneasy. The rain was falling like a heavy vapor on the chance meeting; Clare said, "Hello, Peter," as though she had expected to run into him this way.

"What are you and Eugene doing in Paris?" he said, once they were seated in the cafe. "He *is* with you, I suppose."

"Yes," she answered. "He has a job. Or did have one."

"Fired, was he?" Lockwood wanted to throw her off guard; she was an adversary whose strength he could not estimate at the moment.

"Why did you stop when you saw me, Peter?" she asked. "Why didn't you pretend you hadn't seen me at all and keep right on?"

"I'd have no reason to do that, Clare."

"You were curious, that was why," she told him. "Curious about me, about how it has all come out."

"Yes, I suppose I was," he admitted.

"Do you still hate me?"

"Of course not, I never did."

"Yes, of course. What could I have been thinking of?"

Lockwood didn't know quite what to make of her retort. "I never dreamed you were interested in whether I did or not," he said. "How *have* things come out, by the way?"

"Well enough," she answered.

The cuff of her coat sleeve was just slightly frayed; a feeling of pity mingled with satisfaction came over Lockwood. "I hope that means everything is fine," he said.

"Nothing is fine all the way through, Peter," she said with a faint smile.

"Isn't it?"

The waiter brought their *cafe filtre* and departed. Then Clare said suddenly, "I've been thinking about you all day."

Her strength appeared to ebb, and she grew pale; she sipped her coffee as though to fortify herself against an icy wind. "You see, I had been planning to call on you, Peter," she said. "Running into you saved me the trouble."

"Was it to have been trouble?" he asked, watching her carefully.

"Eugene was writing a travel book for a small publisher in New York," she said. "That's how we happen to be in Europe."

"Did he ever finish it?"

"He never started it," she said without bitterness. "We were given an advance of fifteen hundred dollars which quickly ran out."

"Fifteen hundred dollars can."

"You can't expect to be right all the time, Peter," she said indulgently. "Or strong. People run out of gas."

"But that's not what you were coming to tell me, is it, Clare? An old, secret plague was beginning to spread; he must put it down before she found out about it.

"No." She paused. "I'll put it as simply as I can," she said. "We're broke and we have to get back to the States."

"How much do you need?" he said without hesitating.

"It's more than that," she went on. "It's impossible to book passage for the next two months because of the tourists."

"Well, that's not too far off. Book a sailing for whenever you can and I'll take care of it," he said.

"No," she said tensely. "We need it immediately."

He looked at her. "Why immediately?" he asked.

"Because I think it's best," she answered peremptorily. "Nothing can be done without a contact. You have many of them, Peter; you can get us on a ship."

"I see."

"Will you?" she said in a quiet challenging tone, the penetrating gray eyes riveted on his face.

Outside the rain was falling more heavily; there was something oddly unreal about the day, about sitting there; a deep sense of dissatisfaction had engulfed Lockwood. "Where are you staying?" he asked.

She gave him the name of an unspectacular little hotel on the Rue Bonaparte, a far cry from Eugene's accustomed haunts. "You will do this, won't you?" Clare said, as though it would have been unthinkably bad behavior on his part not to comply.

"Where's Eugene now?" Lockwood asked.

"He's at the hotel," she said. "He has a bad cold."

Lockwood was off his stride; she had calmly hung around his neck the responsibility of some shadowy trust that could manifest itself in only one way now.

"All right, Clare," he said before he knew that he was saying it. Every occasion when they had been together toward the end of five years of marriage had been like this: unfinished, empty, curiously painful. Their minds never quite met.

"Thanks, Peter," she said finally.

But why, he wanted to say, *do you need immediate passage back to the States so desperately?* He was not sure such a question would have been his prerogative; Lockwood was a man very much concerned with prerogative.

"Peter, I must go now," she said after a moment. "Can I call you tomorrow?"

"Well, I don't know that I can arrange anything that soon," he said weakly.

"Anything will do," she said. "Even a cargo vessel."

Again the question was on the tip of his tongue, but all he said was, "I'll try."

On the following day he met Major Dembrow for the first time. At ten o'clock in the morning Clare phoned, leaving him even more mystified. He had already arranged passage on a boat carrying phosphate out of Le Havre, scheduled to sail for the Baltimore range area two days later. "You can pick up the ticket at 12 Rue Bienfaisance," he told her, taking some satisfaction in the fact that both she and Eugene were now in his debt.

"I won't be able to get there, Peter," she said. Something in her tone told him she was lying.

"Won't be able to get there?"

"No," she went on. "You see, there are some last minute things to straighten out. Our car, for instance; we're selling it, naturally, and there's a lot of red tape attached to transference of the ownership papers."

"You have a buyer?"

"Yes. So would you pick up the tickets for me, Peter, and bring them to the hotel today?"

This was too much. "Listen, Clare," he said firmly. "What the hell is going on here?"

"I'll be out in Billancourt most of the day," she said in the tone one uses in speaking to someone who is stupid—a tone iced with impatience, quavering just a little. "I'm there right now, as a matter of fact, and the man I have to see isn't. I may have to wait for hours."

"You could leave and come back later."

"I might miss him; I don't want to take the chance."

"And tomorrow?"

"It would all be so rushed. I . . ."

"All right, all right. Never mind. I'll take care of it." And then he allowed himself one moment of open antagonism. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'll rather enjoy seeing Eugene again."

By then she had rung off and he was not sure she had heard him say it. But it didn't matter; there is nothing that hurts

as much as facing a benefactor one despises; and Eugene, Lockwood knew, would be bound to despise him under the circumstances.

After leaving the shipping office on the Rue Bienfaisance, he proceeded to the hotel on the Rue Bonaparte, a second-rate place, whose carpet was worn down by countless footsteps. While he waited uneasily for Eugene to answer his knock, a woman dressed in a faded peignoir came into the corridor from another room and repaired to the *cabinet*. Lockwood observed with some distaste her greasy, curlered hair and her slatternly manner.

Lockwood stood there, depressed by the surroundings. He decided he would not make a weapon out of his generosity. His taste for spite, he discovered, was a fleeting one. By now he would have slipped the envelope under the door, but he had already knocked. He knocked again and received no answer.

He tried the doorknob; the door was not locked so he walked in. It was a room typical of the rest of the building, and it was empty. Neither Eugene nor Clare was there.

"Mr. Stengler isn't in," Lockwood told the concierge after he had descended to the lobby. "Did you see him leave?"

"Not in?" the smallish, sharkskin-gray man repeated. He pursed his lips. "But he must be. His key is not on the hook and I would have seen him go out in any case. Ah. In the *cabinet*."

"No, he's not," Lockwood said, remembering the woman who had passed him in the corridor.

"That is strange," the concierge said. "Mr. Stengler never goes out. Not even for his meals."

"You mean that he never leaves his room?" Lockwood asked.

"Not in the daytime while I am here. Not half an hour ago I brought him his breakfast. Ah. Perhaps he is asleep."

"No. I looked into his room."

"The door was unlocked? I am astounded. He keeps it locked at all times."

Lockwood said nothing, and stood indecisively. "Tell me something," the concierge said in confidential tones. "This Mr. Stengler, he is a very nervous man, is he not?"

"Yes. Where can I sit down and wait for a while?"

The concierge nodded toward the front of the tiny lobby. "In that room."

"Thank you." Lockwood moved toward it hesitantly.

"I will tell him you are here if I should see him," the concierge said obligingly.

"If Mrs. Stengler should come in, tell her also, please."

"Mrs. Stengler?"

"Yes." Lockwood walked into the room. It looked like a rather unsuccessful fortunetelling parlor. Before he could light a cigarette in the dismal surroundings, he heard the concierge call, "But, monsieur, there is no Mrs. Stengler."

Lockwood came back to the desk. "What did you say?"

"There is no Mrs. Stengler," was the reply. "Only Mr. Stengler."

Lockwood stared at the man in amazement. "No Mrs. Stengler?"

"There is no Mrs. Stengler here, monsieur. I assure you."

Utterly routed, Lockwood departed from the hotel without further discussion. He walked along toward the Boulevard St.-Germain. I need a drink, he thought to himself.

When a tall, erect man wearing a black homburg approached him, Lockwood was sitting outside of the Deux Magots, the rain having ceased. The man introduced himself as Major Dembrow.

"The concierge in that hotel," he said, "told you a straight story, Mr. Lockwood."

"How do you know about that?" Lockwood said, both indignant and surprised.

"Because I was hidden in the telephone booth near the desk and heard everything that was said," the other replied.

"What right have you to sneak around and eavesdrop on other people's conversations?" Lockwood said.

"I'm G-2 liaison at SHAPE headquarters," he said, showing Lockwood an identity card in the fold of his wallet.

"That's a poor excuse."

The Major nodded. His bright blue eyes were set a little too close together, marring his otherwise symmetrical good looks. "Maybe," he conceded. "Anyhow, would you like to know why Mrs. Stengler is living at the Stockholm Hotel and not down the street with her husband?" Major Dembrow coolly lit a cigarette almost after the fashion of a stage detective, his eyes focused on the flame. Snapping the lighter shut, he said, "I can tell you if you'd like to hear."

"I'd appreciate your coming to the point." Lockwood's heart seemed to beat faster than usual.

"All right. Mr. and Mrs. Stengler worked a rather interesting stratagem against us a few days back. They split up and went off in different directions."

"Why should they concern you?"

"They just happen to; accept that much for the moment. Anyhow, we never lost Mrs. Stengler but Stengler himself managed to give us the slip, which was what they wanted. We stayed very close to her once she had checked into the Stockholm; she may not know who is following her but she is obviously aware that someone is. Nevertheless, she led us to you. It seemed just possible that you might be serving as a go-between for some reason or other; that's why you've been followed everywhere you've gone since yesterday."

"Thanks for keeping an eye on me."

"We believe that Mrs. Stengler asked you to perform some mission or other that she herself could not perform without leading us to Stengler. What was it?"

"You're on the wrong street, Major," Lockwood said, though it all rang true. "Anyway, if you're after Stengler, why didn't you pick him up while you had him in your sights?"

"Let's just say we wanted to see where he was going."

"What do you expect of me?" Lockwood said. "I don't know where Stengler is. What's this all about, anyway? What has he done?"

"Mrs. Stengler *did* ask you to see him, didn't she?"

"Why don't you just hang around until Stengler comes back?" Lockwood suggested uncooperatively.

"Because he's not coming back," the other said. "He had a window looking down on the Rue Bonaparte; I checked. He saw us both. He probably got out over the roof."

"I think you have the wrong man."

"Do you?"

"But if I see him I'll tell him you were asking about him."

"Don't tell him, Mr. Lockwood; tell me."

"It's not my affair under the circumstances."

The major's lean jaw muscles flexed. "The man's a traitor, Mr. Lockwood. Does it become your affair in that case?"

Lockwood stared at Major Dembrow, observed the hard candor of the man's eyes, the set, honest line of the mouth; he tried to conceal his consternation.

Major Dembrow said. "What did Mrs. Stengler tell you?"

Lockwood turned away from the other man's searching gaze. "Nothing that has any bearing on any of this," he answered.

"And you're ready to stand or fall on your own judgment?"

"Of course not, but . . ."

"But you won't tell me what prompted your attempt to visit Stengler?"

"Not without knowing more than I do."

"The particulars should have no bearing on your attitude," Major Dembrow said, hardening. "Either you disapprove of treason or you don't."

"I disapprove of treason," Lockwood said. "But only after it's been defined for me."

"Has it never been defined for you?"

"Many times. And each time it's defined a little differently from the last. If you happened to be George the Third, the American colonists were traitors; if you happened to be an American colonist, Benedict Arnold was one."

Dembrow crushed out his cigarette.

"You disappoint me, Lockwood. Your reputation is good, your family background is a fine one; you're in a responsible position with Ambay Oil."

"I'd have to know what he's alleged to have done."

"Security measures won't permit that."

"Maybe the evidence against him is faked."

"By whom?"

"How would I know? I'd have to hear the charges against him."

"He once proved to be a wife stealer," Dembrow said. "But by that time it was too late, wasn't it?"

There was silence. Dembrow may well have regretted such a remark. Lockwood signaled the waiter. "Another, please," he said; he was in a mood to behave like the dispirited cuckold. Ordinarily he confined his drinking to an occasional cocktail before dinner.

Dembrow finally said. "I have an idea they'll be calling on you again."

"Maybe," Lockwood said, hating Dembrow now.

"Will you contact me if they do?"

"I don't think they will."

"There's one thing I'm demanding of you whether you like it or not: silence. You're to say nothing of this to anyone. Is that understood?" Dembrow removed from his pocket a small calling card. "This is a private number where I can be reached, should you change your ideas. A C.Q. is on duty round the clock. You might also keep this number to yourself; security, you know." He said this last somewhat mockingly.

Lockwood watched Dembrow's departure, feeling rotten clear through. No matter what the circumstances, he could not put any man in the position of the hare; he could not turn the hounds, who were simply other men, toward the harried creature's lair; not even if the hare happened to be Eugene Stengler and the temptation to do so was powerful.

At four o'clock that afternoon he sat in his office with the phone receiver to his ear and listened while she said, "Peter, do me one more favor." She tried to make it all sound casual. "I'm still stuck out here in Billancourt; otherwise I wouldn't bother you with this—I'd do it myself. Eugene couldn't be there today when you arrived and we're both terribly sorry."

"Not at all," Lockwood said with icy politeness; if she caught it, she pretended she hadn't.

"So will you just run the tickets over to the railroad station? Don't go yourself: you can send someone."

"As a matter of fact," Lockwood said, "why don't I meet both of you someplace? We can all have dinner together, and I can give you the tickets then."

There was a long pause; Lockwood waited, momentarily gratified. Then he felt indecent about the whole thing.

"Peter," she said suddenly, in the decisive tone of one who has pondered long and is now forced to reveal something. "Peter. I have something to tell you."

"Oh?"

"But not on the phone. Come to the Stockholm Hotel as soon as you like. I'm staying there; I'll explain why when you arrive."

"All right," Lockwood said. "I'll be there at six-thirty."

When he arrived at the Stockholm, which was situated near the Place de l'Étoile, there was no place to park on the Rue Vernet, a narrow street; he felt the eyes of the G-2 upon him as he drove by the hotel and turned back to the striped-awning world of the Champs-Élysées. Lockwood maneuvered his Delahaye into a vacant space among the cars on the sidewalk near a movie house. He was somewhat self-conscious because he knew he was being watched as he walked back toward the Rue Vernet.

"I'm not going away with Eugene, Peter," Clare announced right away. She seemed worn and tired. "You see," she went on, a smile searing meagerly into one corner of her mouth, "there's trouble."

"I gathered that," he said quietly, faintly uncomfortable in the privacy of her room.

"I haven't seen Eugene in four days," she began, sitting down. "Somebody is following me; I don't know who or exactly why. I only know that Eugene is in danger. That's why I wanted you to take care of the passage; I told you it was for both of us, but actually it's for Eugene only. If I were to join Eugene before he got safely out of Europe, they'd follow me to him. Do you see?"

"Why on earth would anyone be hunting Eugene? Have you asked yourself that?"

"Peter," she said, with some difficulty, "send the tickets to the Gare de Lyon. You can't go personally; you're being watched also."

"Oh?"

"Eugene saw someone following you from his window this morning. That's why he ran out before you could get to his room. He told me about it on the phone."

"In that case, why don't we simply confront our followers, Clare? Ask them why they're following us." He came to the point: "Or we could inform the police."

In a subdued tone, she answered. "No. Eugene is in some kind of trouble. The police would only complicate matters."

Lockwood waited, and rather wearily Clare went on. "I don't know what it is, Peter; that's the truth. But it started in Berlin, when we were there a few months ago. The book Eugene was trying to write was a complete bust and he thought he'd failed me.

"I tried to tell him it wasn't true," she continued, rising and walking to the window. "It was all rather beside the point to be upset about finances." She paused and then continued. "Anyhow, we suddenly had money from nowhere; not a fortune by any means, but a good lump sum. Eugene said it was from his publisher in New York, but I don't think he ever expected me to believe him. The next thing I knew we were suddenly running. First to Vienna and then to Paris. Someone—evidently the source of the mysterious manna from heaven—was after Eugene."

"He said he had uncovered a black market operation, an outlet that was bootlegging restricted American materials to Communist countries. Whoever they were, they knew he had this information in his possession. They were the ones who were hunting us."

"Is that all?"

"Except that Eugene said that if we could get out of Europe alive, he would turn his information over to the proper authorities and then sell the exclusive inside story to one of the magazines or news services in the States."

"But you say you're not going with him."

"Not now. It's impossible."

"Do you believe all this, Clare?"

"I don't know."

"My guess is you don't believe a word of it. If you did, you'd have insisted that Eugene go to the nearest United States embassy for sanctuary. Better than that, if it were true, Eugene himself would have done that without having to be told."

Staring down at the Rue Vernet, she said. "I don't think any of that is important now. All that matters is that Eugene get on that boat tomorrow and safely out to sea."

Lockwood said nothing.

"If Eugene has done anything off color, he has done it for me."

Lockwood removed the envelope from his pocket. "Here," he said. "They can't keep tabs on everybody in the hotel. Send for one of the chambermaids or a porter; someone will be glad to deliver this for a couple of hundred francs." One simply did not seize an opportunity to hurt someone he didn't like on just any grounds at all; there was always the chance of having let personal animosity taint one's sense of fair play. Clare and Eugene had failed conspicuously, and this was enough.

"I don't suppose you're hungry," he said, picking up his coat, "but I am." He wanted to get away by himself now.

She followed him to the door. "If you

had refused to do this," she admitted sincerely, "I would have understood."

"Nonsense," he said almost pompously. "My attitude is that if Eugene has something coming to him, someone else can give it to him." He knew he sounded sour but at least he was done with it.

When he got outside the hotel there wasn't a person on the street. His trailers might be expert, but they were not expert enough to blend into a blank wall or become part of the misty rainfall. He was alone. They would pick him up again when he returned to his car. Lockwood stopped dead in his tracks. The idea of eluding them was very appealing. It was simply a matter of not returning to the Champs-Élysées where his car was parked. He stood perfectly still in the darkened street and pondered for a moment or two. Then he walked off to the Place de l'Étoile and hailed a taxi. "Place Clichy," he told the driver.

He left the cab at the Boulevard Rochechouart, a sordid street where the most depressing and least expensive *poules* paraded. Lockwood walked aimlessly. After several blocks he began to grow hungry and turned toward the Place Clichy where the Café Wepler was situated.

He looked forward to eating leisurely in the brassy atmosphere where acrobats, tango dancers, and singers performed in front of a full orchestra while fifty waiters served several hundred patrons, out of reach of Clare, Eugene, and the G-2. When he was halfway through dinner, Lockwood realized that he knew the man at the table next to his own: Major Dembrow.

"What do you want?" Lockwood asked querulously.

A burst of applause from the diners forestalled an answer. Major Dembrow smiled deferentially. Finally he managed to make himself heard through the music, hand clapping, and the scuffle of waiters. "This morning you seemed to be interested in certain details. Well, now you can hear all of them. Why don't we just finish our dinners together and go someplace and talk?"

A group of Oriental tumblers were bouncing about when Lockwood and the major left the restaurant. They went by taxi to the butte near the Sacre Coeur. They stood near the guard rail overlooking a good part of the city. Then the major said, "Do you believe Benedict Arnold was a traitor?"

"Major, I don't want to seem rude, but I find all this cloak and dagger stuff a little fatiguing."

"Still think we're on the wrong street, do you?"

"All wrong, a dead end."

"Then Mrs. Stengler gave you a story."

"Stengler doesn't even know you're

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after him; he thinks it's a black market gang."

"Is that what you've been told?"

"Yes. So why don't you stop badgering me and pick up Stengler on your own time?"

"Because I've received special permission to give you a few facts on condition you keep them to yourself."

A challenge had been thrown down: Major Dembrow lit a cigarette against the breeze. "I'll give you the essentials," he said with shattering confidence. "Somewhere along the line while in Berlin, Stengler managed to contact a civilian employee in the C.I.A.—a German. From this man he was able to secure a top secret document that is strictly military. I don't think it would be too extravagant to call it the hottest single intelligence item in NATO."

Despite himself, Lockwood said, "What is it?" The Major didn't answer promptly and Lockwood added, "Or is that where this fascinating story ends?"

"It's a list," Dembrow replied, "containing the name and location of every major Intelligence contact and agent we have in Europe. In the wrong hands it could destroy the network of listening posts that took years to build up."

Lockwood, incredulous, said, "You mean Stengler is an agent for . . ."

"Not exactly. It's our guess he's an information seller. There's no national allegiance involved. The highest bidder comes first."

Thunderstruck, Lockwood said, "You've corroborated this?"

"Not completely. Whoever the highest bidders are," Dembrow added, "they probably know we're onto him. That makes him dangerous to them. And as soon as he hands the list over to them they'll probably try to kill him. But with us there now that won't happen."

"What about the German in the C.I.A.?"

"About a month ago we first got wind of the whole affair and were able to track it down to this German; before we could get to him he met with a fatal automobile accident along the *autobahn* outside of Berlin." The major shrugged. "That's why we've no proof at the moment."

Lockwood was past resentment; he wanted time to think. He made a nervous little gesture with his hand. "Damn it, why should I have to be the hatchet man in this thing?"

"Listen, Mr. Lockwood; I have had the same basic education you have had. But during the war I put it into cold storage." The man's eyes caught a sourceless light as he and Lockwood began to walk slowly downhill. "When you're fighting for your life you don't apply college rules; you use your knee or you perish—a gentleman and a boob. So you put Princeton behind you. This is a world in which sportsmanship as you and I have learned it can be pure idiocy."

"I need a drink."

"No, you don't. You need a clear look at yourself. Quit bending over backwards trying to be fair. You're fair without trying to be. But just don't expect everyone else to think so."

"But what if he's the wrong man?"

"What if he's the right man?"

Lockwood walked in silence beside the major; it was a prelude to capitulation; he knew Major Dembrow was confident of this. The only sounds were the footfalls of the two men as they walked downhill on the dark twisting street. It was a long time before Lockwood spoke. In an empty tone of voice he said:

"I don't know where he is now. But I know where he'll be by tomorrow."

Dembrow let him talk, walking slowly, patiently alongside.

"There's a boat ticket waiting for him at the Gare de Lyon . . ."

A moment later Lockwood was by himself, and the Major was going off down the winding street toward the bottom of Montmartre. The deed was done. Lockwood reached the Boulevard Rochechouart a few minutes after that, hailed a cab and went to his apartment on the Rue Daru. He slept poorly that night.

The following afternoon he sat abstractedly in his office. He thought perhaps he would get away from Paris for a while; the Ambay interests in Saudi Arabia could serve as an excuse. But on the following day, before he could take advantage of the device, came the news of Eugene's murder. Now he couldn't leave; Clare was a widow and he had helped to make her one.

The report said that Eugene had been knifed: it also listed him as an author: the pretense was carried to the grave. Lockwood looked upon it sympathetically.

After Major Dembrow had all but hung up in his face and he had finished thinking about the past, Lockwood sat in a trance at his desk. His secretary entered the office. "Mrs. Stengler is here to see you, Mr. Lockwood."

Lockwood nodded slowly, resignedly. "Send her in," he said. He rose as she entered, stood behind a chair as she sat down. "I'm terribly sorry, Clare," he said.

"First I failed you," she said. "And now I've failed him."

Lockwood hadn't expected this tone from her. "Failed?" he echoed. "What do you mean, Clare?"

"What do I mean?" she said. "Simply that I've been a wife to two men and did neither of them any great service."

"Clare . . ."

"It's true, Peter. First you: in that instance I was purely decorative—"

"Now wait—"

"—nothing more. There was nothing I was able to give a man whose strength and standing were so far superior to my own. With or without me you were Peter Lockwood, man of distinction. I felt so unneeded."

"That's rather ironic," he said sadly.

"It shouldn't be. I've been very consistent. If it hadn't been for me Eugene would never have got mixed up with those people."

"You mustn't think that, Clare."

"It's true, I'm afraid."

"None of what you're saying is true, especially about Eugene."

"What do you mean?"

He came to her chair. "I'm to blame, in a way, much more than you."

"What do you mean?" she said again.

"Eugene was a traitor, Clare," he told her directly. "The people following you were from the G-2; the people who killed Eugene were foreign agents."

Her eyes widened.

"The G-2 men were trailing him: I put them onto him. His confederates got to him before the G-2 could stop them."

"I can't believe it," she said.

"Would you believe it if you were told by the Army Intelligence?"

She didn't answer.

"It's still a top secret affair, but I'm sure they will grant you special consideration under the circumstances."

Her agreement was never any more than tacit. In a few minutes they were driving in Lockwood's Delahaye toward SHAPE outside of Paris. Only once as she sat alongside him during the ride did she speak. "I thought I loved him because he loved me. But what I felt was not love. It was appreciation."

"Appreciation?" Lockwood said.

"He made me feel wanted."

Lockwood swallowed hard. I'll make her feel wanted, he vowed. But he said nothing.

When they reached SHAPE and got out of the car, she said. "What's the use, Peter? I'm sure you did what you knew you must. Let's not go in."

"I insist, Clare. If you hear from Major Dembrow's lips what I was confronted with and how I came to disclose Eugene's whereabouts, you will never have any doubts: you'll never wonder if perhaps I acted out of bias or personal animosity."

"Yes, sir?" An M.P., white-helmeted, confronted them at the main gate.

"I'm here to see Major Dembrow, G-2 section. My name is Lockwood."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No. But I'm sure he'll see me."

A private escorted Lockwood and Clare to the G-2 section; they walked in silence until they reached Dembrow's

office. "Right in here, sir. The secretary will take care of you."

Dembrow's secretary was a WAC sergeant who sat alone in a small outer office, busy at a typewriter. She glanced up, half smiled. "You wanted to speak with Major Dembrow?"

"Yes," Lockwood replied. "We'll wait if he's busy."

The secretary raised a confidential finger. "I'll check," she said, rising. At the door to Dembrow's private office she paused, looked at Lockwood and then at Clare, and again at Lockwood before she said, "Is this some sort of personal matter?"

Lockwood said: "He knows all about it, I assure you."

She disappeared inside.

Lockwood and Clare waited, Clare pensive and aloof. Lockwood made no attempt to converse with her. Very shortly the WAC returned. "Just one moment, please," she said returning to her desk.

Lockwood waited, anticipating Dembrow's displeasure and not caring a damn. He had taken just about all the high-handedness he was going to take; security had nothing to do with incivility. He set himself as the inner office door opened. A man in uniform, a gold oak leaf on each shoulder, came out. He was about fifty, narrow-eyed, snub-nosed, and somewhat stoop-shouldered. "Can I help you?" he asked flatly.

Lockwood looked at the top of his thinning, sandy-haired head. "Well, actually," Lockwood said, annoyance mounting toward rage within him. "I wanted to see Major Dembrow. I'd rather not talk to anyone else."

The uniformed man eyed him curiously. "All right," he said. "I'm Major Dembrow. What is it?"

The events of the past two days flashed before Lockwood's eyes: the start, the finish, and everything in between. He stood there gaping. "Are there two of you?" he asked foolishly.

"Two of what?" the man in the major's uniform said.

Lockwood felt his hands and feet go cold. "Two . . . Major Dembrows . . ." Clare was now standing next to him.

"Not to my knowledge."

"No Dembrow anywhere besides you?" Lockwood said quietly, desperately. "A tall man, dark . . ."

"I'm the only Major Dembrow at SHAPE," the other said. "Or anywhere in the U.S. Army, as far as I know. What is all this about? Here. Let's step into my office . . ."

Lockwood steeled himself against running out of the place. "You've been impersonated," he said, feeling he was going to be sick. "Let's go inside. I'll tell you all I know about it . . ."

THE END

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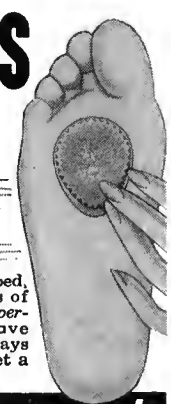

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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

Pages 24 to 27 of this issue!

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Hero in Blue Serge Chaps

He was a mere father—mild and unheroic—but he had promised his kids a cowboy in person. He would bring him in, dead or alive

BY JOHN KEASLER ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

"YOU MEN KEEP GOING THATAWAY—LONE WOLF AND I'LL HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE GULCH!" Mr. Thomas Bunton's damned television set proclaimed, and went cloppety, cloppety, cloppety.

"Martha, will you please turn the damned television down?" Mr. Bunton inquired, rhetorically, through his evening paper, in the direction of his wife.

Mr. Bunton's two children, Louise, six, and Junior, eight, sat hypnotized in front of the set, their eyes protruding like geodesic domes. Their mouths were open. They have television gap-jawitis, Bunton thought, despairingly, getting up himself and turning down the volume a few thousand decibels. They watch everything. Why, he wondered, would my children be fascinated by a commercial for car wax?

"Shinawax has more secret ingredients than any other leading brand tested," the announcer, who had shiny teeth, shouted exuberantly. "Now—back to Montana Mack McGee, scourge of outlaws, pride of the frontier prairie!"

"BANG!" said Mr. Bunton's damned television. "BANG BANG BANG BANG!"

"Why don't they go outside and play while it's still light?" Bunton asked a deaf universe. "Kids these days don't ever seem to play kick-the-can at dusk any more, things like that. Kids these days don't get enough exercise."

"Look who's talking," said Martha Bunton, looking over her magazine pointedly at Bunton's middle, which was not undernourished. He inhaled unobtrusively. He glowered at his wife.

Montana Mack McGee sat lean in the saddle. A homesteader's daughter, who looked about as rural as a cigarette girl at Ciro's, clung breathlessly to him. *He* seems to get plenty of exercise, Bunton thought. I'm going on a diet, he told himself. Monday. No sense starting a diet on Friday. I guess I'd better get rid of those bottles of beer in the refrigerator so I won't be tempted on Monday, he thought virtuously. It's simply a matter of will power, that's all.

"Here comes the incoherent answer to Horace Greeley," said Mrs. Bunton, looking out the picture window.

Will Hinley, his hat on the back of his head, shambled up the sidewalk, whistling. He was a newspaperman, a bachelor who lived down the street with his sister. He turned up the Buntons' walk.

Tom Bunton met Hinley at the door and said, "Hi, Will. You're just in time to help out on a little temptation removing."

Will Hinley said, "Huh?"

"You want a beer?"

"Well now, there's a silly question," said Hinley. "Why don't you turn that damned television down? Hi, kids. Hi, Martha."

The two men sat in the kitchen where it was relatively quiet. Hinley, listening to the bang-bang, said idly, "I interviewed that character today."

"McGee? Why isn't he in Montana?"

"Personal appearance tour," Hinley said. "I got some autographed pictures for those hellions of yours and—say!"

"What?"

"Lemme use your phone."

"Sure. Why?"

"Look," Will said. "I've got to line up some pictures of this guy, for the Sunday paper. I was going to have them taken out at the rodeo grounds, but that's been done over and over. Why don't I have them taken here?"

"Here?" said Bunton. "Here?"

"Sure," said Will. "Right here at your house. The kids would get a hang out of it. They could have their friends in, have a regular party: get their pictures taken, shake hands with Montana, autographs, that sort of thing."

"Say!" said Bunton. "Boy, they would love that. Would McGee do it?"

"Sure. Publicity is publicity," said Hinley, and dialed the Herrington Arms.

Montana Mack McGee thought it was an excellent idea. Three-thirty tomorrow. Definitely. Fine idea. Right. Mr. Tom Bunton would pick him up at the hotel. Right. Good. Fine. Okay.

"You'll drive him out here," Hinley said, hanging up. "The photographer and I will meet you here."

Bunton felt himself getting excited to the point of feeling silly.

Will Hinley grinned, "Lay it on thick, Pop."

"Why sure," said Bunton. "How often does a wholesale druggist get to look glamorous to his kids?"

Tom Bunton stuck his thumbs in his belt, swaggered into the living room, struck a pose and said loudly, "All you waddies cut out the jawing and listen here to me."

Martha Bunton looked at him curiously. Even the children looked up.

"Having an old pal over tomorrow afternoon," Slim Bunton drawled. "Montana Mack McGee. Ain't seen him since we cleaned up Dodge City together."

"How much beer was in that icebox?" inquired Martha.

"Who?" squalled Junior. "Who's coming?"

"What?" shrieked Louise. "What's happening?"

"You heered it right," said Kid Bunton, leaning on a nearby corral. "My old sidekick, Montana Mack. In the flesh."

Pandemonium. Doubt. Assurance. Undiluted delight.

"Daddy," said Louise, wide-eyed and radiant, "I didn't know you used to be a cowboy when you were young."

"Tell her, Will," Bunton said coolly, and Will, never at a loss for words, told her. He was a feature man and fast on the deadline. He told her.

The kids scooted off in all directions, small Paul Reveres, spreading the word

—Montana Mack McGee was coming, somehow, by some miracle, to their very own house on Spring Street!

Will Hinley removed the last of the caloric temptation and went home. Two-gun Bunton sat on the sofa railing, his confident profile outlined against the purple sunset.

He said after a while, "Us strong silent types are pretty impressive, huh, ma'am?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake," said Martha Bunton.

"Better stock in some sasparilly."

"How about some hay canapés?"

"Nothing's too good for us heroes," Bunton said, practicing his draw.

"You know," said Martha, smiling, "you're right. Now how about getting off your horse and fixing that leaky faucet in the basement?"

Tom Bunton opened his eyes the next morning, shut them, snapped them open and almost shouted in alarm. A small dog, a large dog and seven children were lined up alongside the bed, staring at him. The large dog's nose was some three inches from his nose. It was no way to start a day.

"Whuddle?" he said confusedly. "Wha?"

"That's my daddy," Louise said.

"Tell 'em about Dodge City," said Junior.

"You don't look like a cowboy. You look worse than my daddy," said a small cynic with jam on his face.

The large dog, having weighed some secret evidence and come to a favorable conclusion, reached out and moved a large wet tongue across the nose of the Dodge City Kid.

Bunton felt his reason tottering, finally came fully awake, remembered it was Montana Mack day on Spring Street.

"Martha," he called hoarsely. "Help!"

"Outside, kids!" his wife commanded, entering the bedroom. "Buster here has to get his chaps on."

"No low humor," croaked Bunton. "Coffee. Hurry. Pretty early for a mass invasion, isn't it?"

"You should see the back yard," Martha said. "Only the bolder souls infiltrated up here. There must be fifteen kids around, and no telling how many dogs, awaiting the great event."

All that Saturday morning Mr. Thomas Bunton was a big man on Spring Street. Other fathers shouted witty sayings at him, and regarded him with secret envy. Will Hinley called up to say it might be a good idea to go down a little early in case McGee needed time to get his costume on. The mailman, an irrepressible soul, greeted the Bunton household with a cowboy yell instead of a whistle blast. Stinky Wilson rode a runaway pinto broomstick through the screen of the kitchen door.

Bunton finally took to the pantry and sat there by himself drinking coffee. The time dragged. He looked at his wrist watch a thousand times. He repeatedly declined interviews with hero-worshippers, after several unfortunate tries. He wasn't clear on the precise details of his cowboy career as outlined by Will Hinley.

"I'm afraid to go fix the faucet!" he snapped at his wife, shortly after lunch. "The basement is full of inquisitors. What did I do after Kit Carson and I boxed Geronimo into Coyote Canyon—what did that frustrated Zane Grey tell them about that?"

"Something about riding in hidden under a buffalo, I believe," said Martha. "That doesn't sound right though, does it?"

Secreted in an upstairs bedroom, Bunton tried to read. His stomach was nervous. At about one-thirty, he gave up and backed his automobile out of the driveway. *How the hell do you hide under a buffalo?* he wondered irritably. The throng of kids on his front lawn watched him in quiet awe.

Tom Bunton waved and drove his three-year-old, dark sedan, with chocolate ice cream dried on the seat covers, toward the Herrington Arms. He turned a corner in his familiar neighborhood, the one he'd grown up in, and suddenly he remembered for a split instant how it felt to be a child.

It was only a flash, as such memories always are, a sudden peek into forgotten things, but it made his heart swell with a sad, sad happiness, and the chill gray day was beautiful, a momentary miracle, passing too swiftly.

"Giddy-yap," he said. "Gsk, gsk."

Will Hinley had already told him the hotel room number, so he went straight up in the elevator and knocked at Montana Mack McGee's door. He had drunk so much coffee, killing time, that he had a headache.

"Enter, lackey!" a voice boomed.

He entered.

Four people stared at the average-looking, ill-at-ease man in the blue suit. Two were girls wearing too much make-up. The third was a tall, thin man with a face like a dyspeptic fox. The fourth was Montana Mack McGee.

Bunton held his hat awkwardly in front of him and started to speak.

"Well," said Montana Mack McGee. "A plainclothesman bellhop. What they gonna think of next?"

"I—I'm Tom Bunton. I—"

"Bully for you," said Foxface. "But the personal appearance isn't until tomorrow. No autographs until then. Goodbye."

"Bunton, Bunton, who's got the Bunton?" said Montana Mack. He was wearing flannel slacks, a black sports shirt and expensive-looking carpet slippers. "Bellhop, bellhop, who's got the bellhop?"

He was holding an empty glass.

"Ah," said Bunton. "Uh, Mr. Hinley of

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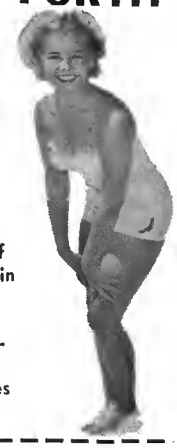

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the *Courier* called. You will recall. Setting up pictures? At my house?"

"Friend," said Foxface, "I have no idea what you're mumbling about. I'm Mr. McGee's agent—I handle all such matters. If you wish to negotiate some kind of personal appearance I'll be glad to talk to you. Monday. Right now Mr. McGee is—very busy."

"Martini, Martini," the pride of the frontier prairie crooned to himself. "Who's got the bunthop?"

Mr. McGee was unsober.

"Some other time perhaps," Foxface said coldly, steering Bunton to the door firmly, guiding him out, and shutting the door—click—in Mr. Bunton's face.

Tom Bunton stood there in the corridor, looking blankly at the door.

He stood there quite a while. He was having trouble thinking straight. He had no idea what to do. He was too confused to become angry. Methodically he tried to put the pieces together. His mind felt numb. He looked at his watch. It was something to do. They will be expecting me in an hour, he thought.

They will be expecting me in an hour, he thought then with horrible clarity, and as clearly as on a twenty-one-inch screen he suddenly saw a picture of the kids on his front lawn, each child in the precise stance in which he had left him, waiting.

From inside the room came a high girlish trill of inane and somehow cruel laughter.

It was a trigger. It released the anger. The anger came all at once, a cold. pure. hard anger he did not remember ever having experienced. He was afraid of it, therefore. Because he was a family man.

"Excuse me, sir," said a voice behind him.

He looked around at the bellhop with the tray of Martinis. He moved aside to let the bellhop by. The bellhop, with his bellhop's unseeing face, did not deign to show curiosity about a man standing in a hotel corridor staring blankly at a door. The bellhop merely rapped on the door and called, "Room service."

"Enter, lackey!" a voice boomed.

The bellhop walked in. Bunton walked in right behind him.

"Yooohahhh!" bellowed Montana Mack, spying the tray. "Yeeehooo!"

"Be quiet, Mack," snapped the agent.

"Well," said one of the girls. looking Bunton up and down, "here's Chubby again."

"I want you to listen to me a minute," Bunton said quietly to the agent.

"Gimme pencil." McGee said to the bellhop. and signed the check. "Have a drink."

"No thank you. sir," said the bellhop. Abstractedly, Bunton noticed that the bellhop was middle-aged and tired looking. The bellhop left.

"Bud, I asked you to leave," the agent said to Bunton. "Do we have to make a federal case of it?"

"Please. Please. Just one second." It was a fervently hopeful plea. "Just one second. There has been some mistake. Mr. McGee promised, gave his word, that —take your hand off my arm, please."

"Just leave," said Foxface. "That's all. Goodbye."

The fingers bit into Bunton's arm as the tall man pulled at him, almost pulled him off balance.

"Look," said Bunton. He held the coldness in a hard knot. "Look. There's a whole neighborhood full of kids out on Spring Street who are waiting for—"

"Don't break my heart," said the agent, not unkindly. "Now look, friend. You're a big boy. You've got eyes. You see the set-up. Do you need a blueprint? Tell the kiddies Mr. McGee fell off a wagon and fractured his contract, tell 'em he got sick—tell 'em anything. But leave!"

"Mr. McGee," Bunton pleaded directly to Montana Mack McGee, who was fishing in his glass for an olive. "You don't want to disappoint these—now look, friend, don't pull on me like that *any more*!"

I can't cause any disturbance, thought Mr. Thomas Bunton, *because it wouldn't look good.*

"I said, *leave*!" Foxface snapped, and yanked so hard on Thomas Bunton that he untied the hard knot, all at once.

And Bunton put his open hand on the agent's chest and shoved him so hard he fell back on the bed, flat on his back.

"Let me finish explaining," Mr. Bunton said. "This is very important to those kids and it's your responsibility to—"

"Hey!" roared Montana Mack, jumping up and crossing the room fast. "Who the hell you think you are, pushing my friend?"

The scourge of the outlaws charged and, swinging wildly, looped a fist glancingly off Bunton's mouth.

Bunton smashed his right fist straight and hard into Montana Mack McGee's left eye and Mr. McGee ricocheted off the wall and fell flat on the carpet, where he lay in peace. One of the girls said *oooh*. Foxface sat up on the bed but did not stand up.

"Call room service," Bunton told the agent, not unkindly. "Tell them to send up black coffee. Lots of it."

The agent looked at him blankly.

"*Did you hear me*?" Bunton spaced his words carefully. "Room service? Black coffee? Lots of it?"

The agent's chin went up and down. He heard him. He got up and picked up the telephone dazedly.

Bunton knelt and turned the serenely restful form of Montana Mack over on its back.

The agent croaked, "Black coffee." Then he stood there motionless, as if he had forgotten how to hang up a telephone.

"Don't just stand there," said Bunton. "Turn the cold shower on."

The redhead with the trilling laugh worked her mouth as if it were very dry. In a tiny voice. she ventured, "What are you doing?"

Bunton unbuckled Mr. McGee's belt. looked up briefly at the redhead and said, "I'm undressing him, Chubby."

The young women fled.

"You stay." Bunton said to the agent. "Grab his feet."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Montana. "Don't want you to think—"

"Certainly don't want you to think—" said Mr. Smithers, the agent.

"Please." said Mr. Bunton, turning a corner. "Please. Forget it."

It was a day long remembered on Spring Street. Montana Mack McGee had never been more glamorous. He had on his black cowboy outfit with the white chaps and the silver spurs. The pictures in the *Courier* on Sunday were excellent. Montana held kiddies on his lap. He told stories. He gave autographs.

His eyes were red from riding pell-mell through the prairie dust and one eye was black from a buffalo stampede, but he was the epitome of a lean and fearless cowboy and the children would never, as long as they lived, forget that day on Spring Street.

The party was over. The men gathered in the kitchen where some redeye had been laid in for toasts. They exchanged toasts. Mr. Smithers seemed to need his toast most. Then the agent and the cowboy rode back to town with the reporter and the cameraman. The wholesale druggist bade them farewell. He had a puffed lip but he certainly didn't care, although his wife had been regarding him with the greatest suspicion.

As the men were leaving. Mrs. Thomas Bunton. who was no dummy, whispered to Montana Mack McGee, "Mack, how *did* you get that shiner?"

Mr. McGee grinned a trifle one-sidedly and said, "Martha, let's just say I ran into a swinging institution."

Mrs. Bunton looked for her husband but he was in the basement.

"Thomas Bunton," she said. "Come up here."

"How the hell can a man fix anything if nobody puts the pliers back where they belong?" came a muffled voice.

"BANG!" screamed little cowboys up and down the street. "BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!"

THE END

His worshippers crowded around as Montana Mack told how he had got the black eye in a buffalo stampede.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

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For a man whom vicious cruelty had made viciously cruel this job was ideal. Now he could pursue, lawfully and lustfully, the innocent and the guilty alike

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

Lee Bronson had spent the warm afternoon of a Saturday in October on the small, shady porch of his rented home at 1024 Arcadia Street correcting the English themes turned in on Friday by his class. He was twenty-eight, a big lean man with wide hard shoulders, short brown hair, gray eyes, an habitual expression of wry patience.

Lucille had gone to the public pool with Ruthie, her best girl friend. He knew she would be back soon, that she would forget the six-pack of cold beer he had asked her to pick up, that she would barrel the old Plymouth into the driveway with reckless jounce of springs and smack of worn shock absorbers, that she would whine about having to swim in the public pool when they could so easily become members of the Crown Ridge Club, that during the evening she would become abusive about being taken for "granite."

He was nearly finished when loud banging on the screen door of the porch startled and annoyed him. As he pushed his chair back from the card table, the door opened and a man walked in without invitation, a thick-set man with a soft belly, a narrow gray face, a crumpled nose, and tiny, arrogant, blue eyes set in puffs of stained flesh. He wore a cheap, baggy, gray suit. He carried the suit coat over his arm, his left arm. The left hand in a soiled white glove that fit too tightly was obviously artificial. He wore a yellow clip-on bow tie with a sweaty white shirt. His gray felt hat with stained band was shoved back off his forehead. He brought onto the small porch an almost visible aroma of rancid perspiration.

"Bronson?" he said.

Lee's anger faded quickly as he recognized all the signs. This was cop, mean cop. If you grew up on the streets of Hancock, especially in that neon jungle called the Sink, you learned to smell cop. You could grow up and help fight a war and get an education and become a respectable teacher and athletic coach and embryo novelist and live with your pretty and shallow wife in a much more respectable section of the city, but you could never quite lose the animal wariness and the protective gift of quick identification.

"My name is Lee Bronson," he said. "What can I do for you?"

His expression made her feel crawly. "You know about the money," he said, closing in.

"Keefler," the man said. "Parole officer." He sat down in the other wicker chair without invitation, and shoved his hat back another half inch.

"I suppose this is about Dan?"

Keefler looked unwell. His breathing was shallow and asthmatic. "Who else?"

"But I thought Mr. Richardson—"

"Rich used to have him. Now he's on my list with a lot of other hard types. Four months ago I was a cop and then a punk kid hit this wrist with a forty-five and they took off the hand. You maybe read about it. I killed the kid. Now Danny Bronson is on my list, and when was the last time you seen him?"

"I'll have to think a minute. He was paroled in May. He came out here then. And . . . twice since then. The last time was late July. I can give you the date. The twenty-fifth. Three months ago."

"Now haven't you got that all pinned down nice!"

"It isn't so unusual. It was the day after my birthday. He brought out a present. That's why I remember."

"Expensive?"

"A leather desk set with pen and pencil and a clock calendar."

"Go get it."

"It's not here. It's at the school, in my office. I'd guess it cost maybe thirty dollars."

"What was he doing then, back in July?"

"He didn't say. What's the trouble, anyway? Why all these questions?"

Keefler plucked a cigarette from the package in his shirt pocket, lit a match dextrously with one hand, dropped the match on the floor. "I want him. He's in violation of parole, Bronson. I want him and he's going back to State Prison at Alton and finish out the seven years and seven months he owes. And don't try to hold out on me."

"I don't intend to."

"I'm not going at this like a parole officer, Bronson. I'm doing a cop job on this. I grew up in the Sink just like the Bronson boys. I checked you out before I came out here. You got a record, too, little brother."

Lee looked at him incredulously. "That's a strange way to put it, Keefler."

"It's my way. It's the cop way. A record is a record. You were arrested three times. No convictions."

"Good Lord, be reasonable, Keefler. You know you couldn't grow up there without being hauled in once in a while. I told a straight story and the charges were dropped each time."

He resented Keefler's lumping him and Danny together. Danny was the elder by three years. They were the only sons of Jerry Bronson, captain and half owner of one of the river tugs. When Lee was ten months old, Jerry Bronson fell between the tug and some pilings while drunk and was crushed to death. Elvita Bronson made two more marriages, but her luck was bad. One man, a dock worker, was killed in the chronic warfare on the docks. After that they moved into a cold water flat in the Sink. The third husband beat her regularly until he sickened of her and left without warning. She had no people to turn to. She worked sporadically as a waitress. Life had defeated her. She drank heavily and brought men to the flat.

Both Bronson boys were husky. Danny found sly ways of keeping money in his pockets. Lee earned his after-school money in more difficult ways and in smaller quantities. Danny quit school at sixteen. By the time he was nineteen, he was big and sleek and tough, and it was common knowledge that he worked for Nick Bouchard, the racket boss of Hancock. It was a big, venal city, Hancock. A lakeside city, tough, brawling, cynical and lewd. And in the Sink and the rest of the city, Bouchard was king. By the time he was nineteen, Danny was making enough so that Elvita could quit working. Lee, for reasons he could not understand or explain to himself, had taken a different road. At sixteen he was a sophomore at West Lake High School, a star hundred-and-eighty-pound wingback on a football team that could have whipped half the small colleges in the country. Both he and Danny were respected in the Sink, but for different reasons. That was the year Danny drew a pre-arranged trey at Alton, and served two years. Every Monday while he was gone, a plain envelope with fifty dollars in it was delivered to the flat. Danny got out during the spring of Lee's senior year.

Lee used his all-state halfback rating to drive a hard bargain with a middle-sized university. With part of the fifteen hundred he got under the table, and with a thousand from Danny, they bought a small house and moved Elvita out of the Sink. Lee's plans were clear. Make All-American. Sign with the pros. He liked the game.

But it didn't work out that way. His best season was the freshman year. He came in contact with a few faculty members who lit fires in the immature mind. He had always been intelligent. They stimulated his imagination. He read a great deal, sometimes the whole night through, and the world of ideas opened up for him. His play was not brilliant in his sophomore year. That was the year he went back to Hancock in February for Elvita's funeral. During his junior year his eyes changed. He could not adjust to contact lenses. He had a poor season. At spring practice they converted him to a guard. His subsidy from the alumni group was cut. His leg was broken.

And that was the week of Danny's downfall. Hancock voted in a reform administration. Bouchard ignored syndicate orders to keep his head down and salvage what he could. Bouchard tried to fight and the syndicate had him killed. Then a qualified replacement was sent in for Bouchard. He decided that Danny had been too close to Nick Bouchard. During the adjustment period, Danny drew another three years at Alton. When Lee got up to see him, Danny was bitter.

During the first game of Lee's senior year, the leg popped again in the same place, and that was the end of college ball and the end of the subsidy. By using a share of the money from the sale of the house, and by taking a job, he finished and graduated in 1950 at twenty-two.

He spent some time in the Army. Then after his discharge he enrolled in Columbia Graduate School, carried the heaviest work load they would give him, and earned his masters degree in June of 1953. He had his degree, three hundred dollars, and a summer to spend before his instructorship started at Brookton Junior College back home in Hancock.

He spent the summer working on a stretch of super highway in southern Michigan. He found a room with a farm family named Detterich. There were three young sons and a daughter named Lucille who worked in an insurance office in Battle Creek. Lucille came back to the farm for her vacation, the last two weeks in August. She was by far the loveliest thing he had ever seen. He put his half-written novel aside. In September he reported at Brookton Junior College. He bought an elderly but reliable Plymouth. He made a half dozen trips to Battle Creek. On the second day of the Christmas vacation he married Lucille in the front room of the farmhouse. Danny couldn't make the wedding. He had been out a year and a half. He sent a wedding gift of five glossy new hundred dollar bills and a scrawl which said merely, "Have a ball, kids."

They spent it on a New Orleans honeymoon. He was drugged with her.

The following March, the same month they found the little rental house on Arcadia Street and moved out of a furnished room, Danny lost for the third time. Lee went to see him in the city jail after he was given a one-to ten-year sentence. Danny was heavier, depressed and bitter.

"I figured the organization was home," Danny said. "I thought wrong, kid. I figured Kennedy would go to bat. He was using me as muscle on the numbers, keeping the route men in line. An old drunk gave me a bad time so I bounced him around a little, not hard, and he got a broken jaw and concussion and it turns out he's a neurosurgeon from Detroit, president of some medical convention

thing here. Here I go again. This time I've got to do some thinking, kid. I can't go on like this."

He served two and a half years, less one month. He came to see Lee and Lucille when he was released on parole. He was a silent, sour man, and he had a shop job with a trucking firm. When Lee tried gingerly to ask Danny if he was going to go straight, Danny's smile was slow and savage. "At this age? I've lived too good, kid. I don't go for beans, beer and a weekend movie. I've got to figure an angle, all by myself. A nice safe one."

When Danny stopped by with the birthday present for his brother, it was obvious he was no longer working for the trucking firm. He was driving a new sedan, dark, inconspicuous. He was wearing a rayon cord suit, a maroon knit tie and a shirt with a button-down collar.

As he came striding up the walk carrying the gift-wrapped box, Lee thought, You could easily take him for a successful youngish man of the salesman type. He was shorter than Lee with a thicker body, heavier bones. His hair, paler than Lee's, was a dark blond with a kinky wave. But up close you could see how his life had marked him. He had the thickened tissue, small scars, the bright cold eyes and the restless flavor of all the bad ones.

Keefler, impatient at Lee's silence, snarled, "Get off the pot, Bronson. Don't try to cover for him. You punks aren't going to do a shill job on Johnny Keefler."

Lee stared at him. He said quietly, "You're sitting on my porch, in my chair, dropping your matches and ashes on my porch. You're a parole officer. I'm an instructor at a state educational institution. I've tried to be pleasant for Danny's sake. If you have questions, I'll try to answer them. But watch your manners."

Keefler stared and then smiled unpleasantly. "My! My! And I bet you pay taxes."

"Ask your questions."

"You made a speech. Now I make a speech. There's a fence across the world. I'm on one side. The Bronson boys are on the other. Get snotty, and I go to that school you work at and before I leave they know over there that you've got a record and you've got a hood brother wanted by the law. Get the picture? And I start bringing you in for questioning like I got a right to do, and I do it often and I do it when you ought to be teaching, and pretty soon you're completely loused over there. You pop off once more to me, and I'll fix you just fine."

Anger had become too expensive a luxury. As Lee straightened the pile of themes on the card table, he was unhappy to see that his hand was shaking. He saw the factor he had missed in Keefler's personality. The man was not entirely sane. Keefler could and would smash the orderly life of Lee Bronson with no regret at all. And Lee knew of no one he could go to, no contact, with the request that Keefler be pulled off him.

He spoke in an expressionless tone. "Danny came here on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth. He was well dressed. He was driving a green two-door, this year's or last year's. I think it was a Chrysler product. Maybe a Dodge. He stayed two hours. We had some drinks. When I asked him, he said he wasn't with Grunwalt any more, but he wouldn't tell me what he was doing. I asked him if he was working for Kennedy and he said no. My wife was with us the whole time. She can back me up."

"Where is she?"

"She's due back now."

"So I'll wait."

"If I can say one thing, I don't think it sounds like Danny, breaking parole. He's smarter than that."

Keefler snorted. "No three-time loser has any brains, professor. He figured Richardson would never check close and he was right. All he had to do was remember to phone Rich once a week. Rich had him marked okay. Then I got Danny's file. I checked. I'm a cop, not a social worker. He quit the job without notifying Rich way back at the end of June. That's a violation. He moved out of his room without notification and that's another. I got the file a week and a half ago. Last Monday he phoned Rich on schedule. Rich played it stupid. I told him to tell Danny casual-like to come in. But Rich tells him we know about the job and the address, and tells him he's a violator, and *then* asks him to come in. Of course he didn't show. Now there's a pick-up order out on him. I got the rest of my punks hacked into line. They jump up and yell, 'Sir.' Your smart brother wasn't smart. He's going back to Alton."

"I don't know where he is, Keefler."

"*Mister* Keefler."

"Mister Keefler."

"Look at you now. Real bright and respectable. Kid, nobody'd know your old lady was a booze hound who froze to death in an alley."

He sensed that Keefler had deliberately tried to push him over the edge. He was not certain he could maintain control.

Lucille saved him, with a yelp of tires as she swung into their narrow driveway.

"Your wife?" Keefler asked. Lee nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

Lee heard the clack of her clogs on the wood in the hallway. She started talking before she reached the porch. "Honey, you gotta do something about that dang car. It stalled again when I stopped to let Ruthie out and . . ." She saw Keefler and stopped and Lee saw the instantaneous appraisal, the immediate conclusion that Keefler could be of no interest to her. She looked at Keefler with hauteur and indifference.

Keefler stayed in his chair. "My name is Keefler. Lucille. I'm Danny Bronson's parole officer." Keefler used the insolent and intimate tone police officers reserve for female criminals. Lee saw the look of indifference disappear completely, saw instead a rather curious alertness.

"How do you do." Lucille said demurely. She moved over to where she could face Keefler directly. There was a railing inside the porch screening. She half sat, half leaned on the railing, long round legs held straight and crossed at the ankles. She wore a pale blue terrycloth beach coat over her dark blue swim suit. Her hands were deep in the big pockets of the terrycloth coat, the collar turned up. Her hair had the mellow glow of old gold, and was curled tightly all over her head, the curls no larger than coins. The hair styling gave her something of a look of spirit and bravery, like a Roman youth. Three years of marriage had changed her not at all. Perfect face with a babyish blandness, large blue eyes set wide, tilted button nose, wide heavy lips.

Yet what made her provocative was beyond mere description of contour. It was a pulsing aura of life. Her long legs seemed to have extra curvatures, tender hollows, velvety paddings that made her femininity graphic.

Physically she had but two flaws—bracket lines of petulance and discontent around her mouth, and rather thick short hands with stubby fingers with nails bitten into the quick. She had the habit of keeping her hands out of sight.

During the months of his infatuation he had seen in her what he wanted to see. But he came to know she had been raised as a rare prize, and spoiled rotten. She was shallow, selfish and vastly lazy.

He sometimes wished she would commit some act so monstrous it would release him from any obligation to her. But she remained querulous, discontented . . . and faithful.

She spent her free hours with a girl friend named Ruthie, the plump wife of a car salesman who lived five blocks away. When he was forced to overhear fifteen minutes of any Lucille-Ruthie conversation, he felt like throwing his head back and roaring like a gut-shot bear.

Keefler said, "Danny is missing. When was the last time you saw him? Now look at me, not at your husband."

"Gee, I gotta think. It was a *long* time ago. Lee, wasn't it about your birthday?"

"He isn't going to answer you, honey."

"Well . . . it was right after Lee's birthday because Danny brought a present, that stuff for the desk."

"Have you seen him since?"

Lucille opened her eyes very wide and

looked directly into Keefler's eyes and shook her head from side to side with the slow and solemn honesty of a lying child, "No, Mr. Keefler. I haven't laid eyes on him since he came with that present."

The nape of Lee's neck felt cold. He knew at once that she was lying. He'd had no idea she had seen Danny. But he was positive she had. Despite her lack of skill, she was an inveterate liar, and it was always the same—the slow shake of the head, abused pout of the heavy lips. "What's he working at?"

Lee watched her carefully as she said, "Gosh, I don't know. Honest. He didn't say. Lee tried to find out but he wouldn't say." He was relieved to see that this time she wasn't lying. He hoped her lie hadn't been as obvious to Keefler as it had been to him.

Keefler stood up, took a few steps toward the screen door. "Okay. Get back in the house, honey."

Lucille obeyed meekly. When she was out of earshot Keefler said, "I'll go along with you for now. But if you're giving me the business, professor, I'll step on you like a bug. You get any word from Danny, and I want you to be on the phone to me ten seconds later."

Lee stood on the porch and watched Keefler trudge down the shady street toward the bus stop. He looked puffy, weary and unimportant. But he was danger, as immediate as a fist.

Keefler had started to become a cop over thirty years ago, in a squalid alley in the Sink. He was twelve years old, working after school for Mose Keefler, his uncle. His uncle had a small neighborhood grocery store. Johnny Keefler adored his uncle. Uncle Mose had taken him out of the Home just as soon as he ould. There was a gang of kids that kept stealing fruit from in front of the store. Johnny knew who they were. But, by the code of the Sink, he couldn't tell. He knew the names still, remembering them clearly across the years. Kids from the John X. Moran School. Red Annlie, Gil Kowalsik, Hank Rillyer, Stubs Rollins, Tooey Gennetti, Pete Casey.

Then one day Mose Keefler chased them three blocks. He was a heavy man, and he ran roaring after them, and Johnny ran too, and saw Mose stumble and fall and turn cheese pale and clutch his chest and die.

So he went to the precinct station and told the names of the kids and they were picked up. Two weeks later some of the gang trapped him in a rancid alley, in a corner where no one could see. They wired his wrists to the fire escape, gagged him, stripped off his clothes and tortured him. He was found there in the cold rain, unconscious, and the sickened internes marveled that he had been tough enough to survive. When he was able to talk, he told the police he had no idea who had done it to him. He was sent back to the Home, released when he was sixteen. Vengeance could wait. He achieved the police list when he was twenty, got his appointment when he was twenty-one, served his probationary time.

He was a tough cop. He was censured for excessive brutality while making arrests. He was without fear. He lived in a cheap room in the Sink.

Annlie, Rollins, Rillyer, Gennetti, Kowalsik, Casey. Six names. Two were out of reach. Rillyer had been knifed to death in a prison riot. Rollins had put a stolen car into a bridge abutment at ninety miles an hour. It took several years for the rest. He arrested Red Annlie in a bar for creating a disturbance. He was not on duty at the time. According to the report he turned in, Annlie tried to flee and he had fired at his legs, after firing a warning shot, and had hit him in the base of the spine. Annlie lived thirty-six hours and died in agony.

Pete Casey, wanted for auto theft, was located by Patrolman Keefler in a third-floor apartment in a good section of Hancock. Keefler was nicked in the lower left thigh. Casey died on the way to the hospital with three slugs in the lower abdomen.

Theodore Gennetti, on his way home from a late shift at the Hancock Wire and Brad Company, was arrested by Patrolman Keefler for "acting suspiciously." According to the report, when Gennetti pulled a knife, Keefler beat him into submission. Gennetti was operated on for a depressed fracture of the occipital bone and died the following day of a cerebral hemorrhage. Keefler was given a sixty-day suspension.

Gilbert Kowalsik, a union official in California, came back to Hancock for a vacation after Keefler had been a cop for fourteen years. Four days after his return his body was found in the lake, and the coroner's report indicated he had been tortured and murdered by person or persons unknown.

They were all gone then, but there were others to take their places. He knew he was put on earth to harry them, to hunt them down and make them beg and put them behind bars.

On the force Keefler was known as a loner. No partner stayed with him long. He paid little attention to regular hours. He ate, slept, and worked. His unquestioned bravery earned him citations, but his suspensions for brutality kept him from promotion. Then a fourteen-year-old boy with a .45 Colt automatic filched from an elder brother's bureau drawer shot at Keefler in a dark warehouse and smashed his left wrist beyond repair. After the amputation he was retired on a pension and appointed a parole officer.

Lucille Bronson had paused in the living room, head tilted, but she could not hear what Keefler was saying to Lee. She felt both excited and uneasy. There was no telling how much Keefler knew. She had been frightened by his knowing look.

She went into the bedroom, shrugged off the beach coat and dropped it on a chair, peeled her almost dry swim suit down and stepped out of it, picked it up and threw it through the bathroom door into the tub. She was fastening the belt of her yellow satin housecoat when Lee came into the bedroom. She had decided there was no possible way for Mr. Keefler to know that she had seen Danny twice since he had brought Lee's birthday present. Once two weeks ago and the second time the day before yesterday.

She remembered the first time. She'd set the ironing board up in the kitchen and she was ironing the candy-striped skirt, the one with the tricky little pleats you had to be so careful with, on account of Ruthie was coming by about two and they were going down to the matinee of the new Bill Holden picture and it was a good skirt to wear on account of it was a stinking hot day. A little after eleven, it was, and she heard the familiar creak of the middle step of the three steps up to the small back porch, and then a big man was there with the sun behind him so she didn't know who it was until he said, "Hi, Lucille." It had made her feel funny to think that her own husband's brother was a criminal and had been in jail three times, and now to be in the house with him made her feel all crawly and excited. Mom had nearly popped a gusset when she found out about Lee's brother. It nearly busted up the marriage. That was Lee for you. Not enough sense to keep it to himself. Maybe it would have been better if the marriage had been busted up. A lot better.

He came in and she told him Lee wasn't home, but he sort of ignored that, and sat on a kitchen chair and told her to go ahead with her ironing. She felt self-conscious in her denim shorts and the skimpy navy halter. Danny didn't look like a criminal at all. He looked a little bit like Van Johnson. He was real brown, with pale creased slacks and an Italian sport shirt of wide blue and white stripes. She asked him if he wanted beer or coffee. He acted like he didn't hear. He acted as if he was thinking hard about something. Then he said he had a problem, and he asked her if she could keep a secret from Lee.

He said, "You won't get into any trouble. I just want you to keep something for me. Hide it in the house until I need it. I know my kid brother. He'd open it up and then try to do something for my own good. Something stupid." He took an envelope out of his hip pocket,

a long envelope, sealed and folded. "I got to have a safe place for this, Lucille. Can you keep your mouth shut?"

"What . . . what is it?" She felt deliciously conspiratorial.

"A kind of insurance. I've cut myself a piece of something. I got to have protection. I'm dealing with somebody who may get too smart. It's a business risk. Suppose something happens to me. As soon as you find out, you mail this to the cops. If you want to, you can read it before you mail it, but don't do that unless you're damn well certain I'm dead."

"I . . . guess I could keep it for you."

"I think I got everything under control. But I'm serious, Lucille. Don't open it. Don't say a word to Lee. Don't tell him I was here. Handle this for me, and one of these days I'll stop by with a little present for you."

She reached for it. "All right."

"Where are you going to put it?"

He didn't like her favorite hiding place, the old brown bag that hung on one of the back hooks of her closet. He selected the place for it. In the kitchen she had a row of graduated metal canisters, yellow with a design of ducks flying, and each one labeled. The biggest said FLOUR. He took it over to the sink and shoved the envelope down into the bottom of the flour. He dusted his hands over the sink and had her put it back.

"Don't open the envelope."

"I won't. You told me twice already."

"I mean it. You're Lee's wife, but what's in that is more important to me than you are. Goof this up, and I'll work you over a little. You understand?"

She accepted his cigarette and looked up at him as he lighted it. He was strong-looking. Brutal. He didn't look much like Lee. It made her heart beat faster to stand so close to him. She knew what she was going to do as she started to do it. There is a way to look up at a man. A way to breathe when you do so. Make your eyes heavy. Make your mouth trembly and open. Lean a little toward him.

His quickness and his roughness surprised and hurt her. He bruised her mouth. He wasn't at all like Lee. Her cigarette fell to the linoleum and far, far away she felt a spark singe her bare ankle. He released her so suddenly she staggered back against the kitchen cabinets. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, leaving a lipstick smear. She felt limp and weak, as though all her muscles had come untied from the bones.

"You got a wide streak of slut, sister-in-law. It's too bad he's my brother. I'll be back with a present anyway."

She watched his car drive away.

He did come back with the present. The day before yesterday. She was in the living room, watching television. He came in without a sound and startled her. He threw the envelope in her lap and some of the money spilled out. He told her to count it. Twenty fifty-dollar bills. One thousand dollars.

"It's almost a present. Hide it wherever you want to, just so Lee doesn't find it and start asking questions. If things go a little sour I'll be back after the other envelope and the money. If they go really sour, I'll be dead. Keep the money and mail the envelope. If things work out, you keep the money."

And so he had left, not coming near her—but not leaving until he had checked the envelope he had originally left with her. She hid the money in the shoulder bag in the closet.

After Keefler had left, Lee came into the bedroom. His face was stern.

"It looks like Danny's in trouble," she said, as casually as she could.

"And we're in trouble too."

She sat at her dressing table and began to brush her tight curls. "How could we be in trouble?"

"Stop that! Turn around and look at me!" The harsh tone of his voice startled her. She sighed audibly, put the brush down and faced him.

"I certainly don't know why you have to yell at me, anyway."

"Stop trying to fence with me, for heaven's sake. You lied to Keefler."

"If he said anything about me, he was lying!"

Lee suddenly looked very tired. He sat on the bed, hands laced, head bowed. "I don't know how I can make you understand. I can never seem to get through to you. Keefler represents a threat to me. We've got security. I have a certain position. A certain amount of respect."

"You've got a big deal, you have. You'd make more money driving a bread truck."

"Just shut up, Lucille. You lied to him. If he finds out, he'll make it his business to fix me. He'll run me out of my job. God knows what else he'll try to do. I know you've seen Danny since I have. Where and when was it?"

"Right after your birthday, like I told you. Honest."

He stood up. She looked up at him and

He covered her body lightly and went on to his next task.

saw his look of purpose. She realized, with consternation, that she would have to tell him something.

"Well . . . yes. He was here. But I made a promise."

"Come on."

"It was . . . two weeks ago yesterday. He was worried. He came in the morning. I was ironing. He gave me something to keep for him. He told me not to tell you. I promised I wouldn't."

"Go get it. At once!"

She stood up, thinking of going to the kitchen, to the canister, but she remembered Danny's threat and his strong arms and big hands. She hesitated, then whirled toward the closet, pushed the clothing aside, grasped the envelope and flung it at Lee. The money spilled into the air and fluttered down around him. Then, enraged at her own fear that had made her give up the money, she threw herself face down on the bed and cried. She felt the bed move as Lee got up to pick up the money. She heard the whisper of paper as he counted it. He questioned her further. She said Danny said if he got killed she could keep it, and if his scheme worked out, she could keep it. She told him she hadn't told Ruthie even.

She rolled up onto one elbow and said, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm wondering what Keefler would do if I told him."

"Don't you dare! That money is going to be *mine*."

"Control yourself, if you can. I don't dare tell Keefler."

"Shall I put it back?"

"I'll take care of it. Lucille, why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't. I gave Danny my word."

"But you're married to me."

Lucille heard him go out, heard the sound of a drawer in the living room and knew he had locked the money in his desk. She shouted, "Suppose he comes after it when you're out?"

Lee came back to the bedroom door. "Tell him I've got it. Tell him I want to see him." He came back in to the bedroom and pulled off his T shirt and said, "I've got a meeting at seven."

"So you think maybe I got a magic button I can push and dinner pops out of the wall on a silver tray or something."

"Skip it. I'll get a sandwich on the way. I'll be back about nine-thirty."

"Oh, goody two shoes. Saturday night. Big deal."

Long after the noisy sound of the car had faded into the night noises of the street and the city, she got up and wiped her eyes and went into the kitchen and ate a peanut butter sandwich over the kitchen sink and drank a can of beer.

Danny Bronson awakened at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, the morning of October fourteenth. He came up out of a dreary suffocating dream of E Block, of the night noises of the prison, came up into a bright and different world where he lay alone in a bed of incredible size and softness. He found his cigarettes on the night stand, and lay back with the first deep lungful of smoke, and huffed it up toward the ceiling. This was living. Bed as big as a barge. Cupboard full of liquor. Big rooms. Private lake a hundred feet away.

It amused him to think that old Burt Catton had built this place as a hideout, a place where he could get away from Ethel, his first wife. This was where Burt had entertained some rather commercial young ladies, and a few of his closest friends, those friends Ethel didn't approve of. Now, since Burt had had his severe heart attack, it was unlikely that he would ever come near 'the camp' again. And he certainly would never know that its comforts were being enjoyed by one Daniel Bronson, the very special guest of the second Mrs. Catton, the dark and reckless beauty, Drusilla.

Too bad it couldn't go on this way forever. Even before she married Catton, Drusilla was well loaded. It was tied up in a big trust fund with a spendthrift clause in it, but the income plus her allowance from old Burt was more than enough. It was enough so that she had been able to buy Danny an almost new used car, an expensive wardrobe of casual clothes, a stock of the best bonded liquor, and top beef for the deep freeze.

The camp was sixty miles from Hancock—sixty miles on Route 90, then three miles on a winding country road, and then a half mile of private gravel road. Electricity and a six-acre lake and a lot of damn good architecture. This had been Burt Catton's refuge, Drusilla said, during the unhearable years of Ethel Catton's life. Now there was a poetic justice in the use he and Dru were making of it.

She had told Danny, curled lazily in his arms, how she had come to marry Catton two years ago when Burt was fifty-eight and she was twenty-eight.

"You wouldn't believe it now, but I married Burt because he was *fun*. A great lusty brown bear of a man. A pirate. Daddy was in turmoil over my marrying a man six years older than he is. And we *did* have great sport for two wonderful years. Pop off to Acapulco or Montevideo or someplace at a moment's notice. And then came that horrible coronary thing. I can't help but believe that the Burt Catton I married is dead. The man I'm married to now is a withered trembly little old man. He doesn't know I exist. He's at death's door, and he seems to resent my being young and well. I was so dreadfully bored. And lonesome. And now I believe I should like to be kissed again in as criminal a way as you can manage, and then I would like to hear bloody stories of dire deeds."

But, nice as it was, it couldn't go on. Not after the bad luck of being assigned to Keefler. Unless he made a move soon, he'd be hounded back to Alton for seven years and seven months. Not that again. Not ever again.

He had been thinking hard, trying to come up with a good angle. Then Drusilla had handed him the angle.

There was a quarrel between them, the first one of any violence, and she had said, "You seem to think you're such a

bold, bad, dangerous man. I could tell you something. I could tell you about a deal my husband has gone into. He and a lawyer named Paul Verney. Paul has been associated with him on other deals, and some of them have been very slick indeed. But this current one is so big it makes everything you've ever done look like a kid stealing from the dime store."

"What kind of a deal?"

"I have not the slightest intention of telling you anything about it, my friend."

But five minutes later she told him all of it, trembling as she did so, her face bleached with shock and pain, her voice shaky. The pain had been abruptly induced, and it had humbled her. But she had borne no malice toward him for forcing her so brutally to tell him. She had been most loving afterward.

And it was big, all right. With a built-in guarantee that he could cut a piece of it if he handled himself right...

He got out of bed, showered, fixed a breakfast and took it out onto the sunny terrace overlooking the lake. Paul Verney would play along. He would have to play along. He had no other choice. He was in a bind. And this was the big one, the kind you dream about all your life.

The special piece of luck had been his decision to go to a big party in late June, when he was still working for the trucking company and stalling people when they asked him about coming back to work for the organization. The party was given by a municipal official. And there he had met Drusilla Catton. Her escort had passed out and been stowed in a bedroom. She was a large, handsome, vital woman of about thirty, dark-haired and colorful, with an air of arrogance and importance, and a look of recklessness. Danny had heard the name Burt Catton before. He knew it meant money and importance.

He went out on the penthouse terrace with her. She sat on the wide cement wall sixteen stories above West Lake Drive. He stood next to her. They could see into the apartment. She was fascinated by the types, and he briefed her on them. "That's Al Altamiro. The arm was shot off. Twelve gauge shotgun. During a union dispute. I don't know the woman. That big joker is Harry Paris, New York. They've been trying to deport him for years."

They left in her convertible. They spent the following evenings together. He said he was going to lay out a solo operation and he needed a hideout. When they arrived at an understanding, he quit his job and moved out to the camp, planning to kid her along and live there as long as he could manage it.

But then it was spoiled by Keefler, and just when he was most depressed, she dropped the big chance in his lap. With Keefler squeezing him, he had to move fast. He didn't want to give Catton and Verney too much of a chance to get set. The letter in the canister in Lucille's kitchen was insurance. The thousand he had dropped off on Thursday was another line of defense, but a very thin one that he hoped he wouldn't have to use. It wouldn't take him far enough.

He sipped his coffee and watched the ripples on the small artificial lake, and tried to stay relaxed. Verney was due at two o'clock. This meeting would be make or break. He'd given Drusilla the word to stay away. When he had taken the calculated risk of driving into Hancock on Thursday, he had seen Paul Verney. He wondered if Verney's iron control had slipped during the weekend. He had been bad news to Verney.

When he had got through to him on the phone at nine-fifteen he had said, "You don't know me, Mr. Verney. My name is Bronson." He had considered using a false name, but had decided it showed a higher degree of confidence to use his own. "I want to see you personally on a matter of great importance to both of us."

Verney had a deep voice, careful articulation. "I'm afraid I'm running on a very tight schedule today, Mr. Bronson. Can you tell me what this is all about?"

"I'll mention two names. Catton. Rovere. Now do you know? Mr. Verney? Mr. Verney, are you still . . ."

"I'm still on the line, Bronson. I'll see you at ten here in my office."

The offices were small and hushed. The girl told him to go right in. Verney was behind his desk, a large man, gaunt, powerful looking, with black hair that had a dusty look. Probably in his early forties, but it was hard to judge. His eyes were deep-set, and he sat there in utter, expressionless stillness.

Dru had said. "He and Burt have been mixed up in all kinds of deals. Then they both got clipped badly in that adverse tax decision. A terrific amount to pay, once they added in the penalties and interest for five years. That's why they agreed to take this chance I told you about. Paul talked Burt into the deal."

"Sit down, Bronson. What's on your mind?"

Quietly Danny sat down, lit a cigarette, puffed the smoke across the desk and proceeded to tell Verney in detail what Verney and Catton had done and what they were planning to do. There was no flicker of the somber stare.

"Where would you get such a curious story, Mr. Bronson?"

"From Catton's wife. I'm sort of a house guest, you could call it. I'm out at Catton's camp. Near Kemp. Only Catton doesn't know about it."

"What do you want?"

"All of it."

"Utterly impossible."

"Think it over."

"Even if I were to agree to such a fantastic proposal, Bronson, I'd still have to talk to Catton."

"So talk to him and come out and see me on Sunday at two o'clock. When you talk to him, tell him I've got my guard way up. I wrote the whole story down. It's in a safe place. When I stop reporting in, it goes to the cops."

"I see."

Danny was nettled by Verney's composure. He had anticipated a more violent scene. Curses, threats. "How about a little gesture of good faith, Verney? An advance payment. One thousand."

"If you'll come with me to the bank. It's just a block away."

"I'll wait right here."

Verney came back with the money in ten minutes. He handed it to Bronson. "This is not to be construed as a guarantee that I'll accept your proposition. It is a guarantee of my willingness to talk further with you about it."

Verney arrived at the camp shortly after two, driving a black four- or five-year-old Dodge. He wore a dark blue suit that needed a press and a dark gray felt hat. They sat at the blue metal table on the terrace. Danny offered coffee and Verney declined politely.

"Naturally, Bronson, I've given your proposition a great deal of thought. I haven't mentioned it to Mr. Catton. I want to take a more equitable proposition to Mr. Catton."

"I won't dicker. You're the one caught in the wringer."

"I'm assuming you have a certain shrewdness. I'm assuming you'll listen. We entered on this venture as a method of getting hold of a large amount of cash in hand. Without this money, our tax indebtedness will wipe us out almost completely. We will have to liquidate promising ventures before they have had a chance to pay off."

"I'm bleeding."

Verney seemed not to notice the interruption. "Not only will we be wiped out, but future earnings will be obligated. You want us to meet your demand because of fright. It is very difficult to frighten a penniless man. It cost Mr. Catton and myself sixty-five thousand dollars to go into this . . . venture you learned about. Your demand would wipe us out."

"I don't know what the hell you're driving at."

"This is an appeal to reason. If you keep on being stupid and greedy, you get nothing."

"Then you and Catton go to jail."

"Catton won't live to be sentenced. I can think of several ways I might avoid a sentence. I'll take that chance rather than lose it all."

Bronson felt a twinge of uneasiness. It did not look or sound like a bluff. "So what's your offer?"

"Let us go ahead with the marketing of the money the way we planned it. With care and patience we can realize a net profit of $262,000. We'll cut you in for a full third, a bit more than $87,000. That's a good deal of money. We purchased the entire amount for $65,000. The offer is generous and I advise you to accept it."

"Do I look that stupid? Once it's marketed, where am I? What could I prove?"

"During the interim you will hold a complete confession signed by Mr. Catton and myself, and you will surrender it on receipt of your share. As far as that goes, I could burn it all tomorrow, couldn't I? Then where would your proof be? I might prefer that to risking jail."

Bronson hitched his chair forward, brown arms on the table. "You boys will play it my way. I'll tell you why. I'm wanted for violation of parole. I owe the state seven years. So I can't wait around. Four days after I get the money I'll be in Turkey. There's no extradition."

Verney smiled a smile as cold as the underside of a frog. "I won't accept ruin. I'll burn it first."

"Go on. Burn it up. Get rid of it. Don't you think the F.B.I. will be able to backtrack you anyway and tie you in?"

Verney was utterly still. "Deadlock," he said finally.

Danny thought in silence. "All right. Two hundred thousand. I want five thousand I can use, and the balance can be the hot stuff."

They dickered for another twenty minutes, but Danny did not waver. After the black Dodge drove away, he mixed a highball and toasted himself in one of the largest mirrors in the bedroom.

Paul Verney drove back toward Hancock on Route 90, with the speedometer needle at fifty, and with a blackness in his heart. The structure he had built for himself had started to crumble a year ago. Each disaster had required a more desperate counter measure, until he had taken this last desperate gamble, the one that would make everything right. All the care he had used was wasted. A sick and frightened man had told his unfaithful young wife, and she had told her criminal consort, and it had all blown up in Verney's face.

No money in history had ever been as hot as the Rovere ransom money. For more than three years the nation had speculated about what could have happened to the money. The brutality of the crime had been almost unprecedented.

The nine-year-old twin sons of Calvin Rovere, a wealthy Texan, had been kidnapped from his summer ranch home in the hill country north of San Antonio. A half million in small bills was demanded. Police work and F.B.I. work on the case had been discreet and good. After Rovere accumulated the money, new bills were substituted—tens, twenties and fifties, each batch in precise serial sequence. These bills were mechanically and manually aged, thoroughly shuffled so as to eliminate the chance of the kidnappers detecting the serial sequence, then repackaged. It filled two large suitcases. Despite all countermeasures, the plan of transfer of the money had been so cleverly set up that the kidnappers were not apprehended during the transfer. Two weeks after the transfer the bodies of the children were found in a shallow arroyo not twenty miles from the ranch; it was evident they had been knocked on the head soon after the kidnapping, perhaps the same day.

About three years later, and two months after Catton's heart attack, Verney returned from his office to the downtown club where he lived, and found a man named Roger Dixon waiting for him. Dixon looked prosperous, confident and sleek. He had been a law school classmate of Verney's. Dixon had gone into criminal law in Detroit and had been highly successful until he was disbarred in 1949. Since that time Dixon and Verney had been in contact on minor matters. Dixon's sources of pertinent information were excellent.

But this time Dixon seemed nervous and uncertain of himself. They went up to Verney's comfortable room to talk. They were, as always, wary with each other. Their previous contacts had concerned matters which, though not technically illegal, could not have been termed ethical.

After some carefully casual small talk, Dixon had lowered his voice and said, "You and Catton took a hell of a tax licking, didn't you?"

"Fairly rough, Roger."

"Come off it, Paul. It was brutal. Cleans you out?"

Verney, sensing where the conversation was going, decided to be frank. "Close to it. We have some time."

"Do both you and Burt Catton have good and valid reasons for taking trips out of the country?"

"Yes, of course."

Dixon licked his lips. "How would you like to buy three hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars for eighty thousand dollars?"

"I'm pretty desperate, Roger, but not enough to take a chance on counterfeit."

"It's not counterfeit. It's the balance of the Rovere ransom. It's perfectly good money. The serial numbers wouldn't be identified abroad. Do it cleverly and by the time it filters back into the Federal Reserve system and is identified, they won't be able to trace it back to you."

Verney put his finger on the flaw. "If it's that easy, why can I buy it at such a discount?"

Dixon told him the story of the money. "In the confusion when the gun battle ended, a county cop grabbed one of the two suitcases and hid it in the brush three miles down the road. He recovered it and sat on it for a year, knowing that the three who could prove he wasn't implicated were dead. Finally he made a contact in Cleveland and he was glad to take ten thousand for it. My principal paid twenty-five thousand for it about six months ago. The heat of that money has never cooled, Paul. He's made some careful tries to unload it. Nobody with any kind of record wants to risk touching it. If caught they'd have to prove they weren't in on the job, didn't even bankroll it."

"So why me?"

"You and Catton are both clean. You've taken a licking. And I know you, Paul. You've got iron nerves and larceny in your heart."

"Why don't you try it, and pay for it out of the money you get when you convert it?"

"I thought of that. Even if my principal trusted me that much and I could get a passport, I don't think I've got the nerve."

"I'll have to think about it. And I'll have to check it out with Catton."

Catton had been scared of the whole thing. Verney had talked to him for hours. Four good dollars for every one. They could set up dummy real estate transfers to account for the funds. Verney painted a dark picture of how they would have to liquidate almost completely to pay off the heavy tax assessment. Finally Catton agreed. Between them they had seventy-five thousand they could scrape together. Verney contacted Dixon and offered him fifty. The final price was set at sixty-five.

The money was in Tulsa. Verney drove over to Detroit and flew down with Dixon, reserving his ticket under an assumed name. He kept his Detroit hotel room while they were gone. Verney had taken the precaution of packing the sixty-five thousand into two cigar boxes and mailing them to himself care of General Delivery at Tulsa.

Their flight got in at ten in the morning on a day of sickening heat. They met two men in a hotel suite by prearrangement. They were small, fat, pasty, efficient men who gave no names, shook no hands. One of them accompanied Verney to the main post office. Back at the hotel both batches of money were

counted. Verney's hands were sweaty as he totaled the packets of bills and replaced them in the big brown suitcase.

By three in the afternoon Verney and Dixon were on a flight out of Tulsa. He slept that night in Detroit with the chain fastened on the hotel door. The next day, Sunday, Catton met him at his office.

It was agreed Verney would take an extended trip in November and December, taking one hundred thousand with him, and handling the conversion and re-conversion of funds in six South American countries. The monies so obtained would be used as partial payments on the tax indebtedness in January. By then Catton would be able to travel, and would convert an equal amount in Central America. The following summer Verney would convert the balance on the continent. By fall all tax claims would be satisfied and disaster would have been avoided.

But a sick man's need to confide in someone, and a weak woman's choice of a partner in her extramarital adventure had put Bronson into the picture. All the way back from the camp Verney was distressed by his inability to think with clarity and purpose. He knew that apprehension had colored his mental processes. He sensed that back in the tidy world of his room at the club, he would be able to think methodically, undisturbed by Bronson's tough, knowing smile.

He parked in the shed garage behind the club, walked through to the front elevator and pushed the third floor button. A letter from his son had been shoved under the door. He put on his worn flannel smoking jacket and sat in the big leather chair half turned toward the windows. The sky over the city was overcast and a gray light came through the double windows. He read the polite and dutiful letter, and noted where the boy hinted that this semester his expenses would be higher. The letter made him think of Melissa, his wife. The boy's turn of phrase could have been hers. She had died six years before. Her death had made life simpler, more orderly, more satisfying to him. There had been too many random factors when she was alive and when the boy was small. He thrust her out of his mind and applied himself to the problem at hand.

Primary assumption: An abrupt briefing on the new situation might well kill Catton. This would be a financial advantage. But if it didn't kill him, he might panic and do something stupid. His emotions were no longer dependable. It would be well to devise some other shock that would kill Catton later on so there would not be the risk of sending him abroad to die of the strain of travel with the ransom money in his possession.

Possible course of action: say nothing to Catton and pay Danny Bronson his

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two hundred thousand. Not a desirable course of action.

Factors for consideration: Bronson is wanted for parole violation. Someone holds a written statement.

Who would hold such a statement? It would not be in character to leave it with a bank or an attorney. Some close personal contact. Would Bronson trust a man of his own stripe? Not likely. Such a man might open the sealed statement and cut himself in. A relative? Maybe. A woman? Most probable. But not Drusilla. of course.

Is there any way of finding out who that woman is? If he is wanted, then he is being checked by a parole officer. He would know Bronson's contacts.

Any chance of overpowering Bronson and making him talk? Too risky. Not the type to talk. Very little weakness in him.

Back to the parole officer then. Bait the hook with a convincing lie. Marian would have Bronson's name on the appointment book as of last Thursday morning.

Where is this heading?

First I must make a try at retrieving the envelope, the statement. If I can, then I must kill Bronson.

The idea was not as shocking to him as he had expected it to be. Yet it made his hands feel damp and chill.

Though it was an involved and intricate situation, it had one great merit. The most dangerous and irrevocable step came at the very end. If there was no way of getting hold of the statement. he would have to pay Bronson off.

By eleven o'clock on Monday morning Paul Verney had learned that a John Keefler was the parole officer who held the file on Daniel Bronson. When Keefler phoned back, they made an appointment for two o' clock in Verney's office.

Keefler had a lunch of sauerkraut and franks at Mel Stodd's courthouse restaurant because he was certain that there he would run into somebody who could give him a line on this lawyer named Paul Verney. Among the county and city cops, the reporters. the politicians and the courthouse types there would be somebody to brief him.

He eyed the gang at the bar and, as he finished his lunch, selected Will Slater, an ex-cop, now a lawyer and an assistant D.A., a big, beefy man with a red face, silver hair and a memory like I.B.M.

Slater came reluctantly over to Keefler's small table, bringing with him his big stein of black draught beer.

"What's on your mind, Johnny?"

"One of my parolees is on the run. Danny Bronson. Know him?"

"Husky blond. Worked for Bouchard and Kennedy. Three tours of duty at Alton."

"There's a pickup out on him. Now I get a call from a lawyer named Paul Verney who says he wants to talk to me about Bronson. Would you think Bronson is trying to set up a deal?"

Slater thought for a minute. "No. Wouldn't be Verney's style. No criminal law. Mostly real estate. He's a cutie. He and Burt Catton made big money in real estate deals, but they played it too close and took a big tax clipping. He's got shyster blood. No, he wouldn't be fronting for Bronson."

"Thanks. I hope it's a tip. I want Danny. He's going back to Alton."

Slater stood up. He looked down at Keefler with contempt. "I hear you got a hell of a program, Johnny. Send 'em all back. Then they can enlarge the prison. The Keefler wing. And we can all pay more taxes. See you around."

Johnny Keefler was favorably impressed by Paul Verney. And it shocked him to hear Verney tell him that Danny Bronson had had the brass to make an appointment with Verney and come in to see him only last Thursday, using his own name. He was so mad that he had to ask Verney to repeat what he had said about Bronson wanting Verney to hold onto a sealed envelope for him and turn it over to the police in case anything happened to him.

"By God, I wish you'd kept it."

"I don't solicit that sort of business, Mr. Keefler. Bronson was evasive and the fee he offered was suspiciously high. I didn't care to be made a party to blackmail. He acted so suspiciously that finally, this morning. just out of curiosity, I phoned the police and asked about him, on the off chance that he was using his own name. I found he was, and I was referred to you. I thought you should have this information."

"I appreciate it. I've been working like a dog on this, but I haven't been able to pick up a lead. I'd half decided he'd taken off for good. I couldn't figure what he was doing. This makes it look like he's got somebody on the hook. Maybe he's working it alone, but I'd make a guess he's got a woman in with him."

"I suppose you've checked his usual contacts." Verney said.

"And come up with nothing. The last time anybody saw him, before he came here, was on July twenty-fifth, when he took his brother a birthday present. His brother teaches at Brockton Junior College. You know, maybe when you said no. he dropped it off with his brother. I could go shake them up some. the brother and his wife. By God. if that pair lied to me . . ."

"Wait just a minute. Mr. Keefler. While he was being abusive and almost incoherent. he said something that might give you a lead. He said he had friends who would do a little favor like that for him. He mentioned two first names. Fred was one. and the other, I think, was Tommy."

Keefler sagged in the chair. "No last names?"

"No."

"More leg work. Maybe fifty or sixty guys! I'll have to get moving on this. It sounds like he was heading for a big score. If he makes it, he'll be long gone."

After a two hour session in Central Records, cross-checking the punch cards against the yellow sheet records. Keefler had a list of twenty-six possibles. It was smaller than he had dared hope, and he had begun to look forward to the evening with pleasure. He had known most of the men on the list for years. Set it up with each one just right. Maybe this way. "Danny Bronson did some talking before he died an hour ago. Go get that envelope you're holding for him." When he hit the one who was hiding the envelope there'd be a reaction you could detect.

Lucille Bronson had tried to go back to sleep Tuesday morning after she heard Lee drive out, but without success. The dreary look of the day was depressing to her. She sat on the edge of the bed in the pajama top of Lee's that she slept in, and stretched and yawned and tousled her hair and wondered what she would do with all of the long gray days that stretched ahead of her.

After she put on a new mouth she got dressed in a green velvet thing that Lee. during friendlier days, had called her battle dress. It was one piece with short sleeves and knee length legs, with a zipper down the back and a wide belt with a brass buckle to cinch it tight around her narrow waist. She drank coffee and read a paper with no news in it, and no ads of any good movies showing. Then she found herself staring at the row of canisters. at the biggest one, at the one with the mysterious envelope Danny had put in it. She felt a little shiver start in the pit of her stomach and run up into her throat.

Why not? Danny didn't have to know. Anyway, it was his fault Lee was mad at her. And Danny had called her a slut. Who did he think he was. calling her a slut? Jailbird! But if he found out, he would hurt her. If he found out.

She got up quickly, locked the house and took the envelope from the canister. No harm in just looking. It was sealed with scotch tape. When she picked up a corner with her thumbnail. the paper started to come with it. She couldn't steam it open. not with tape on it.

Suddenly she had an idea. She trotted to Lee's desk. opened the unlocked drawer where he kept his envelopes. He had some so close to the same size Danny would never notice. And scotch tape of

the same width. She took a long breath and then ripped the envelope open. It was written in ink in Danny's scrawl:

To Whom It May Concern:

Burt Catton and Paul Verney have got the rest of the Rovere ransom dough. Dru Catton told me about it. They figure on peddling it outside the country. Verney bought it through a Detroit contact and picked it up in Tulsa. The contact was somebody named Dickson. I am dealing with Verney and I'm trying to take it off them and if anything happens to me it will be on account of one of them did it or arranged it. Make sure Ben Wixler gets to read this. He knows I wouldn't kid on this kind of a deal.

Daniel A. Bronson

Lucille read it again, trembling with excitement. This was kinda like the television. As an inveterate reader of the social columns, she knew of Burton Catton and his young second wife who used to ride show horses. The name Paul Verney had a familiar ring. Something to do with charity drives. And there wasn't anybody who didn't know about that Rovere ransom and those poor twin kids.

She put it back in the envelope, the new envelope, carefully duplicated the way the scotch tape had been applied, then bent it and dog-eared it until it looked like the original. She burned Danny's envelope in the littered fireplace, and hastened to put the new envelope back in the canister.

It was a lot of money. Hundreds of thousands. She had no doubt he would get it. He was strong. Keefler was after him, but once he had that money Keefler could never catch him. She bit her thumbnail painfully into the quick and she knew that more than anything else in the world, she wanted to go along with Danny when he came back to pick up the envelope. Life was supposed to be gay. This marriage was a trap and this stinking little house was a trap. This wasn't the kind of life she had been meant for. It was easy for her to imagine how life could be with Danny . . .

. . . Lucille and Danny were on a little terrace outside their hotel suite, overlooking the deep blue water of the harbor. Two waiters had rolled breakfast in on a little jingling cart, and one of them carried an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne. She and Danny were dressed for the private beach of the hotel, in new cabana sets of Italian design. Danny didn't look the same. Now he had more of a Cary Grant look. And he looked at her lovingly and they joked fondly about how annoyed he had been at first when she had blackmailed him into bringing her along . . .

Lee didn't come home for lunch on Tuesdays. She talked on the phone for over an hour with Ruthie. Ruthie hinted that she'd like to come over, but Lucille knew that if Ruthie was right there, she wouldn't be able to keep from telling her. There was a feeling of electric brightness inside her, as though she were glowing.

Lee came back from the school at four with a whole stack of papers to go over and he said he had to get right at it because he was going to Dr. Haughton's house after dinner for a conference. Dr. Haughton was head of the English department. He finished the papers just before dinner. He looked tired, particularly around the eyes. Now that she had decided to go with Danny, she felt sweet and sad toward Lee. She had tried to make dinner nice, but he didn't seem to notice. Just as they were finishing, she saw him staring at her and she smiled and said, "I got a smutch on my face or something?"

"I was wondering what you do with yourself all day long, that's all."

She turned off her smile. "Oh, I just slop around here. *You're* the one with the big brain."

"Let's not fight. There's been too much of that lately."

"So it's like I start it every time now. I like that! I really do!"

He looked so patient, so high and mighty. She told him how little he was and how little his job was. She raked him with her tongue and probed expertly at his weaknesses and watched him change color until finally he jumped to his feet, yelled, "Shut up!", snatched his coat from the hall closet and banged the front door as he left. The car wouldn't start right away. After he drove away she permitted herself five minutes of quiet tears. Then she washed the dishes quickly and carelessly, and stacked them away, still faintly agleam with grease.

When the front doorbell rang fifteen minutes later, she decided it was Ruthie. She flipped off her apron, patted her hair, and walked quickly through the house. The man was big and lean. She looked beyond him and saw there was no car parked at the curb. "Mrs. Bronson? I'd like to speak to you a moment. May I come in?" As he asked the question he stepped in and closed the door.

"I guess you're already in. My husband isn't here. Are you selling something?"

He moved from the hallway into the living room and she was forced to follow him. It annoyed her that he didn't take off his dark hat. He wore leather gloves. It made her feel uneasy that she had let him come in so readily. She asked his name and was unhappy to hear the tremor in her voice.

"I'm doing a favor for a friend. A mutual friend. I don't think I have to mention his name. He left something with you for safekeeping. He asked me to pick it up."

She backed away, licked her lips. "I don't . . . understand."

"Yes you do. I want the paper your brother-in-law left here. Get it, please."

"How . . . how do I know he sent you?" she asked, and then wondered if she had made a mistake.

"It isn't safe for him to come. You should know that. Get it, please."

The authority in his tone sent her two steps toward the kitchen. When she stopped he was so close behind her she took another step back away from him. "How do I know . . ." He backed her into the kitchen, his face expressionless. "I won't give it to you!"

"Where is it?" he asked. She glanced toward the canisters. She could not help glancing toward them. She looked back at him and sensed the extreme tension he was under. He grabbed her arm and swung her toward the canisters. "Which one?" he asked. When she tried to squirm away from his hard grasp he pushed her away with such violence she fell and slid half under the sink, half dazed by the fall. She turned and saw him dumping out the contents of the canisters. Sugar, salt, flour, spilling on the counter top and the floor. He picked up the envelope, ripped it open, glanced at the letter, shoved letter and envelope into his pocket.

She stood up uncertainly and said, "Did he get the money?"

He turned and looked at her. His expression had changed in a curious way. It made her feel crawly. "You know about the money. Does your husband know?"

"Lee doesn't know . . ." His intention was clear and horrid as he came toward her. She whirled and snatched open the knife drawer, and the leather hand closed on the nape of her neck as she scrabbled at the handles. She screamed once, saw the white sheen of the edge of the sink thrust up toward her, felt sick impact and the skin split across her forehead . . . felt herself lifted, slammed down again, down through gray mist and down and endlessly falling.

Lee Bronson drove back from the meeting with Dr. Haughton feeling refreshed and renewed. Haughton's kind of integrity would make it difficult for Keefler to get him suspended.

As he drove home he resolved to try harder with Lucille. He had expected too much from her, perhaps, had expected adult reactions of which she was incapable. Were he to treat her as a child, set up a code of reward and punishment, she might feel more secure. As he turned into the drive he saw the lights were on in living room and kitchen. After he put the car in the narrow old garage, he paused halfway to the back steps and looked up at the night sky, at a sliver of moon moving through the clouds. The night air was cool and damp.

He was halfway through the kitchen when he saw the spilled canisters. His first thought was that Lucille had done it in one of her temper tantrums. And then he saw her in front of the sink, curled on her side, cheek against the floor, blood under her head and under the outflung arm, blood in golden hair, blood on green velvet, blood from the utter ruin of her face. He could not know how long he stood there in shock and sickness before going to her, kneeling clear of the blood, lightly touching a shoulder, resilient, but neither warm nor cold—and stood up and gagged and hacked away. His tears made the scene wavery.

After he phoned from the living room, the house seemed very still. He heard the refrigerator go on, heard a distant hiss of bus brakes. And then a thin oncoming whine of a siren. He turned on the porch lights and went out, heard the siren drop to a low immediate growl, and waved when the spotlight flicked across him.

Sergeant Ben Wixler had worked from eight-thirty to five on Tuesday, the sixteenth of October, and, as the acting head of a section, had been driven home by one of the patrol cars on the four to twelve. He went up the long walk to the small trim house, kissed Beth in the kitchen where sounds of six-shooters came up through the floor from the playroom in the basement where the three kids were watching television.

"Remember about tonight?" she asked.

"I do. It proves I am a man of honor and courage to have come home at all. I shall wear a horrid grin in honor of your brother and his lovely Eleanor—all evening. Like this."

"Stop! And you'll be hoping the phone will ring."

He slapped the back of her skirt and went off to take his shower.

By twenty minutes of twelve that evening, Ben had stifled so many yawns his jaw ached. It was astonishing that Beth, so quick and gay and amusing, could have such a dullard for a brother. The telephone interrupted one of Hank's pointless stories. Nine minutes later Ben Wixler was two blocks from the house in the sedan that had picked him up, in the back seat with Detective Dan Means. Detective Al Spence was in the front seat beside the driver.

Al turned around and briefed Ben Wixler. "Housewife on Arcadia. Beaten to death. We should hit there about the same time as the lab truck. The first call came in at eleven twenty-eight. The husband phoned it in. Says he came home and found her."

Ben leaned back in his seat. It sounded pat. Heavy drinking, quarrel, drunken blow that was too hard, clumsy attempt to make it look like somebody else did it. He hoped there weren't any kids this time. Ten minutes would turn the husband into a blubbering slob, bellowing out his repentence.

There were three official vehicles in front of 1024 Arcadia. A cop was keeping the people back from the lighted porch. Many of them wore coats over pajamas, and they were trying to see into the house. The lab truck had arrived, and Ben watched the men get out of it. Roamer and Catelli. The top team. They'd wait for his word to go ahead.

Wixler talked to the husband in the small, untidy living room. He listened carefully to the story, trying to size up Bronson as he listened. Tall, husky, good-looking guy. No liquor here. Stunned. Monotone. Moves like he thought he'd break. Ben sent Spence to check the alibi, and sent Means around to check the motor and tail pipe heat on the

Bronson car. By the time both factors had been checked out, Ben was willing to follow his first hunch and concede that Bronson was a decent man, troubled and hurt. Rental house. Slovenly housekeeping. A flavor of unhappiness in this house. Woman must have been something, if the face was anything as good as the body. Bashed her against the edge of the sink a lot more times than necessary. Bloody, brutal mess. Spilled flour and sugar and salt. Shadow pattern where a man was standing as it spilled around his shoes.

The medical examiner arrived. The body was chalked out and moved so he could examine it, after the pictures were taken. He gave his first estimate of time of death as between quarter of eight and quarter of nine that evening. Cause of death was, tentatively, repeated heavy blows in the facial area resulting in multiple skull fractures. It would have to have been done by a powerful man, considering the inertia of the unconscious body.

In the living room Ben checked his reconstruction with Al Spence. "She was home alone. She let him in. They went into the kitchen. He started looking for something in those cans. She tried to go for a knife. He grabbed her and killed her. We know that sequence because there was flour under her body, flour from his clothes that came off while he was banging her against the sink. He didn't seem to look anyplace else. So he either found what he wanted, or got scared and ran after he killed her. Make sure Catelli vacuums Bronson's clothes and shoes."

Means was still working when Al Spence and Ben Wixler took Bronson downtown. They left him in a bare room for an hour. By the time Ben was ready to talk to him he knew most of Lee's history, knew the record of Danny Bronson, and was most curious about the twenty fifty-dollar bills Dan Means had found in the locked drawer of the living room desk. Wixler had developed an extraordinarily effective style of interrogation. He talked quietly, conversationally, reassuringly. He sat across the small bare table from Lee Bronson, told him Haughton had verified his story and the department no longer considered him a suspect. He said Lee's own record was good. But, he added quietly, the situation was clouded by the fact that Lee's brother was a wanted man.

It was all the encouragement Lee Bronson needed. Wixler noted that Lee Bronson seemed anxious to tell about Keefler, too. As the story unfolded Wixler concealed his growing anger at the tactics and approach of Johnny Keefler. When, by prearrangement, Al Spence came in with the steaming pot of coffee, the three heavy white mugs, Wixler said, "I want Johnny Keefler brought in."

Wixler put the envelope on the table. "Here's the money you told me about, the thousand Danny left with Lucille. You realize where this leads. Whoever killed her was hunting for something."

Lee grimaced, and said slowly, "Not Danny. I can't see him killing Lucille. Not that way. Not any way. His attitude has always been . . . it's like a business."

"All right. Maybe he left something else with her she didn't tell you about. A bigger amount of money. She tried to get cute about it. He lost his head. A fourth conviction and he's in for life."

Again Lee shook his head. "Danny could make people talk. He knows how. He wouldn't kill her."

"Unless she threatened to do some talking that would hurt him?"

"Then . . . not that way. Not so messy."

Wixler had the weary hunch that Lee was right. The murder had that distinctive look of amateur passion and violence. He left Bronson with Spence and went to the lab to check on Catelli's report. Catelli was nearly finished.

"The guy got blood on his shoe, the left shoe, on the outside near the toe. Right about here. Two steps in the kitchen, and then we pick up one on the bottom step of the back porch. And for the first time since I've been in the business, maybe I've got some prints that mean something. That canister took prints well. Some fresh ones of hers. And half the tip of a middle finger. Dan Means told me to check the Danny Bronson prints, and I got a match there that will stand up. But it was pretty well dried out. Nowhere near as fresh as hers. A week old, maybe. No prints on that money. Nothing on knobs and latches. Either they were wiped or he wore gloves."

When he went back to the small room, he found Lee Bronson very depressed because he had remembered the last words he had spoken to his wife. Bronson couldn't account for an old print of Danny's on the canister. But he admitted that Lucille could have been concealing more information from him. Wixler told him that measurements of the one clearest footprint outlined by flour indicated a size twelve shoe. Lee Bronson's shoe size was ten and a half, and he said Danny's feet were slightly smaller. Ten, he thought. Wixler gave Spence orders to take Bronson back to the house to pick up what he'd need, and then take him to a hotel.

By then Keefler had been waiting for forty-five minutes. Spence said he had been picked up in Plato's Bar on Fifth Street. Keefler came in angrily. "I don't know what the hell you people think you're doing. I'm working on the Bronson case and you yank me in off the street like a bum."

"Sit down and lower your voice. You're not a member of the force, Keefler. You

"Why shouldn't we watch? Aren't we supposed to study nature? Aren't people part of nature?"

have no special standing in this room."

"I got a gun license and your clowns took my . . ."

"Shut up and sit down!" Wixler roared. "Or you go in the tank to cool off and we talk in the morning." Keefler looked shocked. He sat down, less defiant, but still flushed. "You reported Danny Bronson in violation of parole. Your responsibility ended there. You have no authority to look for him. If your case load isn't heavy enough, ask for more. You exceeded your authority. You threatened Lee Bronson, a private citizen. If we hear of any more of that kind of activity, I'll lodge an official complaint."

Keefler began to yell. He slapped the table top. He was incoherent. Spence and Wixler exchanged startled glances. Wixler began to make out some of the phrases. "More about police work than you punks'll ever know. I got leads. He's working solo or with a woman on a blackmail kick and he's planted a statement somewhere for insurance and I was after it when you pulled me in."

Again Spence and Wixler exchanged glances. Wixler went to work on Keefler. Keefler told of his contact with Paul Verney, how Verney had found out he was Bronson's parole officer. He was astonished to learn that Lee Bronson hadn't been locked up. Then he pleaded, on the basis of his knowledge of the case, to be permitted to work on it with Wixler's people. Ben let the question hang. "Johnney," he said mildly, "I wouldn't let you put an overtime tag on a tricycle. I don't think you should be permitted to be in contact with any paroled convict. I feel that so strongly, I'm going to make it my business to see that the job is taken away from you. Your police pension will carry you. Don't bring up your record because your record stinks. And don't try to hint about influence, because you haven't got a friend in the city. Now get out of here. If you stick your nose into police work, we'll jail you."

Keefler did not move for ten seconds. Then he made his previous tirade sound, by comparison, reasonable. Wixler and Spence realized they were dealing with a sick mind. The scene was shocking and disturbing. The spluttering tirade made no sense. There was something about an Uncle Mose and a Home. And names that meant nothing to Spence or Wixler. If there was any thread of logic, it was that Keefler had, all his life, indulged in a crusade against filth, against people who could not be permitted to live. There was hot satisfaction in the recounting of the names of the men he had killed. Keefler banged his artificial hand on the table. He cursed the softness, the weakness of all other officers. Ben Wixler picked out one curious phrase. ". . . like I got Kowalsik."

Wixler leafed through the old files in his memory. Kowalsik. He brought a grimy label on a faded folder into focus. Kowalsik, Gilbert Peter. And a particularly unsavory glossy photograph of the body after it was taken from the lake. He interrupted the outburst of hate and violence and asked mildly if Johnny would please fill in a few details on exactly how he got Gilbert Kowalsik. Keefler changed completely. His eyes were wide and oddly blank. He sat down mildly. He looked at his artificial hand. He said quietly, "That's a funny thing to say, Ben. I didn't say anything about Gil Kowalsik. Where'd you get the idea I did?"

"You called him Kowalsik and now you call him Gil. You must have known him, Johnny."

It was not easy from then on, but it was inevitable. Dan Means joined in. They got out the file. They showed Johnny the pictures. Slowly, deftly, working as a team, they extracted the sickening admission of guilt. When they tried to lock him up, the sick mind broke and he had to be placed under restraint in the psycho ward of West Lake Hospital.

When Paul Verney's alarm awakened him at six o'clock on Wednesday morning, the memories of the previous night came roaring back into his mind, like the shocking dive of a fast train into a tunnel. The act of violence had unleashed emotions he had not suspected he was capable of, and had caused curiously amnesiac reactions that frightened him. In his memory the sequence of events was jerky and episodic, like an old moving picture crudely edited. After he grabbed her there was a gap, a blankness, and the next thing he knew was that she sagged dead in his grasp, and had been dead a long time, and he had apparently kept striking her head against the sink edge long after there was any necessity. Just as suddenly, without memory or transition, he was three blocks from the house trying to turn the door handle of his locked car, and did not know how long he had been doing that senseless thing, or who might have passed and seen him. Then he had noticed the telltale white of flour on the front of topcoat, trousers and shoes. He had brushed and stomped with frantic haste, unlocked the car and gotten in . . . and was suddenly putting his key into the door of his room on the third floor of the Centre Club. It was as though a wire to some basic terminal had come loose, and his brain kept cutting out.

Once back in the room he had regained some measure of confidence. He had read and burned the damaging note. He could find no trace of flour on his clothing. The girl had been vapid and easily handled. He could still feel in his right hand the fragility of the nape of her neck as he had closed his hand around it. It was alarming to him that the sensation had an element of pleasure. This was an adventure of logic, not pleasure. The retrieving of the statement was like a warrant for Bronson's death. A quick death, before he could learn of the death of his sister-in-law.

He dressed hurriedly, pocketed the Belgian 32 automatic with full clip that he had taken, years ago, from a hot-tempered client. It was untraceable. He carried a suitcase with enough books in it to give it a convincing weight. He drove as fast as he dared, faster than he had ever driven before, watching carefully for the highway patrol. At the camp he pulled in beside the green sedan he had seen before, and blew the car horn. He got out of the car, took the suitcase out, blew the horn again, and walked around to the terrace. He laid the suitcase flat on the metal topped table and stood behind the table, hands in his topcoat pockets. The morning was cold, with a thin smell of the winter to come.

Danny Bronson came out of the door onto the terrace, hair tousled, face thick with sleep, eyes angry and alert. His right hand was in the deep pocket of a white terrycloth robe. "What the hell, Verney?"

"I brought it. What should I do? Take it back and bring it this afternoon? Would you like that better? You're getting what you want, damn you!"

Danny's expression changed as he looked at the big suitcase. "Don't get hot. It isn't even eight o'clock yet." He moved closer. "How about the good five grand?"

"Inside. Separately wrapped. Go ahead. Open it."

There were two catches. Bronson did as Verney expected. He used both hands on them. The robe pocket sagged. As he touched the catches, Paul Verney snatched his right hand out of his topcoat pocket and shot Bronson in the face at point blank range. The sound was an unimpressive snap in the open air. Bronson yelled with harsh surprise and staggered back, hand diving into the robe pocket. Verney fired at the left side of the broad chest. Bronson fell awkwardly. As Verney stepped around the table, Bronson was fighting to lift his own weapon. Verney leaned over and put the gun against Bronson's forehead . . . and then he was standing over Bronson, who lay dead, and his finger ached from straining at the useless trigger of the empty gun, and he did not know how long he had been there. There was a hole beside Bronson's nose, a small stain on the chest of the robe, and five holes so close together in the tan forehead they could have been covered by a silver dollar . . . and he was driving down the

gravel road. He swerved violently when the big convertible swung around the corner, forcing him into the shallow ditch. Drusilla Catton stopped opposite him and rolled her window down and leaned out and said, "What in the fat world are *you* doing here, Paul?"

"Dru . . . Dru, I've got to talk to you. I've talked to Bronson. Let me ride down with you."

He got in beside her. She looked at him obliquely and said, "My, how nervous! Danny is leaning on you, isn't he? Are you squirming, darling? You look so terribly sweaty."

She parked behind the house. He knew she would see Danny the moment she walked around the house. A vague plan was beginning to form in his mind. He came up behind her as she started around the house. He took a deep breath and locked his forearm across her throat. Her strong body convulsed with a strength that took him off balance. They fell heavily, but he did not lose his hold. Her struggles rolled them over. He felt her body begin to loosen . . . and he lay holding her, his arm cramped, eyes squeezed shut, knowing she was dead and not knowing how long. As he stood up and looked down at her bloated and frightful face, a commercial airliner went over and he had to fight the instinct to run and hide. He thought carefully and for a long time.

He took her into the house, undressed her, hung up her clothes and dropped her nude body on a rug beside the bed. In a shed behind the camp he found a roll of wire and some cinder blocks. He took Danny's body out onto the glassy little lake in the green rowboat tied to the dock, wired the blocks to his ankles and dumped him over. The boat rocked violently. When the water was still, he peered down. He could not see him. Back in the camp, just as he was getting frantic, he found the keys to the green sedan. He hooked up a hose he found in the shed and washed down the flagstones where Danny's head had been, rinsing off the blood and flecks of tissue and a single curved fragment of bone.

He drove the green sedan up to the curve in the road and put it into the deepest part of the ditch, raced it in gear until the wheels dug in deeply. He worked his own car out of the ditch. He was in his office by eleven, and learned that a Detective Spence had been in to see him at ten o'clock and would return later. Spence came back at noon. He was a spare man with scurfy hair and a long, dusty-looking face. His casual manner reduced Verney's concealed alarm. Spence wanted the story of Keefler's visit. Verney told him. He sensed he was making a good impression. Verney showed genuine shock when he heard of Keefler's confession of murder, and manufactured shock when Spence told him of the death of Lucille Bronson. Spence said, "Sergeant Ben Wixler is in charge of the case. It looks like somebody was after the envelope Danny tried to leave with you, and it looks like he left it with Lucille Bronson. Anyway, Danny is about nineteen times as hot as he was, and Ben Wixler will get to the bottom of it." He stood up and smiled wearily. "He always does."

After Spence left, Verney felt uneasy despite his certainty the interview had gone well. He quieted himself with logic. Four people had known the contents of that envelope. Lucille Bronson, Drusilla Catton, Danny Bronson and Paul Verney. Paul Verney would not talk. It was over now. Wixler would have nothing to go on. He could force the memory of violence out of his mind, and go on as before. He decided to set ahead the date of his trip to South America.

Ben Wixler sat in his office at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday October eighteenth, discussing the murder of Lucille Bronson with Inspector Wendell Matthews, a small, chubby man with a talent for administration and a special regard for Ben Wixler and his present and potential future value to the department.

"Do you think Bronson did it?" Matthews asked.

"Seven to one against it. He was using her as a drop. Lee Bronson didn't know about it. Somebody he was gouging came after a statement. Lee didn't do it. Let's take a look at Mr. X. Danny had something on him. He turned out to be tougher than Danny knew. He either guessed where the statement was, went and got it and killed the girl because she knew what Danny had on him, or he got to Danny first, tortured the information out of him, and went after the document and the girl after killing Danny. Either way, he'd kill Danny. What do we know about him? Size twelve shoes. Nobody saw him in the neighborhood. Nobody. No prints. Powerful man. Deep streak of brutality. Clever enough so that if my logic is any good, we won't find Danny in a hurry. He's the man with something to hide. If Danny's been in the area since June, he's had a pretty good hideout to work from."

"I'll buy all of that," Matthews said. The phone rang. Wixler answered, made notes on his desk pad.

He hung up and grinned at Matthews.

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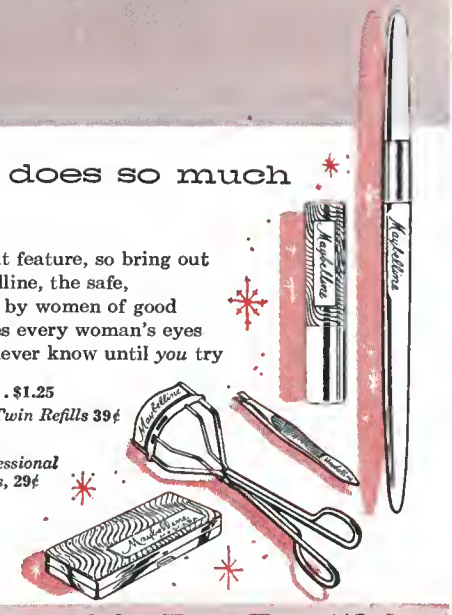

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"A break. That was Donovan of the C.I. Bureau of the State Police. He's found out where Danny's been hiding."

Ben Wixler, Al Spence, and Inspector Matthews were at the Catton camp within the hour. As it was outside their jurisdiction and they had been called as a matter of courtesy, it would have been improper to arrive with lab men, or too many people. Ben directed the driver. They passed the green sedan mired in the ditch. There were four trooper cars at the camp, and a big convertible.

An anonymous call, probably from young people looking for a quiet road, reported the sedan in the ditch the previous evening. A highway patrol car checked it at midnight. The troopers couldn't raise anybody at the camp. The registration papers were in both cars. The convertible was in the name of a Mrs. Burton Catton in Hancock. The sedan was registered to a Mr. Jack Young of the village of Kemp. When it was discovered the address given for Jack Young was phony, the troopers were instructed to return to the house and investigate further. They entered the unlocked house at three in the morning and found the nude body of a strangled woman in the bedroom.

After photography, fingerprinting, nail scraping and coroner's examination, the woman's body was removed to a funeral home in Kemp pending formal identification. The phone listed in Hancock under the name of Burton Catton did not answer. Donovan's lab people, going over the house carefully, found enough fingerprints to conclude that Mrs. Catton and some man had been living in the camp for an extended period of time. Purely as a matter of routine, the numerical analysis of the man's prints was compared with the analysis on current file for all wanted men in the area, and the prints proved to be Daniel Bronson's. At that point Donovan had phoned the Hancock Police Department and had been connected with Wixler's office. After talking to Wixler, he had phoned the Catton number again and found that, due to ill health, Mr. Catton had a night switch on the phone and it had been turned off. When asked if his wife was at home, Mr. Catton had left the phone and returned and said that she was not in and her bed had not been slept in. He had sounded disturbed. It was estimated that the woman had been dead for twenty hours at the time of examination. That would place it at about eight o'clock Wednesday morning.

Donovan took them into the camp and showed them where the body had been found. His people were still working there. When they went back out onto the terrace Donovan said, "I reconstruct it this way. Bronson quarreled with the woman and killed her. He left in a panic, taking no time to pack. He was in too much of a hurry and put his car in the ditch. He did not take her car, as it is too conspicuous an automobile. My guess is that he walked out to Route 90 and hitchhiked. He's had a big start on us."

Catton arrived ten minutes later, in a patrol car. He was small and gray and old, with a tired listlessness in his face. Donovan questioned him and a uniformed man took notes.

The last time Catton had seen his wife was at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon when she had come in, changed and gone out again. Since his illness he had not kept close track of her activities. She had her own friends and interests. No, he'd no idea the camp was being used. The name Bronson was familiar only because of the recent murder of a Lucille Bronson. He did not know Daniel Bronson, nor why he would want to kill Drusilla. Drusilla had an income of her own. When Donovan was through, he gave orders for Catton to be driven back to Hancock. Before the car left, however, Wendell Matthews stepped up and said, "Hello, Burt. Sorry about all this."

Catton's smile was barely perceptible. "Haven't seen you in so long. I didn't recognize you, Wendy. Don't be too sorry. Apparently somebody succumbed to a temptation I used to experience quite often."

"What was that?"

"To strangle Drusilla."

After Catton was gone, Ben got Matthews aside and said, "While he was being questioned, bells were trying to ring in my head. I've got a little feeling that I've missed something. It's so faint I can't identify it. Did you hear anything out of line?"

"Nothing at all, Ben. It seemed pretty straightforward to me. From the look of Bronson's wardrobe, we could guess Drusilla was keeping him. Burt Catton has aged twenty years in six months. Have you had enough sleep lately?"

"Okay, okay. One of those hunches." But after they were back on the terrace his mind still wandered. It could have been something in the questioning. Or it could have been something he had seen or heard on the terrace before Catton had arrived. He began to inspect his environment, inch by inch. He had the feeling he was getting closer. When he looked at an area to the left of Donovan's chair, he felt a quiver of recognition. He saw at once what had puzzled his subconscious. In all other parts of the terrace the gaps between the flagstones were filled with pine needles, dirt and leaf scraps. In this one special area the strips between the stones were clean and the flagstones looked cleaner. This part had been hosed off. Why not all the terrace? The trained police mind looks for the unexplained and then for an explanation. Moments later he was down on one knee picking at two grayish and metallic marks on one of the flagstones.

"Take a look here," he said. "This area has been washed off. Bullets ricocheted off this flagstone. Lean close and look at this sort of gold speckle here on the edge of the gray. Copper jacket. And there weren't any holes in the lady, I understand."

Donovan roared for a man named Baker. Baker, on instruction, worked his way with bottles and filter paper across the terrace to the edge. He found traces of human blood in the grass, not enough to type, and evidently made since Tuesday's heavy rain. Wixler nodded.

"Maybe if Baker checked that boat tied down there." Ben walked down with Baker. Baker, kneeling in the boat, looked up with a taut smile. "Jackpot, Sergeant. A clot big enough to type."

Donovan stared at the small lake and gave orders to have grapples brought out from Kemp Barracks.

Later, as Ben Wixler sat on the small dock watching the orderly progress of the three troopers in the rowboat, Matthews came up behind him and said, "Here's a sandwich. Courtesy of Danny Bronson. Fifty to one our Danny is out there. Remind me not to sneer again when you get one of your weird hunches."

"Donovan would have come across it, I think. I like the way the pattern is getting clearer. Danny took up with Drusilla Catton. She was in on his scheme. Maybe she even gave him the angle to work on. She'd know the dirt about some of our best citizens. But they picked the wrong pigeon to pluck. He got a line on where the statement was, killed Lucille, and got out here bright and early the next morning and rubbed out this unholy pair, and, with a certain cleverness, set it up so we'd spend the rest of our lives hunting down Danny. Now we have to backtrack on Drusilla, list everybody she was close enough to so she could know cause for blackmail."

"Here we go," Matthews said. The boat had stopped. Two troopers pulled on the grapple line. It had caught in a soaked white muddy robe. Ben saw them pull the naked muddy body over the side, lift the cinder blocks aboard, then head in for the dock. They laid the body on the dock. Two buckets of lake water washed it relatively clean. Donovan looked questioningly at Ben and he nodded and said, "Bronson." He motioned to Matthews. "Take a look. Five in the forehead. Our unknown friend has a talent for the superfluous gesture."

Wixler, Matthews and Spence got in

the department car and headed back toward Hancock.

"We've got a start," Ben said. "We can triangulate our Mr. X. It's somebody Drusilla Catton knew, and somebody Bronson has seen recently. Wasn't the woman pretty young for Catton?"

"Not the way he was a year ago. He was a lusty boy. He bought the old city dump, made a good deal on getting fill, cut in a smart contractor, and made it into Lakewood Estates. You know the area. Shoddy little houses. From then on there was no stopping him. After his first wife died, he married Drusilla. Big money, handsome young wife. A lot of laughs. But he got careless, and I think he had bad legal and accounting advice. The Director of Internal Revenue turned those big laughs into a sickly smile."

"Fraud?" Spence asked.

"If they had tried they might have made that stick. They settled for one hell of a deficiency judgment. He'd taken capital gains on things he should have handled as income. He got hurt and so did the people in with him. The other one in so deep he took a big clouting was a lawyer named Verney."

Ben turned sharply and stared at Matthews. "Paul Verney?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"Know him! He's in this thing already. He's the one told Johnny Keefler that Danny Bronson was trying to find a safe place to plant an envelope."

"I checked it with him," Spence added.

"How big a man is he?" Ben asked.

"Pretty good size. The kind like you call raw-boned. Big pair of hands on him. A very solemn type guy. Sits behind his desk like somebody was engraving his picture to put on a big bill."

"He sold you?"

"Why shouldn't he? He talked fine. Got a nice office. Gave me a good cigar."

"How about reputation?" Ben asked.

Matthews shrugged. "A little too shrewd. Plays it a little too close to the line. He's been in with Catton for years."

"Let's think out loud," Ben said. "He gets hurt bad on the tax thing. He figures out some fancy way to make up his losses. How the hell would Drusilla Catton know about it, know enough to give Danny a lever to use on him? Were he and Drusilla playmates?"

"I'd doubt that. Verney's too grim for Drusilla."

"Let me throw a curve," Spence said. "You say both Catton and Verney got hurt bad. And they worked together in the past. So they dream up a deal where they can both get healthy. Then Mrs. Catton could have found out from her husband and told Danny."

"Then why not squeeze Catton?" Ben asked.

"Because he would drop dead," Matthews said.

"Let's back up a little," Spence said. "Here's a fast ball. How does Verney know about Lucille Bronson?"

Ben thought for a moment, then said eagerly, "From Johnny Keefler. Wait a minute. Let's not go too fast. If we assume Bronson was squeezing Verney, then he didn't go to him to leave an envelope there. If he saw him last Thursday, it was part of the squeeze."

"Maybe he went for a down payment," Matthews suggested.

Ben pounded his fist on his thigh. "Hey! Lucille told her husband Danny had only been there once, not on that Thursday, but way back on September twenty-eighth. But Catelli found prints that are just several days old. Suppose they were made last Thursday. Maybe, on his first visit, Danny dropped off the statement containing the dirt on Verney. He spent a long time planning it all out. Then he contacts Verney, picks up his first thousand and leaves it with Lucille the same day, as an escape fund if things go bad."

"Why not take it out to the camp?"

"Maybe Drusilla had the idea she was going with him when he went. If he wanted to go alone, it would be wise to stash the money some other place."

"We're in too deep," Matthews said. "We've made too many assumptions."

"I know one thing," Ben said. "I don't like coincidences. Spence, I want you and Dan to concentrate on Verney. Don't alert him, but find out what he was doing Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. I'm going to talk to Keefler."

An attendant took Ben to Keefler. He had been given tranquilizing drugs. His voice was listless, barely audible. It took a long time to bring him around to Keefler's talk with Verney.

"Try to remember, Johnny. After Verney told you about the envelope, *then* you and he discussed where Danny could have left it."

"I . . . I guess so."

"What did you say? Did you hear the question? What did you say to Verney then?"

"I . . . I said if Lee Bronson had lied to me I was going to give them a hard time."

"Did you say *when* you were going to see them?"

"I think . . . I think I said right away."

"And *then* he suddenly remembered those two names?"

"Yes. He . . . he said he forgot. Then he remembered. Then I was checking them out." The voice became more faint. Keefler closed his eyes, kept muttering. Ben left the ward.

At eight o'clock on Friday evening Ben Wixler was at home waiting.

He wandered into the living room and stood by the picture window and looked out at the rainy street under the lights. Beth came up beside him.

"This is a bad one?" she asked softly.

"I guess. Because it's stupid. Three of them dead. And two dying. I didn't tell you about the other one that's dying. Only he knows it, perhaps. Catton. Wendy Matthews interrogated him. He worked around to the key question. What illegal thing were Catton and Verney doing to recoup their losses? Wendy said Catton's mouth worked and nothing came out and he turned the color of spoiled cheese and Wendy caught him as he

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toppled off the chair. He's in an oxygen tent. He isn't conscious. If he isn't gone already, he won't last the night. It was, in a way, another confirmation."

"So now you're certain?"

"Almost certain. Almost sure that Verney is the other dying man. He could have covered himself better. He left it so open he can't prove he wasn't at Lee Bronson's Tuesday night. And he told his office staff he was driving around looking at speculative land Wednesday morning. I think it's intellectual arrogance. He should have guessed that we'd get around to checking him as a matter of routine when we ran out of other suspects. And he isn't ready for us. My God, Spence even found out from a girl in the office that Danny waited while Verney went out for ten minutes. And we talked to the teller who gave him a thousand in fifties and a hundred in twenties. He's a sitting rabbit, with the tragic illusion that he's a fox."

Then the phone rang. Ben scooped it up.

"Cullin, Sergeant. He just came in. Dan Means has the warrant and he's on the way to pick you up, along with Catelli."

At the time the sedan picked Ben Wixler up, Lee Bronson arrived back at his rented and empty house. He had left immediately after the funeral and had driven back through the gray rain to Hancock. Through all their tears, the family had looked at him with eyes of unforgiving stone. He was the betrayer, the one who had taken the lovely child wife off to a far place, to a dirty ending. They would not speak to him. He had stood apart from all of them. When the casket was lowered he thought of how she had loved the feel of the warm sun on her body.

Now he was in the empty house, where there had been the screaming scene when they had come to take away her belongings. He had stood and endured, and made no protest. He stood in the silence. Alone. It had been a house without joy, without love. Yet the kitchen curtains she had made could twist his heart when he looked at the clumsy stitches.

Tomorrow he would pack. It would not take long. He would find a room and settle in and let Haughton know he would be ready to take his Monday classes. The kids would be a problem for a few days, but they would forget quickly. He would not forget quickly. He would never forget.

At eight thirty-five, as Lee Bronson sat in his living room with his face in his hands, Paul Verney, over three miles away, heard the footsteps in the hallway and then a brisk authoritative knock on his door. He had been sitting in the deep leather chair trying to tell himself that it meant nothing that the body of Bronson had been found so quickly, and that it was not at all significant that Burt had collapsed while being questioned by the police. He had to accept the possibility that he might come under suspicion. In retrospect it had been a mistake to talk to Keefler. But, without proof, he had only to keep his head and his strength and his cunning. The gun and black gloves were buried in a swamp.

The knock had an official sound that made his heart leap. He crossed the room and opened the door. There were three of them. He recognized Detective Spence, and nodded to him. The biggest of the three, a mild-faced man with blunt gray eyes, said, "Mr. Verney, I am Sergeant Wixler. I have a warrant authorizing a search of this room. Would you care to examine it?"

"A warrant? I don't believe I understand, Sergeant." Verney was pleased with his own calm manner.

"I hereby inform you that you are under arrest, Mr. Verney, and anything you say may be used in evidence against you. I am arresting you for the murders of Lucille Bronson, Daniel Bronson, and Drusilla Catton. We want to search this room for evidence."

His knowledge that there was nothing in the room that could be used as evidence strengthened Verney's response. He managed a very tolerant laugh and said, "You people must have gone clean out of your minds." But they ignored him. Detective Spence searched his person quickly and effectively and ordered him over against a wall.

Verney watched them. The man named Catelli had a small case with him. Catelli opened the closet door and sat on the floor just outside the closet. He took a strong flashlight from his case and began examining Verney's left shoes. Verney felt a curious hollowness in his belly, pangs like those of hunger.

Catelli gave a grunt of satisfaction. He was holding a black shoe. Verney knew he had worn that pair when he had gone to 1024 Arcadia Street. He tried to tell himself they were trying to trick him, but there was a roaring in his ears.

"Got it?"

"I think so. Take just a minute or two to check."

Wixler beckoned to Verney. He walked over. He felt most odd. Wixler said, "Watch Mr. Catelli. He'll explain what he's doing."

"This, Mr. Verney, is one of the things you got to know how to do in my business. I take this here little square of white paper. Filter paper we call it. In this bottle I got one-tenth N saline solution. I get the filter paper nice and moist with it, and then I press it against this little stain here on the edge of the sole of your shoe. Okay. From here on I don't need the shoe. In this bottle I got a 240-to-1 solution of Eastman 3620 in acetic acid at 40 per cent strength. So I dip a glass rod in it and touch it to the filter paper where it was pressed against the shoe. Check? Nothing happens. Ah, but I didn't expect anything to happen. Yet. Now we go to this last bottle. In here I got a mixture of eleven parts sodium perborate to thirty parts of a 40 per cent acetic acid solution."

Catelli wiped off the glass rod and dipped it in the final bottle. He looked up at Verney. "Now if it so happens that little spot on your shoe is human blood, this here paper is gonna change color when I touch it with the glass rod. To a greeny blue. And you know, Mr. Verney, there isn't another damn thing in the world but blood that'll give you that reaction. So get set."

With a certain ceremonial grace, Catelli touched the wet rod to the paper. The blue-green stain appeared immediately.

The three of them were watching him. Verney stared at the paper. He knew he had to say something. He sucked in a deep breath and let it out. He had to find a quick and logical explanation. Yet his mind was blank. He kept looking at the stain. He sucked in another deep breath. He felt as though he were swaying. Suddenly, without warning, the breath exploded out of his lungs in a high, whistling, whinnying scream, a shocking scream of fright and despair and outrage. He kicked out at Catelli's face clumsily. He swung a leaden arm against the narrow chest of Detective Spence. But the big man grasped him with a practiced ease and turned him and held him, and Verney was immobilized by the sharpness of the pain in his arm.

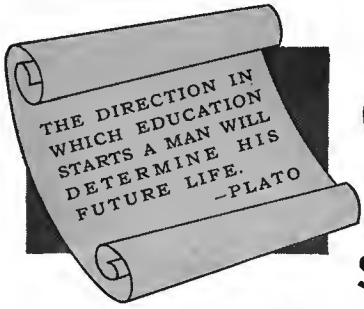
In a little while they walked him down the hallway to the stairs, Wixler on one side, Spence on the other, Catelli behind them. Verney looked down at the floor, at the faded pattern of the old hallway rug, and saw his own feet swinging out, left, right, left, right.

When they spoke, their voices were remote and gentle. They did not curse him. They were not harsh. When he was in the car, in the back seat, with one of them on each side of him, he closed his eyes and he could count the street lights as they shone through his closed lids.

But a part of his mind was occupied with their unexpected gentleness. It reminded him of something. It stirred a faraway memory. And when the car stopped, he suddenly remembered.

It was precisely the way the doctors and the nurses had been with Melissa.

When they had known nothing could save her. THE END



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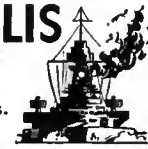

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"Before completing the N.I.A. course, I sold a feature to Screenland Magazine. That resulted in an immediate assignment to do another. After successive feature stories, I am now working into the fiction field. Previous to enrolling in N.I.A., I had never written a line for publication."—Gene E. Levant, 116 West Ave., Los Angeles 28, Cal.

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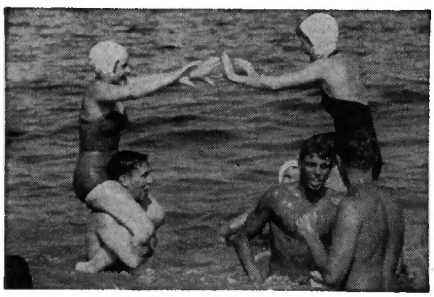
The Last Word

MYSTERY STORY

Aberdeen, Washington: Unless I have made an egregious error in identification, the photograph on page 71 of your February COSMOPOLITAN is of my wife, myself and a friend. As I am no student of calculus I cannot predict the chance percentage of having something like this happen. I would venture to say, however, that it would be several million to one. If you could confirm my belief that this picture was taken last winter at the Riviera Club in Indianapolis and let me know, your trouble would certainly be very much appreciated.

—ROBERT B. BUSSABARGER

This is a real mystery to us too. The photograph was taken at Spring Lake, New Jersey. ***—The Editors***



It's Over Our Heads

COSMO KID

Bellevue, Ohio: I was startled to see Alex Ross's illustration of a baby in the February issue. It looks as if he had copied my

They Might Be Twins

nephew's picture. It is a typical baby pose, but in the eyebrows, nose, eyes, and mouth Mr. Ross's painting is almost an exact duplicate of my nephew. Don't you agree?

—MRS. E. J. SCHAEFER

Fascinating. ***—The Editors***

ARE YOU LISTENING, NBC?

Cincinnati, Ohio: It is too bad that every businessman in the U. S. didn't read John Keasler's story in the January issue, "Man with an Orderly Mind." There is a great lesson to be learned there. In my opinion, this significant short story could be made into an excellent television drama.

—W. G. BARNES

SEX VS. COCOA

Detroit, Michigan: I should like to call your attention to an inaccuracy in your February, 1957, issue on page 28, "On Top of the World." The Bolivians (and Peruvians) do not chew the cocoa leaf, but the coca leaf, the cured leaves of which produce cocaine. It is used with an alkali to impart endurance in exertion or during abstinence from food. Cocoa, on the other hand, is derived from the cacao plant.

—MRS. GERALD R. HEATTER

Our apologies to cocoa drinkers everywhere. ***—The Editors***

NEW OLD FAN

Espanola, Ontario: It had been years since I purchased a copy of COSMOPOLITAN, but today seeing the February "Health and Happiness" edition on display I decided to take one home and read it, and I am ever so glad I did. I congratulate you.

—MRS. C. R. FERGUSON

ANT GOURMET

Utica, New York: Re: Your February article, "Food Neurosis." Would you please tell me where I can get some of those "chocolate covered ants" you mentioned.

—JULIA L. FLIHAN

Importer of exotic foods T. G. Koryn, 141 E. 44th St., New York, tells us that the ants are still in the "blueprint stage." But he has fried bees, salted cherry-blossoms, roasted locusts, fried grasshoppers, and barbecued sparrows in stock.

—The Editors

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Looking into May

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE AMERICAN MALE

A FACT-PACKED ANALYSIS of the American man's habits, problems, and foibles. There will be articles on lovers, fathers, providers, and bachelors. Other articles will probe a man's "dangerous years," tell the amusing story of the little-known million dollar industries which supply toupees, girdles, sun lamps and other props to male vanity. Finally, there will be a picture album of the world's most fascinating men in the world, from Pulitzer Prize author Ernest Hemingway to Tab Hunter.

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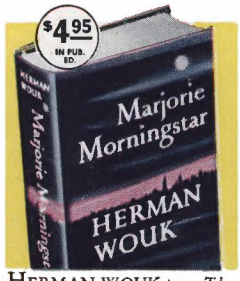
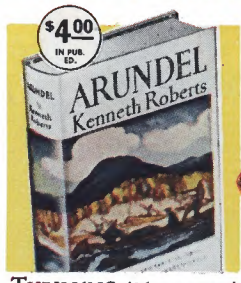
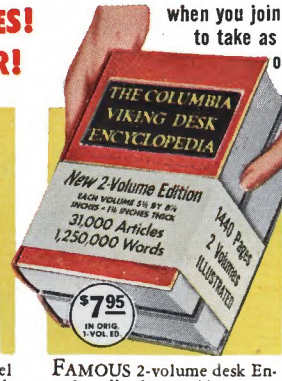


HERMAN WOUK tops *The Caine Mutiny* with *Marjorie Morningstar*—the story of a "nice girl" who dreams of fame — and mixes her dream with a blazing love affair!



THRILLING 486-page novel of America's past by Kenneth Roberts. Meet army scout Steve Nason, a wildcat named Marie, lovely Phoebe Marvin, daughter of the frontier!



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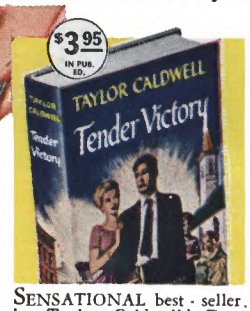

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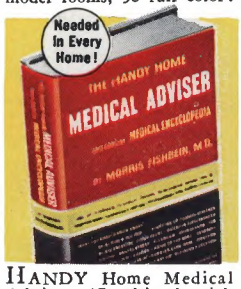

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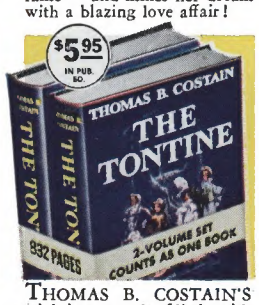

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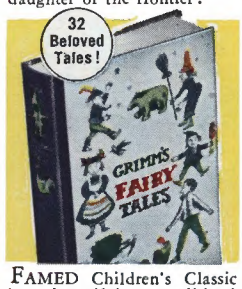

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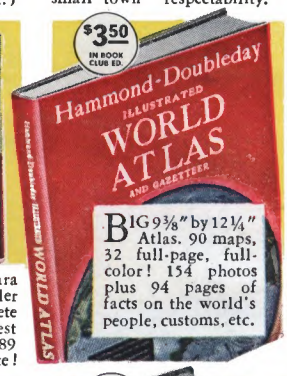

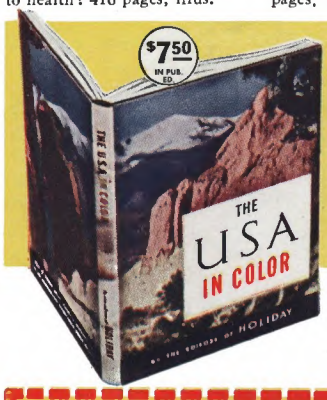

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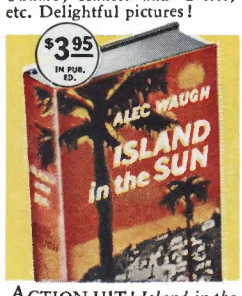

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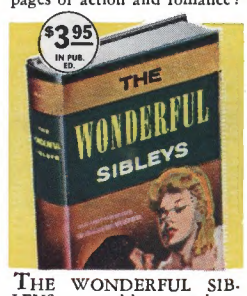

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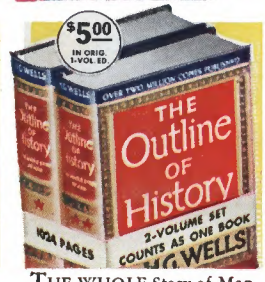

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